PHOTOPLAY

ANUARY

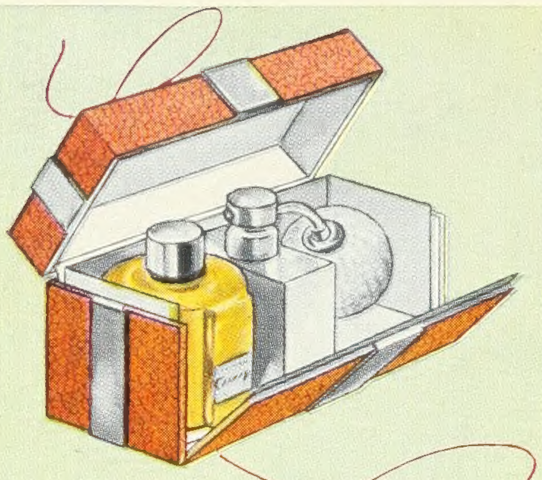
25¢



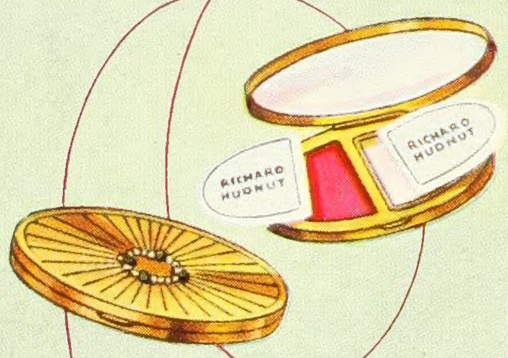
IRENE DUNNE

w It Can Be Told! IF THE WINDSORS HAD COME TO HOLLYWOOD By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor



PERFUME for her dressing table . . . fragrance Gemey, world-loved, with luxury DeVilbiss atomizer. $5.



LUCKY THE LADY whose stocking yields this golden, stone-studded oval-shaped Double Vanity. $5.



PURSE ACCESSORIES . . . Smart Triple Vanity with Lipstick, $2.75. Handsome Double Compact, $2.



INTIMATE TREASURE...refreshing Toilet Water blessed with the enchantment of fragrance Gemey. $1.50.



ON WISHING LISTS THE WORLD AROUND . . .

that single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

In Monte Carlo or Mandalay, in Shanghai or Salzburg . . . on wishing lists the world around the loveliest women write . . . fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey, young and fresh and spirited, is beloved of 75 lands. And today in America Richard Hudnut presents this perfume in tiny handbag vials, in impressive dressing table flacons . . . presents it, too, as a single thread of fragrance spun through a galaxy of glamour-gifts.

See these Christmas treasures in fragrance Gemey at your nearest perfume counter . . . beguiling trifles in lipsticks and rouge pots, sleek compacts, personal enchantments, luxurious charm-chests.

Choose from them that gift-that-matters . . . an intimate gift, a gift with continental flair . . . in that favorite of five continents . . . fragrance Gemey!

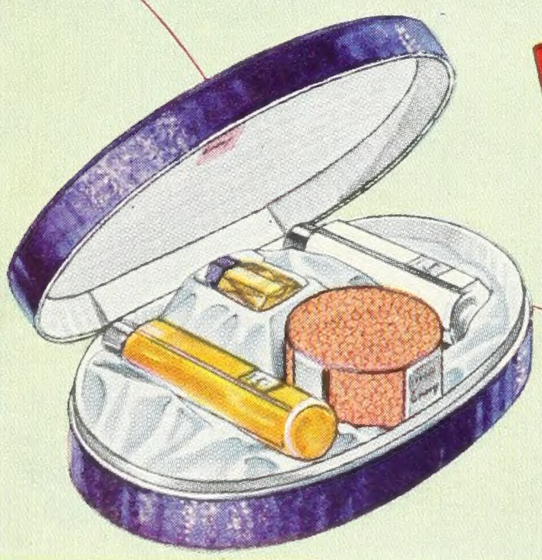
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York • Paris • London • Toronto • Buenos Aires
Havana • Berlin • Budapest • Capetown • Shanghai



Fragrance Gemey. $2.50, $4.50, $15, and special gift-size, $1.

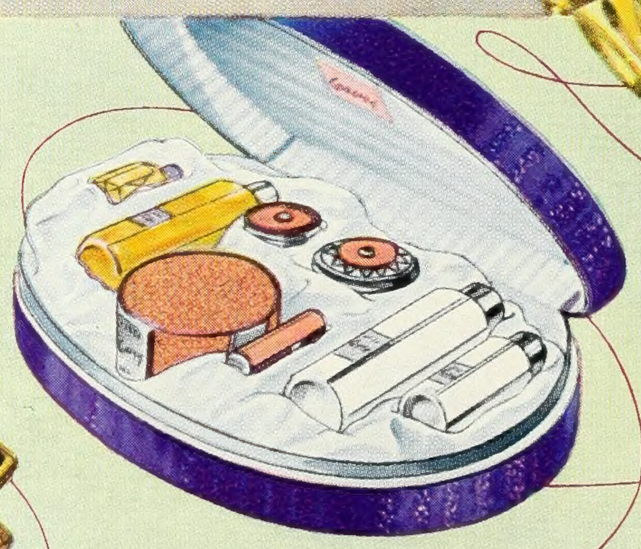
ON HER WISHING LIST . . . four essentials to charm in that single thread of allure . . . fragrance Gemey. $5.



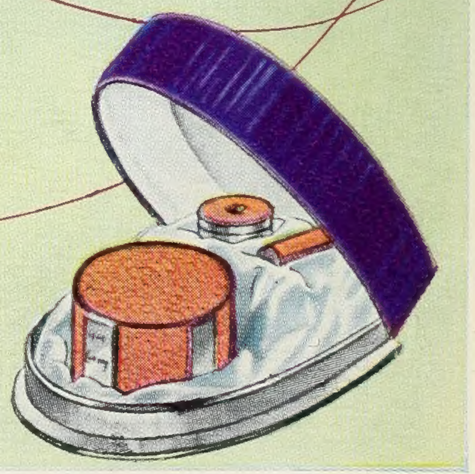
GALA GIFTS . . . handbag harmony of Cigarette Case, Double Vanity and Lipstick, $10. Swank Cigarette and Triple Vanity Case, only $5.50.



GLAMOUR CARGO for her Christmas ship . . . eight personal luxuries in the fragrance Gemey. $10.



BOUND for the finest Christmas trees . . . Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, in fragrance Gemey. $2.85.





EXPOSURE?

GARGLE LISTERINE

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

DRAFTS?

GARGLE LISTERINE

Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

CHILLED?

GARGLE LISTERINE

Late-season football games are usually followed by severe colds, health reports show. After attending one, it's a good idea to gargle Listerine when you reach home.

Listerine kills germs associated with colds and sore throat

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or *no colds at all*. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day *had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users*. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the *dreaded danger zone of the chest* less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

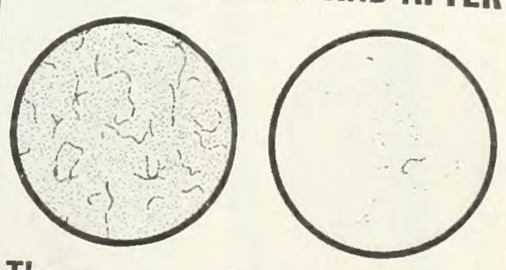
The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. *They must be held under control.*

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BEFORE GARGLING AND AFTER



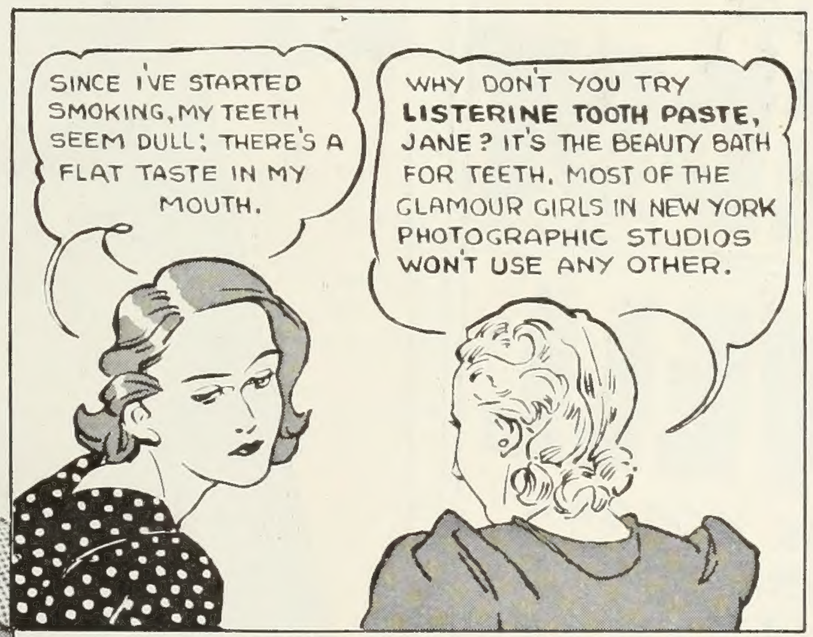
The average reduction was 96.7%

The graphs show test results as to the relative number of disease germs before gargling Listerine Antiseptic, and 15 minutes after. The average reduction was 96.7%.

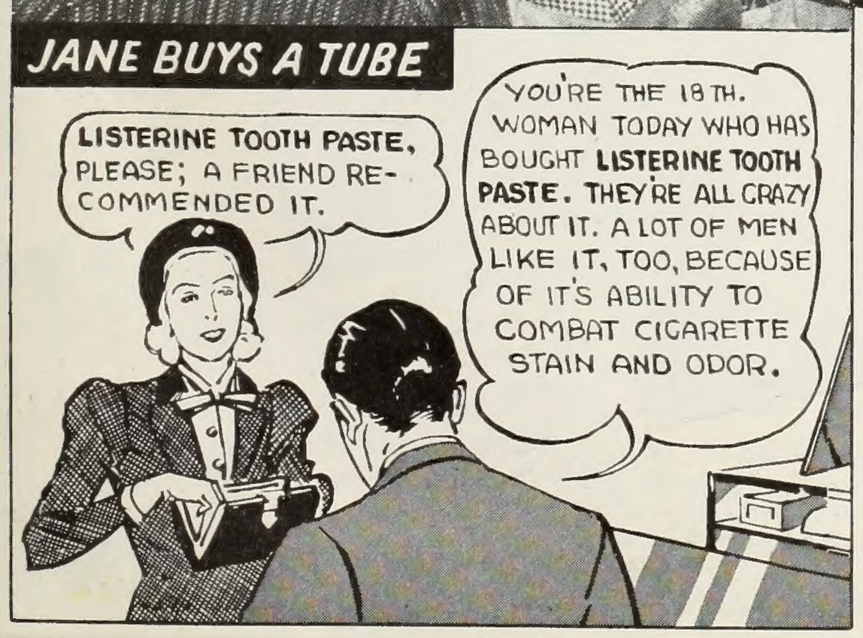
FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT

"BEAUTY BATH SWEEPS AWAY TOBACCO-STAINED DEPOSITS"











WHY DON'T YOU TRY A TUBE?

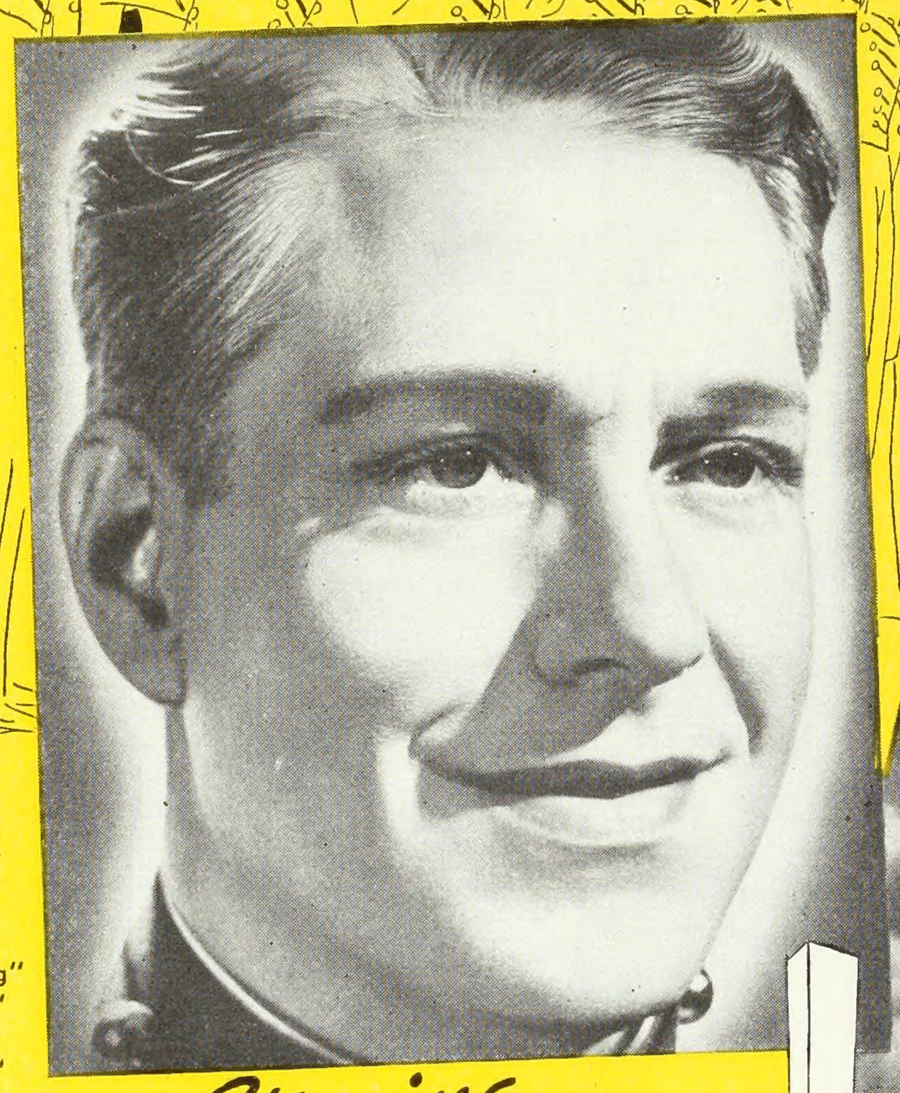
Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauties about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bathes the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its high-lustre polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 40¢ tube. The 25¢ size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your druggist today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit! . . . Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!





COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! ...And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Irene Dunne, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Hollywood Dream . . . . . McClelland Barclay 11
A renowned artist's conception of what pictures mean to women
If the Windsors Had Come to Hollywood . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 12
How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor . Barbara Hayes 14
I Won't Marry Stokowski—says Greta Garbo . . . . Jim Simmons 16
Hollywood's Not-So-Ancient Mariners . . . . . Errol Flynn 17
Young Man About Hollywood exposes the West Coast Fleet
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs 18
A charming preview of Walt Disney's forthcoming feature
Hi, Georgie—The Life Story of a Mystery Man . . . Edward Churchill 20
Beginning—George Raft's biography
A Girl's Best Friend Is Her Opposite . . . . . Gretta Palmer 22
A famous writer describes the women friends of the stars
Who Said Voiceless? . . . . . Ida Zeitlin 24
Two vital factors made Grace Moore's voice what it is today
Payboy of the Western World . . . . . Kirtley Baskette 61
Gene Autry—Hollywood's most amazing young man
Skating Through Life . . . . . Howard Sharpe 62
Final Installment—life story of Sonja Henie
Roundup of Youth . . . . . Sara Hamilton 68
The low-down on those newly rising screen starlets

NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

The Camera Speaks:—

Tennis—and Stuff 26
Ginger Rogers proves a glamour girl can be an athlete
PHOTOPLAY'S Fashion History 28
Some laughs from another generation
Leading Hollywood Hostess Returns 32
Countess di Frasso, champion party-giver, is back
Glamour Goes Pf-f-f-t 34
With Carole Lombard and Fredric March in "Nothing Sacred"
Hollywood Version of "Tovarich" 38

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 4
Choose the Best Picture of 1937 8
Close Ups and Long Shots 9
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 41
We Cover the Studios . . . . . James Reid 44
The Shadow Stage 46
Fashion Letter . . . . . Gwenn Walters 59
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop . . . . . Carolyn Van Wyck 60
Boos and Bouquets 64
The Perfect Dinner 65
Hollywood's Junior Legion . . . . . Marianne 67
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 90

VOL. LII., No. 1, JANUARY, 1938

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00 Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

BRIEF REVIEWS

★ **INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED**

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

A breezy edition of the *Torchy Blane* series with forthright Glenda Farrell as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a busy, bustling police lieutenant. Anne Nagel and Bill Hopper join the chase. If you like adventurous comic strips. (*Nov.*)

ALL OVER TOWN—Republic

Olsen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who back a Broadway show, find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. (*Nov.*)

★ ANGEL—Paramount

The languid Miss Dietrich in a velvety mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Lubitsch's direction, sparkling dialogue, perfect photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the preoccupied husband, Melvyn Douglas rounds out the triangle. Better not miss it. (*Nov.*)

ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio

Here is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival middies at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Marsha Hunt whose father objects to her marrying. When scandal rears its ugly head, the rivals become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (*Nov.*)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

A conglomeration of skits and songs engagingly held together by Jack Benny as the screwball promoter of an Artists' Ball who gives you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (*Oct.*)

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

Outside of the fact that this allows Young America a good look at Captain Dick Merrill, famed crack pilot, this dull story has little to offer. Paula Stone is giddily inept as the heiress-aviatrix who uses Dick's ability to save the life of Weldon Heyburn. Captain Merrill himself does a swell job. (*Dec.*)

★ AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Columbia

The happy combination of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, plus a delightfully gay and romantic story, make this one of the best pictures this year. Married, very much in love, but stubborn, they find divorce rearing its ugly head, but finally solve their domestic relations in a merry, mad and very modern way. Irene and Grant are delicious, Ralph Bellamy and the supporting cast equally splendid. A command performance. (*Dec.*)

BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part journalists play in railroading innocent persons to death. Joan Blondell is remarkably good as the lady of the press, Pat O'Brien is her editor and Margaret Lindsay is the unfortunate victim of their go-getting zeal for sensationalism. (*Nov.*)

BAD GUY—M-G-M

"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unholy fellow who gets into scrape after scrape, finally comes to grief. Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give it another thought. (*Nov.*)

BIG CITY—M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the taxi war in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangles Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (*Nov.*)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's swag, backs an anti-vice crusade, discovers he's the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (*Oct.*)

★ BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio

Barbara Stanwyck, leaving her tears behind her, emerges as a smartly dressed, gay and dominant Texan who works wonders with playboy Herbert Marshall's life, home and Wall Street business. Eric Blore plays assistant to Cupid, Donald Meek is a justice of the peace, and Glenda Farrell is a gold-digging show girl. You'll like it. (*Dec.*)

BRIDE FOR HENRY, A—Monogram

A lively comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison who forgot to show up at the altar. Then Mollison joins Anne and Warren on their honeymoon. It's light and frothy. (*Dec.*)

BRIDE WORE RED, THE—M-G-M

In a Viennese version of the Cinderella tale, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate postman, Franchot Tone, and a dizzy playboy, Robert Young. Miss Crawford is both gracious and compelling, but the weary plot defeats all. (*Dec.*)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M

Stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent, this follow-up o "Broadway Melody of 1936" again teams Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell. Bob's rôle as a producer seems lost in the melee of song and dance acts, but Eleanor is lithesome as usual and George Murphy shines brightly as do Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others. (*Nov.*)

CONFESSION—Warners

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this moody melodrama based on a *Madame X* theme. Basil Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the unsympathetic husband; Jane Bryan is the daughter. (*Oct.*)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox

Among the current rash of jewel-thief pix this had better be ignored. A huge diamond is stolen, and Cesar Romero, the most obvious suspect, finds romance with Phyllis Brooks. Jane Darwel moves ponderously throughout, and Alan Dinehart is a heavy heavy. (*Dec.*)



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

	Page
ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox	47
BARRIER, THE—Paramount	46
BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox	90
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE—Paramount	90
CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—20th Century-Fox	90
CONQUEST—M-G-M	47
DANGER—LOVE AT WORK—20th Century-Fox	48
DOCTOR SYN—GB	48
45 FATHERS—20th Century-Fox	48
GIRL WITH IDEAS, A—Universal	90
HEIDI—20th Century-Fox	47
HURRICANE, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists	46
LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE—Universal	48
LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—M-G-M	47
LIVING ON LOVE—RKO-Radio	48
LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox	48
MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Universal	47
MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—Columbia	90
NAVY BLUE & GOLD—M-G-M	46
OVER THE GOAL—Warners	90
PORTIA ON TRIAL—Republic	46
SECOND HONEYMOON—20th Century-Fox	46
SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Warners	48
THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Parmount	90
WITHOUT WARNING—Warners	90



Casanova McCarthy chisels in on Edgar Bergen's love scene with Andrea Leeds, but who can blame Andrea for two-timing when the fascinating Charlie's in the offing! Bobby Clark, of stage fame, and Ella Logan add to the hilarity of "The Goldwyn Follies"

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is Bing's foil. The score is nice. (*Oct.*)

★ DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M

The famous Myrna Loy-Bill Powell combination in a stew of romance and boisterous comedy. Bill plays a roustabout adventurer living in a trailer. When he lights out for Hollywood with Florence Rice and John Beal in tow, the staid Miss Loy upsets the applecart. Better go, but don't expect perfection. (*Dec.*)

★ EBB TIDE—Paramount

Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful adventure story of human derelicts in the South Seas is filmed in Technicolor with masterly direction and a notably fine cast including Britain's Oscar Homolka (he played *Paul Kruger* in "Rhodes, The Diamond Master"), Ray Milland, Frances Farmer, Barry Fitzgerald and Lloyd Nolan. Story, production and acting are outstanding. You can't afford to miss this. (*Dec.*)

(*Continued on page 88*)



REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring **TED LEWIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and Her Radio Choir • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND . . . Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER · Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER · Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT · Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES . . .
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun,

Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

BOYER

in

THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

☆

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

glamour and romance!



"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!



The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.



CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF



1937

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

SINCE 1920 the motion-picture studios have competed with each other for the honor of winning PHOTOPLAY'S annual Gold Medal for the best picture produced during the year. Since 1920 our thousands of readers have consistently held a record for unerring taste and sound judgment in voting this award to a picture outstanding for its fine production, direction, acting and photography. Once again we ask you to select the winner! Looking back over the winners of previous years, we know you will not fail us.

This has been a year of glorious achievement in the motion-picture industry. An amazing number of pictures has been produced that are so generally excellent it will be harder than ever to decide which one was the best. Adventure, romance, mystery, musicals, sea sagas, westerns, grand opera, costume pictures, childhood classics—the list is endless. For your benefit, we list here outstanding pictures of 1937. Space does not permit us to record every fine picture, so if your favorite is not here, vote anyway.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say. No board of judges sits in to decide the vote. You and you only, are both the jury and the judge. Your vote, this year, encourages the producer to make even better pictures next year.

The medal, a facsimile of which appears above, is solid gold, designed and executed by Tiffany & Co. Acting as your representative, we will bestow this distinguished award on the studio which produced the picture which wins the most votes. We wish to emphasize that any picture released in 1937 may be voted upon. Don't miss this chance of deciding on such an important matter.

We should like you to vote as early as possible. Fill out the ballot (right), or just write your choice on a slip of paper and send it in to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York.

What was the Best Picture of 1937? Don't delay! Vote now!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1937

Adventures of Marco Polo, The
Ali Baba Goes to Town
Angel
Awful Truth, The
Barrier, The
Black Legion
Call It a Day
Camille
Captains Courageous
Conquest
Damsel in Distress, A
Day at the Races, A
Dead End
Easy Living
Ebb Tide
Firefly, The
Fire Over England
Good Earth, The
Head Over Heels in Love
Heidi
High, Wide and Handsome
History Is Made at Night
Hurricane, The
I Met Him in Paris
Kid Galahad
King and the Chorus Girl, The
Knight Without Armor
Last Gangster, The
Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The
Life of Emile Zola, The
Lost Horizon
Love Is News
Make Way for Tomorrow
Marked Woman
Maytime
Merry-Go-Round of 1938
Night Must Fall
Nothing Sacred
One In A Million
100 Men and a Girl
Parnell
Perfect Specimen, The
Plough and the Stars, The
Prince and the Pauper, The
Prisoner of Zenda, The
Quality Street
Road Back, The
Second Honeymoon
Stella Dallas
Stage Door
Star is Born, A
Souls at Sea
Shall We Dance
Stand-In
Swing High, Swing Low
They Won't Forget
Topper
Three Smart Girls
Victoria the Great
Vogues of 1938
Wake Up And Live
Wee Willie Winkie
Wife, Doctor And Nurse
Woman Chases Man

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1937

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____



LONG SHOTS

The day Miss Waterbury presented the Rhett portrait to Clark Gable, and also the day she posed solo for M-G-M's famous new photographer, the noted European, Lazlo Willinger, she learned two vital truths of Hollywood success

BY RUTH WATERBURY

DEAR Readers, this has been quite a month on your editor, for I not only have had to put out a magazine but I also have had my picture taken . . . both plain and with Clark Gable . . . and between those two points I assure you lies a lot of traffic. . . .

This month began just like an average Hollywood month which, of course, is totally unlike a month anywhere else on earth . . . I wasn't a bit startled when a perfectly strange man called me at home at midnight one night and said that he had an exclusive interview with Garbo about her not marrying Stokowski and could he bring the story into the office at ten the next morning? . . . and I was even less surprised when he got there at three rather than at ten. . . .

I didn't even blink when, after Walt Disney had sent me up those enchanting pictures of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (see page 18), he called to say that he had to have them back again for an hour or so for retakes. . . .

I was moved as deeply and sincerely as I have ever been at any work of art when I saw "Conquest," that exquisite production starring Garbo and Charles Boyer with Boyer giving what for my money is the finest character performance I have ever seen on the screen . . . yet somehow not overshadowing that greatest artist of them all, the divine Greta. . . .

I had the extreme pleasure of lunching with Herbert Yates, the new head of Republic Pictures, and finding him the type of intelligent hardheaded businessman that this industry sorely needs. . . .

I GOT stood up on a date with Tyrone Power on account of he had a date that same day with Janet Gaynor and quite naturally by comparison forgot my glamour—if any. . . .

I went down to Paramount to get smart little Edith Head to design a dress for me and got the ribbing of my life from Edith, Travis Banton, Mary McQuire, who is the fitter, and that elegant Miss Colbert who strolled in just as they were measuring me. . . the trouble was they all had different ideas as to how that—I was taught in kindergarten to call it my form—might be camouflaged. . . .

I managed to arrive at Fox the day that Miss Temple put up her curls and grabbed the very first shots of the world-shaking event for PHOTOPLAY. . . .

I called one day at Goldwyn's and met Charlie McCarthy. . . .

I went to previews night after night and the Eddie Cantor dinner and the huge Borzage party and talked with writers by day and stars by night. . . .

Ah yes, it was in its way a typical Hollywood month . . . or would have been if I had kept away from those photographers. . . .

IT was those bright boys at Metro who started it all . . . they have on that lot a new photographer from Europe named Lazlo Willinger, and by way of proving that he could photograph anything, I suppose, they suggested that he photograph me . . . and thoroughly complimented I was at the result. . . .

Then they began getting subtle on me . . . they said they thought it would be a good idea if I had a full make-up put on by Jack Dawn, head of their make-up department . . . well, little did I realize what truths I was to learn about myself. . . .

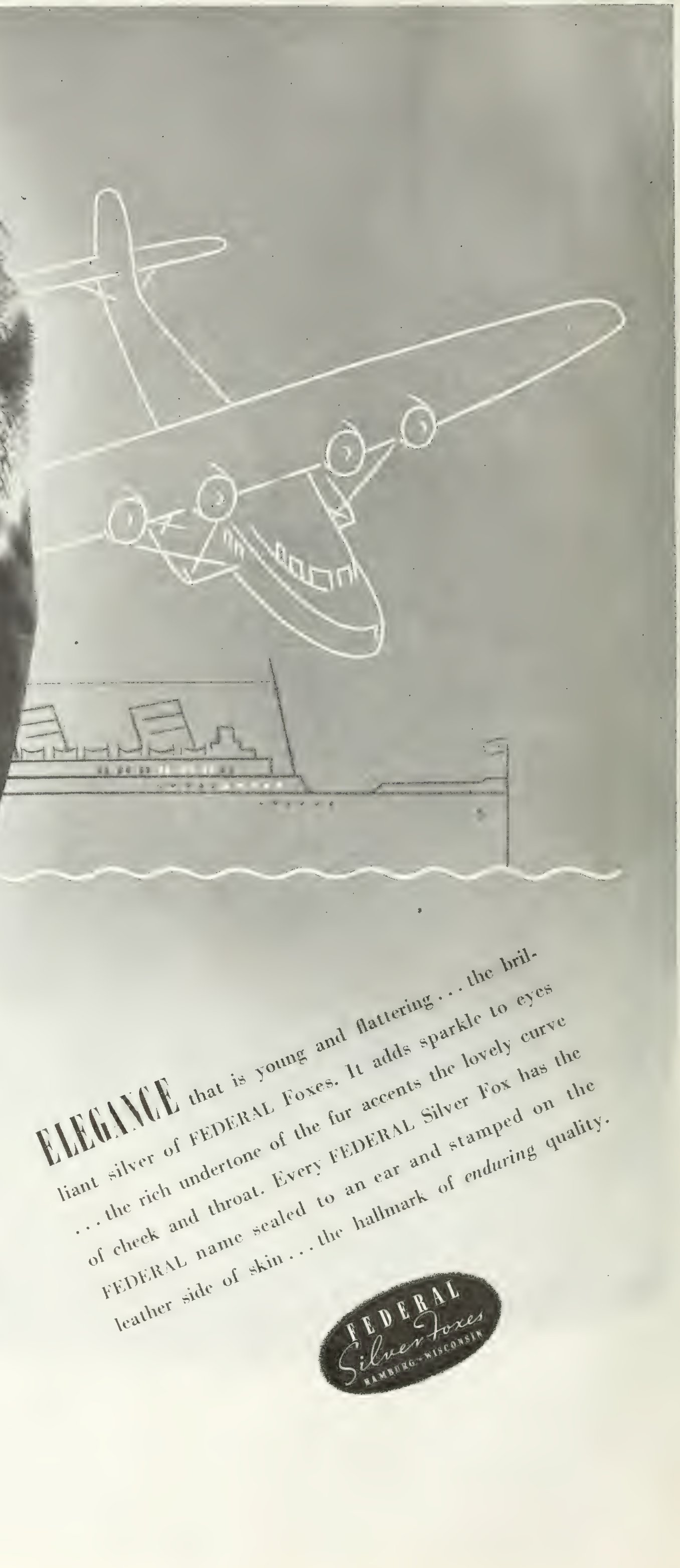
A more charming, competent gentleman than Mr. Dawn I'd never expect to find, and I hope I never meet a more honest one. . . .

First of all he didn't think much of the way my hair was done . . . a grand girl named Olga came along to do something about that . . . I'd heard about Olga . . . I knew she was Garbo's hairdresser so while she worked on my head I worked on Olga trying to get Garbo information from her . . . well, she got further than I did . . . for at least she accomplished what she set out to do while all the Garbo stuff I gleaned from her could have been printed very comfortably on the head of a pin. . . .

Finally, though, my curls were set and Mr. Dawn took over . . . he was very swell about it, but ah how truthful . . . he said my eyebrows weren't so good . . . that my mouth was crooked . . . that the less said about my nose the better . . . outside of that I could pass . . . the miracle was that when he got through I did look fairly human . . .

(Continued on page 87)





ELEGANCE that is young and flattering . . . the brilliant silver of FEDERAL Foxes. It adds sparkle to eyes . . . the rich undertone of the fur accents the lovely curve of cheek and throat. Every FEDERAL Silver Fox has the FEDERAL name sealed to an ear and stamped on the leather side of skin . . . the hallmark of *enduring* quality.

FEDERAL Silver Foxes
HAMBURG · WISCONSIN



HOLLYWOOD DREAM

Whenever you murmur about Hollywood salaries, do remember the dream the stars stand for—the dream of all the lonely women in a world that sometimes doesn't portion its happiness quite evenly. Remember, too, that in the darkness of a little theater, in exchange for a few silver coins, they can watch come true a romance that has eluded too many of them, find for a few hours happiness too many of them have missed

NOW IT CAN





NOW that the world's greatest lovers are not coming to America, now that their trip is probably "indefinitely postponed," the truth about the doubts and fears that assailed Hollywood over the promised visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor can be told.

It was a certainty, a few months ago, that the world's most glamorous couple were planning to visit the world's most glamorous city this month.

During this proposed California trip they had expected to visit William Randolph Hearst at San Simeon. This had been "in the cards" since some weeks before that fateful day when Edward made his never-to-be-forgotten radio address of abdication for "The Woman I Love."

And so, similarly, when they were to be on the coast they had expected to stay with Marion Davies, since she had been a friend of Wally's for some time. Arrangements for this part of their Hollywood trip had been going on under cover for months. Edward wanted to have several long chats with Charlie Chaplin, to meet Walt Disney whom he admires, and to be permitted "on set" while Shirley Temple was making a picture.

Wally's film "ideal" (if she could be said to be interested in anyone save her ex-King) is Gene Raymond. Can you guess why—or can't you see the strong resemblance? Then, she thinks Bill Powell is just about the "smoothest thing on rubber heels." Like all women all the world over she wanted to dance with Fred Astaire; and hear Bing Crosby croon.

The names of many prominent filmland hostesses had been presented to the Windsors weeks in advance in hopes of learning exactly by whom they chose to be entertained. And a little bird told me that they had okayed the Irving Berlins, the Lewis Milestones, the Darryl Zanucks, the Mervyn

BE TOLD—

IF THE WINDSORS HAD COME TO HOLLYWOOD

—the fever of fear and doubt that was rampant there could never have been revealed. But here the truth comes to the surface—would the Windsors have been snubbed?

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



On the surface, Hollywoodians were all prepared to meet and greet and fete this famous pair, but our author tells you why they are not shedding tears of regret but heaving sighs of relief that, for the present, a touchy situation has been avoided

LeRoys, the Johnny Considines, the Cedric Gibbons, the Doug Fairbanks, the Franchot Tones, the John Barrymores, the Walter Wangers, and the Louis B. Mayers, in addition to the star already mentioned above.

As delighted as these people were to have been "accepted" by the ex-King of England, they were, nevertheless, in a tough spot. For Hollywood is no longer a suburb of Los Angeles where they make motion pictures, but it is an international enterprise depending upon the good will of all nations for its prosperity. Only recently Hollywood discovered this in the case of Vittorio Mussolini.

The story runs that Hal Roach, a producer of comedies, met the son of Il Duce in Rome and asked him if he would be interested in seeing how films were made. Things began to happen very rapidly. "R-A-M" was formed. This meant "Roach-and-Mussolini." And the boy came over.

ROACH sent out invitations for a great dinner party in his honor. He thought he had put over a fine piece of social and political business until he was rudely awakened by the number of regrets he received. It seemed that more than half of Hollywood—the important half—couldn't attend the dinner that evening.

And so, even though the party that night was much less of a success than they had anticipated, things were much worse next morning.

Full-page advertisements began appearing in several movieland papers denouncing the Italian dictator's son in no uncertain terms, and reprinting excerpts from his recently published book which dealt with his own part in the Ethiopian catastrophe.

One of these advertisements read: "Excerpts from 'Voli Sulle Ambe' (Wings Over Ambe) by Vittorio Mussolini. Pub. in Florence, Italy, 1936: 'We received the order to repeat the bombardment. *It was most diverting . . .* It may be I had expected too much. I had anticipated terrific explosions such as in the American films whereas here the huts of the Ethiopians, made as they are of clay and brushwood, *do not offer the bomber any satisfaction . . . war certainly educates. I recommend it to everybody . . . War for us has been a sport, the most beautiful and complete of all sports.*'"

Following this quote was this terse comment: "Hollywood is on record throughout the country as having welcomed Signor Vittorio Mussolini with open arms. We feel that Hollywood does not deserve this reputation. We can best show the world what Hollywood really feels about Vittorio Mussolini

(Continued on page 72)

HOW TYRONE POWER WON THE



LONELY HEART OF

JANET GAYNOR

A little boy grew up to make a dream

come true and bring happiness to a

star he had worshipped from afar

BY BARBARA HAYES



When Tyrone first met Janet that meeting meant far more to him than just one fellow actor being introduced to another

OVER ten years ago a thin, dark-eyed but already good-looking boy of twelve walked on fast-growing lanky legs into a Cincinnati movie palace to see a picture called "Seventh Heaven." People were saying that a new star had been born in this film; that it was a masterpiece of modern photography; that the performances of Charlie Farrell, and of Janet Gaynor especially, were fine and emotional and very moving.

But the boy didn't care about the word-of-mouth campaign that was making "Seventh Heaven" such a success. He rode over and parked his bicycle outside the theater and went in because he'd made some extra money running errands for a drugstore, and because it was Saturday afternoon, when he always went to the movies.

He chose a seat in the second row—the first was full of other children—opened a package of Jujubes, and settled himself comfortably on his spine. Five minutes later he was tingling all over with first love.

The young preadolescent's name was Tyrone Power, and his new affinity was the projected shadow of Janet Gaynor; and today these two have all Hollywood whispering curiously—because not only is he still in love with her, *she* is in love with him, breathlessly, completely . . .

To have held onto a seemingly hopeless devotion for ten long years, through the endless change from boy to youth to man; to forget, at periodic intervals, those figures labeled vaguely in his mind as blonde and brunette and Mabel and Nickie and Sonja and a goodly number of other names; but always to remember at last the nebulous adoration of a distant and unattainable love—this is the amazing thing, the fact that is so incongruous with Tyrone and his generation. Usually a movie fan is unfaithful in relation to his favorite star's success or failure. Usually he shifts his worship from one to another as his attitudes change.

But when Hollywood's newest young contract actor was given a minor rôle in "Ladies in Love," and on the set of that picture met Janet Gaynor, its star, for the first time, he could say nothing. Tyrone was not a fellow actor being introduced to one of the other employees at Twentieth Century-Fox, he was the boy who during ten years—as an errand boy and a soda jerker and an Orpheum usher and a road-show stock player—had seen every Gaynor picture four times, and had tacked her photograph over his dresser to look at when he combed his hair. He was a fan meeting a star, and so was speechless.

Janet said, "How do you do"; was momentarily appreciative of his eyes; waited for some sort of answer. When he merely stared at her, dumbly, she thought with disappointment: "Oh." And turned away, dismissing him from her mind.

SHE was still so unattainable to him that he didn't even consider telephoning her to ask for a date. His adoration of her was a detached thing; it had no physical importance; it was a disembodied emotion, ideal because it demanded nothing. When he was away from her he still thought of her as the Janet Gaynor of the screen, a shadow, a kind of dream—and she was in his mind only occasionally.

So it was that he could sincerely beau Sonja Henie about town, as he had beaued so many other girls about so many other towns.

Nevertheless, the day after he met Janet he went to a florist and had three dozen red roses sent — anonymously — to the Gaynor dressing room. The next day he wrote a check and established a standing order for the flowers to be delivered, wherever she was, three times a week and from different florists so she could not check up on the person who was sending those roses that

(Continued on page 88)



Because the author had once been on her studio crew, it was to him alone that Garbo revealed the facts



I WON'T MARRY STOKOWSKI SAYS GARBO

A story from the man who scooped every newspaper reporter in the country—by talking to Garbo herself

BY JIM SIMMONS

THE great, the glamorous Garbo. Around this Swedish "Madonna of the Screen" there has been wrapped a chimerical veil of mystery and silence until she has become an almost legendary figure.

Many times she has been rumored about to wed.

Currently, up to fevered pitch, has come the cry that the beautiful Norsewoman will at last plunge into matrimony—with white-haired Leopold Stokowski, he of the expressive hands in "100 Men and a Girl," the world-famous leader of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Hollywood has buzzed, news has zinged along wires to the nation and the world, gossip columnists have speculated in print, radio chatterers have flung their opinions over the air waves.

Mrs. Evelyn Stokowski is in Nevada to get a divorce, it went. Garbo has been seen everywhere with Stokowski, they said, and is madly in love with him. Mrs. Stokowski will spill plenty . . . Watch . . . Wait . . . Buzz . . . Buzz . . .

But—

Garbo will not marry Stokowski!

I know—I talked with her!

"NO," she told me, "no, I will not marry Mr. Stokowski."

It was one of the rare interviews ever obtained by anyone from the glamorous star herself. The only one in which she openly discussed current romance rumors concerning herself.

This unprecedented happening took place outside George Cukor's mansion in the hills above Hollywood, after a mad and merry automobile chase with me in hot pursuit of the phantom star's black limousine.

It had come about after I had, by careful sleuthing, spotted the current home of Garbo, waited patiently for her appearance, and been rewarded when I saw her start off in her car bound for somewhere.

I followed. I was determined to talk to at least one of the principals in this reported romance. I am a reporter. I wanted to know.

Closely I followed the speeding car as it swung onto Sunset Boulevard, down through Bel-Air and Beverly Hills. As I strained to keep always in sight that black car ahead, there ran through my mind the names of those other men with whom Garbo's name has been linked in romance in the twelve years in which she has become the screen's greatest actress and its epitome of glamour.

Maurice Stiller—the man who brought a gawky, awkward Swedish girl to New York and then Hollywood where she was to fulfill a destiny. Stiller, a great director who saw the potentialities in this attenuated, mystic-eyed beauty. A man with whom she was genuinely in love.

John Gilbert—the silent films' great lover with whom she played in passionate love scenes before grinding cameras and with whom she was wildly infatuated.

Rouben Mamoulian—gossips had him married to the "Swedish Sphinx" when they traveled to Arizona on their now famous trip. Her director in "Queen Christina." Distinctly "arty." Hailed a genius on one side, with disagreement on the other. But a man who held Garbo's romantic interest vividly for a time.

George Brent—she met Brent, virile, good-looking, strictly a man's man, known in Hollywood as a perennial bachelor (until his recent stormy marital adventure with Constance Worth) when he became her leading man in "The Painted Veil," was intrigued by him, became a frequent visitor to his Toluca Lake home for tennis and tête-à-tête dinners. (Brent once told me that he considered Garbo the most fascinating woman he had ever known—or known of.)

George Cukor—also her director. He guided her in "Camille." More than anyone else, Cukor was responsible for bringing

(Continued on page 86)

HOLLYWOOD'S NOT-SO-ANCIENT MARINERS

Our Young Man About Hollywood

describes the saltiest crew that ever

sailed the seas—the West Coast fleet

BY ERROL FLYNN





The author in nautical action—one of those few real yachtsmen in Hollywood who don't sit talking about yachting, but practice it—in dungarees

WITH some people it's horses; others like cars and others still go for postage stamps. Personally, I'm one of the men who gets a bit weak in the knees at either the sight of a slim-hulled yacht or a ditto mermaid.

I haven't seen any of the latter since I went on the water wagon.

I have seen one of the former, however—the *Cheerio II*—and I promptly bought her A new life began and it was then that I learned of a new side of Hollywood—the side where driftwood is substituted for dance floors, where kelp beds take the place of feather beds and blondes. That sounds swell. I wish it were true.

Perhaps you'll think me naïve, but I had assumed that these chaps who are forever playing parts before the mast knew something about sailing. For the most part they are very convincing in their pictures as they stride the poop deck and bawl their orders at chantey-singing seamen. Then when I heard that some of these same men owned their own boats in private life and occasionally could be heard discussing the relative merits of certain types of sail, I began to feel a certain brotherly emotion surging in the bosom.

It didn't surge there very long before it became the surge of nausea and, with it, came the realization that the best seaman in the bunch and the man who should be Commodore of the Hollywood fleet was Popeye, the Sailorman.

At a party you can always spot a pair of these boat owners by the wary look in their eyes as they talk shop. Like a couple of fencers they feint around with tentatively salty language, obviously quoting from some nautical magazine and praying to high heaven that their vis-à-vis hasn't read the same one.

DON'T get the idea that there aren't a few—a very few—real yachtsmen in Hollywood. There are, but they are hard to find because they don't talk yachting, they practice it—which means you'll only find them beating up the channel, running down the coast or, clad in dirty dungarees, over the side with a bucket of white lead. But where you won't find them is in the Trocadero Bar getting a good coat of Mazda Tan, or giving an indecent exposure of their minds every time they open their mouths when the talk

(Continued on page 82)

SNOW WHITE AND THE



A galaxy of favorites old and new especially drawn for us. Close-ups (below and opposite page) of the new characters, by courtesy of Walt Disney

A Photoplay Exclusive brings you a first glimpse of those fairy-tale characters, soon to be famous



SEVEN DWARFS

Season's Greetings, Photoplay!

Come join us in our holiday.

It's one of joy and great delight

For now at last we've finished "**SNOW WHITE.**"

We've worried and hurried and scurried around

Preparing our Princess for color and sound;

We've grunted and groaned and lived by our wits

And written new music to see that it fits.

Three years we have labored, worked without end,

Thousands of drawings our artists have penned;

But, alas and alack, since we can't tell you more

We give you these pages of fairy-tale lore.





The dwarfs came home from a busy day

And found a guest was there,

Upon the bed, asleep she lay,

Snow White—their Princess fair.



GRUMPY is a cagey lad

His feelings in a shell,

He always looks as if he's mad

At heart he's simply swell.



SNEEZY is a funny bloke,

He snuffles, coughs and wheezes,

But when a fella tells a joke

Invariably he sneezes.



DOPEY'S quite a looney guy

So mischievous and sly,

But when you see him strut his stuff

You'll laugh until you cry.



BASHFUL is afraid of girls

And yet he loves Snow White,

But when she turns to smile at him

He nearly dies of fright.



SLEEPY is a lazy cuss

A good-for-nothing dreamer

Who saves himself a lot of fuss

By being quite a schemer.



DOC'S our self-appointed boss

As vain as he is snooty,

To us he's just a total loss

But he thinks he's a cutey.



Among our merry little band

Is this balooney chappie,

Who laughs all day and acts so gay

We always call him **HAPPY**

"HI, GEORGIE"





From his maternal ancestry George inherited his liquid brown eyes and swarthy skin; from his father's—an all-consuming ambition that carried him to stardom. But beneath an unemotional surface lies a nature few know as well as Virginia Pine

BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

"WHEN I went East this last time," George Raft told me, "I was anxious to see Mom. I'd been a good boy. I'd worked hard. I wanted to tell her about my picture. And I had a big surprise for her."

The surprise George referred to was the picture he had just made, "Souls at Sea." It had been previewed. Frances Dee, who appears in it, had told me:

"It's George's picture."

George had liked working with Henry Hathaway, the director, with Gary Cooper, costarred. It appeared that George, after six years as a Hollywood "bad boy," was getting into harness with the idea of staying there. The studio was talking of "the new and different Raft." As a man, much less trouble. As an actor, a Raft with the oil out of his hair, playing a seaman of the 1840's who gave his life for a girl.

George caught the Louis-Braddock fight at

THE LIFE STORY OF A MYSTERY MAN



In exploding those Hollywood myths concerning George Raft this author gives you a vivid picture of a boy who wanted the spotlight

Chicago, went on to a New York which, to him, is a nostalgic mixture of lights, night clubs, "we boys," dames, boyhood memories and home.

Mom greeted him joyously in her Washington Heights apartment. Mom loved George, the lamb who strayed, with a fierce, protective passion. Once upon a time when George was to be rubbed out by mobsters in "Scarface," Eva Glockner Ranft, which is her full name, rose from her seat in the theater and screamed:

"Don't let 'em get you, Georgie!"

George told her about his work.

"And, Mom," he added, "here's the big news. That first trip West was a bust because of your asthma—but this one won't be. The doctors say I can take you to the Coast in six months. You've got to be high up, like you are here on the Heights. So I've bought a lot in a canyon above Beverly Hills. I'm building a ten-room house for you and me."

An architect was already working on the plans and the place would be ready by the time she could make the trip West. George was very matter-of-fact about the whole thing. That's his way. The sentimental stream in his nature runs deep, doesn't show through the brittle, steely surface of his personality. But he rejoiced that they would be together for the first time since he'd run away from home when he was fourteen.

A FEW nights later, at six o'clock, George telephoned his mother, a daily custom, to find out how she felt.

"I'm grand, Georgie," she replied. "Ready for that trip."

A call came through to George at ten o'clock.

"Mrs. Ranft has had a stroke," a physician informed him.

Eva Ranft was in a coma when George reached her. She remained unconscious for twenty-six hours while George, fighting with everything and every brain money could command, fought that undefeated antagonist, death.

He lost.

From that moment until he entered the church he was the cold automaton of the screen—hard, unemotional. Smoothly, methodically, efficiently, he handled every detail of the funeral, all other affairs.

Mack Gray, his constant companion, walked on one side and a friend on the other. Then George heard the organ. He stopped in his tracks. The music had hit him just as in other years ring opponents had clipped him on the chin.

"That dirge told me," George said today, "that my mother was gone. Ever since I've been a kid I've heard it. It brought back a lot of things that hurt inside."

It wove a pattern of sorrow. His father, Conrad Ranft, had died seven years before. Katherine, his sister, had gone two years previous. Before that, nine brothers had marched onward in silent procession to the music. But what was more poignant—

"For the first time," George explained, "I realized I was alone."

Today he is the survivor of his family. He returned from New York, a sorrowing man, to a home that will be empty of his mother's presence.

"It's always been that way," he says. "First I've gotten what I wanted—and then something's been snatched away from me."

GEORGE has filled two ambitions. Two fine lines of accomplishment are drawn through his amazing career—a life which has taken him from a railroad apartment in Forty-first Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, in New York City, to a penthouse atop one of Hollywood's most exclusive apartment houses. A life which has taken him from a bed of empty potato sacks in the basement of a neighborhood grocery store to the finest beds that money can buy. A life which has taken him from a two-dollar-a-week job as delivery boy to a salary of thousands of dollars every week. A life which has taken him through two loves to the adulation of millions of women.

The two fine lines?

"When I was a kid," George explains, "I decided to be somebody. I wanted the spotlight. I wanted everybody to know me, and to say, 'Hi, Georgie!' "

The fates have nodded to that choice through four separate careers.

"When I was a kid," George repeats, "I wanted to succeed by myself. I wanted to be alone, to go it alone."

The fates have bowed to that request, too. For George is alone. Living today are two people who really know George Raft. One is Mack Gray. The other is Virginia Pine Lehmann. To the rest of the world, George is a name and a picture character. A slick-haired, patent-leather guy who flipped a nickel through the ten reels of "Scarface." A fellow who wears high-waisted clothes, who gets his way with men by pushing them around, and who gets his way with women by looking at them as if he's going to push them around.

That isn't George Raft.

Nor is there a clear picture of George in the legends which have been kicked around wherever English is spoken.

The real George is an unsettled fellow who doesn't quite know what to do with himself. Who has what he wants and isn't quite sure whether or not he wants it. A guy who, under that highly polished patina of sophistication is a rank sentimentalist with a sensitive nature, easily hurt, who therefore takes offense easily. A person who gropes around looking for something he can't find now that he's found the unsatisfying things he started to look for.

All these characteristics reveal themselves in a few short minutes.

"That house I'm going to build," he says.

(Continued on page 83)







Genius and her Girl Friend; Famous Female and her Foil; Star and Stooge—label them what you will—but these are the women with whom the stars and starlets take down their back hair



A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND IS

BY GRETTA PALMER

THE sight-seer in most cities can take his time: the Empire State Building or the Tower of London isn't going to budge. The sight-seer in Hollywood has to keep moving to a constant chorus of, "They're here," "They've gone," "They passed that way." Chasing the picture stars takes him, at a fast clip, to the studios, the Brown Derby, the race track, the night plane for New York.

When the sight-seer catches up with the star, autograph book in hand, he usually sees two figures emerge from the sleek limousine into the flashlights. An actress and her boy friend? Not at all.

The twosome is far more frequently one the press photographers will label Genius and her Girl Friend. Or Famous Female and her Foil. Or Star and Stooge. . . .

The glamorous ladies of Hollywood have close women friends, contrary to the general belief that any girl with sex appeal must spend her life being a Man's Woman. Old-fashioned dramatists knew better; their favorite stage direction was "Enter Confidante." At this point in the play a mildly unattractive girl entered from the left and gave the heroine a chance to relax. Confidantes abound in Hollywood today.

Someone has said that famous women don't need husbands—they need wives. In many cases the Hollywood stars' best friends run their households, save them from interruptions, coo and cluck them into a cheerful mood when things have gone wrong, in the best approved wifely manner. In other cases the girl friend is around less constantly, but she serves her purpose as a repository of secrets and a builder-up of self-esteem.

MOVING-PICTURE stars have their carpet-slipper moods. They know moments when they are tired of being too darned glamorous on the lot and in the drawing room. They want to loll around in an old flannel dressing gown with cold cream on their faces. The men they know would be scandalized if they could see them then; the women friends curl up with their knitting and let them talk.

Consider, for instance, the cult of the hairdresser as confidante among the glamorous girls out West. No woman is a heroine to the person who sees her with her head stuck in a soapy bowl, or with the Topsy-like contrivance of the permanent wave attached. But Joan Blondell's best friend is her hairdresser, Ruth Pursley, who attended her when she married Dick Powell.

Marlene Dietrich's closest intimate is Nellie Manley, another curl-and-cuticle girl in



Reading clockwise: Phyllis Fraser and Ginger Rogers; Katharine Hepburn and Laura Harding; Alice Faye and Helene Holmes; Loretta Young and Mrs. John Wayne; Paula Stone, Phyllis Fraser, Anne Shirley, Jacqueline Wells and Lana Turner; Jane Draper and Grace Moore; Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon; Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons. All famous friendships: the story tells the tale

HER OPPOSITE

Hollywood. When Dietrich went to England to make "Knight Without Armor," British Gaumont paid Nellie's expenses, so that she might accompany Marlene. But when the picture was finished, Dietrich, at her own expense, took Nellie to Paris, bought her an entirely new wardrobe and finished off the whole thing by taking Nellie on a grand tour of the Continent.

Last Christmas, Marlene presented Nellie with a new Ford car. When Nellie saw the car she climbed in, stepped on the starter and burst into tears. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she rode around and around the block with Marlene standing on the corner watching the strange sight. Finally Nellie stopped the car and tried to thank Marlene who was so bewildered, she, too, began crying.

Marlene has twice tried to break the rule which says that two important women stars cannot be close friends without damaging their careers. When she first came to America she was a vast admirer of the work of Joan Crawford and was seen everywhere with her. But when a movie magazine compared their work, von Sternberg, Miss Dietrich's director, interfered.

"They are using you to build up Joan," he said. "I won't have it! You must see no more of her." And that was the end of a

(Continued on page 76)

WHO SAID Voiceless?







An upbringing in the Tennessee hills and a memorable trip to Europe played a part in moulding Grace Moore's voice and life. **Right**, the star with Stuart Erwin in "I'll Take Romance"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

SEVERAL months ago in this very magazine there was published an article which stated that Grace Moore was desperately worried and haunted by the fear that she would become voiceless. Having listened to her radio broadcast the week before reading the article and having heard the golden notes of hers that came pouring out as honey-smooth and pure and true as I have ever heard, this sounded cockeyed to me, and in the weeks that have passed the whole story has seemed more absurd. So, recently, I went to Grace Moore herself to ask her how such stories could ever come about. After all, as I had listened in on subsequent Saturdays her singing had not only a supreme pitch of technical perfection, but it was rich with feeling, warm with intimacy, so that when she finished with her gracious "My love to you all" you felt you had been listening not to an artist alone but to a friend who had sung to you.

It has since been proven beyond any shadow of a doubt that the original story was based on a rumor which was completely without any basis in fact—one of those stories that are borne by nothing out of nowhere, take wings to themselves, and gain, for a while, artificial lives of their own. I thought it needed squelching. Anyone with ears to hear could, of course, do the squelching for himself. But since it had taken form in words, I felt that it ought to be killed in the same way, and that Miss Moore was the person who could best supply me with the means.

She had just finished recording the songs for her new Columbia picture, "I'll Take Romance"—songs which will prove to picture fans what the air waves have already proven to radio fans—that they are in no danger of losing the joy of her singing, that her voice is riper, fuller, more dramatic than it has ever been.

"How do these stories start?" she cried, her blue eyes clouded. "I can't understand it. First thing I knew, letters came pouring in to me and my managers, wanting to know if there was any truth in it. I'd have liked to sit down and answer them all myself. But you can't answer a flood. I'd have liked to climb up to the top of the world and shout, 'no.' But I didn't know where to look for the top of the world," she laughed through her distress. "That's the trouble with rumors. You can't fight them. They're so insidious. All I could do was sing which, after all, was the best answer, I suppose."

THE baseless rumor seemed to have started when Miss Moore, after making her last picture, canceled a number of concert engagements in order to recover fully from an attack of the flu contracted while she was in the midst of production.

She flung her hands out in a little gesture of helplessness. "But singers cancel engagements right and left when they have good cause. They don't wait till they've lost their voices—what fools they'd be!—they do it to protect their voices.

"I had the flu, just the plain, simple little influenza germ, like anybody else, that can make you so miserable you don't want to talk, let alone sing. But I was making a picture and, flu or no flu, I had to go on making it. I finished it with a temperature of 103. Of course, I was hoarse. Of course, I was worn out. Of course, I had to cancel my concert engagements. Assume a lost voice with every broken date, and there wouldn't be any voices left in the world."

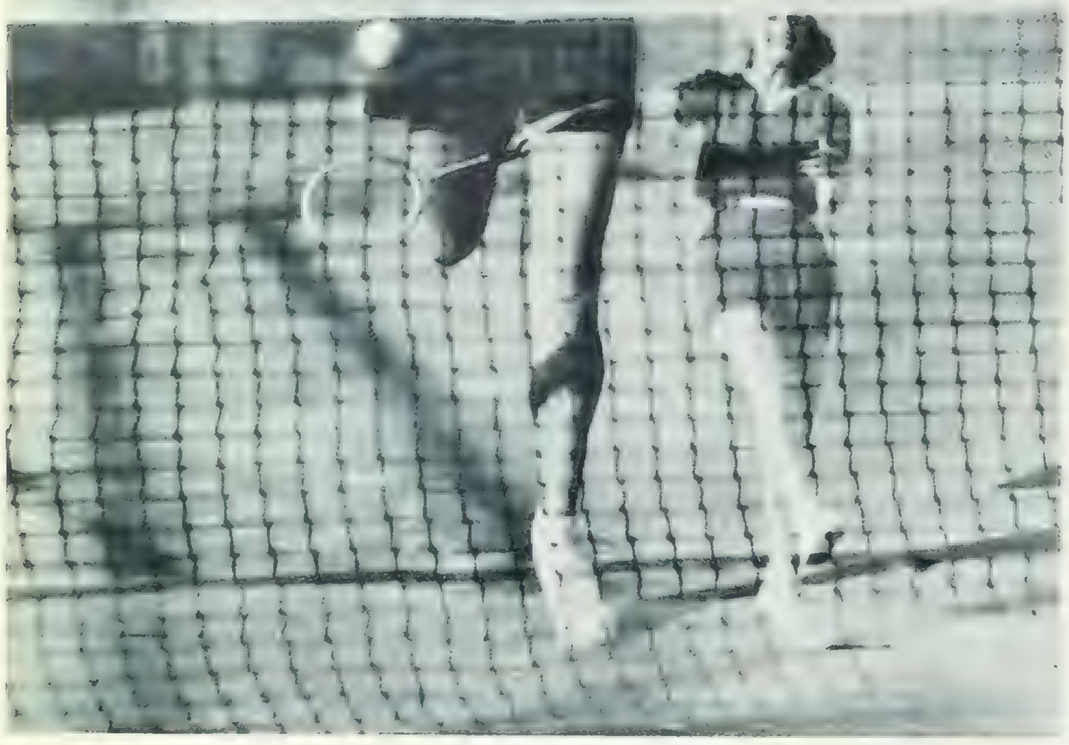
Yes, Grace Moore did lose her voice once. She'd told the story herself as a warning to young singers. "I not only couldn't sing. For six months I wasn't allowed to open my mouth for so much as a whisper. That's per-

(Continued on page 85)

THE Camera SPEAKS

Don Ameche: actor, singer, radio star, who rides as he lives—hard, earnestly and with grit. His rôle in "In Old Chicago" is proof of his craftsmanship















TENNIS--AND STUFF

On the set she breaks all traditions of the theater by whistling constantly and admitting that she likes visitors. Off the set she shows up the glamour queens by being just Ginger Rogers, a little girl with freckles and an astounding appetite. In her free moments, since she's not a tea hound, she performs dexterously on the tennis court; on occasion, since she's a businesswoman, she can stamp down just as dexterously, if not quite so gracefully, on the studio's argumentative carpet—with proper results







PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION HISTORY

1913 - 1937

"The good old days"—it's a well-known phrase. Our files of those same old days yielded some sights that will put an end, for all time, to the boasting females of that famous generation. Top row: a velvet bathing suit with ruffles of taffeta "for beach purposes only"; a natty tennis costume that's a far cry from the shorts our movie queens wear today; high pointed shoes worn with a "simple little evening gown." "Our Mary" in a "useful" frock of navy serge which Madame Lanvin has made "ornamental" as well; a flapper's ball dress—the coy lace petticoat and those "Baby Louis" heels give it the necessary umph; plain but rich, Norma Talmadge's satin bathing suit with tasseled knickers. Second row: beauty unadorned—Mabel Normand in an unpretentious afternoon frock. Half socks were daring, especially with a "one-piece" bathing suit; "Viola Dana plays a fast game"—in this tennis costume? Black and white checked motif for action in a pool; "a beach dress" (!)—just purple brocaded velvet with batik cape. Fur for richness, spats for warmth and cut-out shoes for vanity—that's Anita! Bottom: the hose on Bebe Daniels floored us; a new idea was Lois' looped ribbon "taking the place of summer fur"; "a novelty," this black and white "slip-on" dress so perfect for golf. Why men went wrong—Phyllis Haver. Billie's all set for a California blizzard. Off in a cloud of dust — chic motorist Mae



Mary Miles Minter

Kathlyn Williams

Mabel Normand

Marie Prevost

Pearl White

Mary Pickford

Constance Talmadge

Norma Talmadge

Viola Dana

Viola Dana

Lila Lee

Anita Stewart



Claire Windsor



Gloria Swanson



Eleanor Boardman



Pola Negri



Evelyn Brent



Clara Bow



Joan Crawford

Top, left to right: Claire Windsor—streamline, 1923 version. Gloria, in stripes, sits on that new Continental fad—"the seat cane"; just a satin sport dress for Eleanor—the shoe buckles give it that "dressy" touch. The instigator of the "frantic scramble" for those dazzling Russian boots—Pola Negri; the Brent allure of a bandeau, a fan and a curve; Garbo, exponent of the "strictly tailored" mode—with bulges; the dramatic splendor of a little number for the rain, complete with high boots, patent-leather bag, dog-handled umbrella. A coy glimpse of the lingerie era—Alice White; chic (and shapeless) is this dress with a pleated ruffle dangling demurely above dimpled knees. Second row: the s. a. of flapper Clara Bow—two-piece hand-blocked allure with "spit curl" trimming. The "Letty Lynton" dress, the perfect example of what made Joan Crawford the ideal of all Charleston dancing daughters in America











Greta Garbo



Carmel Myers



Alice White



Alice White

Right: that slim long-waisted effect was Lil's, but nobody has ever taken her place as the "best dressed woman on the screen" because . . . even then she wore styles (note her beach costume) as modern as today's. Bottom: Marlene shocked old ladies (they didn't know she was concealing hips) when she appeared in man's attire—overcoat, tuxedo, hat, scarf, shoes—complete; the back-to-nature movement—the boyish type, freckles and all—dashing Katharine proves personality a victor over make-up; Norma sports the one-eyed coiffure and lets the curves take care of themselves. Now flip back the page to the tennis and bathing-suit costumes of 1914 and compare them with the 1937 girls, Virginia and Jean, whose sport togs are not for show purposes only. We blush for them, they blush for us! Sloe-eyed glamour with a wallop—Carole Lombard; and so evolves our 1937 charm—Kay's gilded flower does it



Lilyan Tashman



Lilyan Tashman









Irene Dunne Jon Hall Countess di Frasso Cary Grant Fay Wray



"Tovarich" star and director—Claudette Colbert and Anatole Litvak



Bridgers—Kay Francis and the hostess' best friend, Connie Bennett

Loretta Young, Louella Parsons and Irene Dunne snapped on the stairs



Bride Miriam Hopkins goes hilarious over Ivan Lebedeff's best story



LEADING HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS RETURNS

American-born Countess Dorothy di Frasso, peeress among party-givers, trots home from a summer abroad to open the winter season with a gala soirée for film friends

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK





Cedric Gibbons, Norma Shearer and David Niven. It was to Merle Oberon's ex-fiancé that Norma devoted herself

Romantic bliss (upper right): Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, Loretta Young and Joe Mankiewicz. Domestic happiness (right): Harmon Nelson and wife Bette Davis with Michael Brooke looking on











GLAMOUR GOES PF-F-F-T



Drama in her bare feet, stringy hair via the sprinkling can method—these our exponent of allure goes for in typical Lombard fashion. She'll show her legs (and nice ones, too) and don an ice bag with aplomb. She'll beef a bit and scowl if necessary, for dignity is dropped when Bill Wellman directs Carole and Freddie March in "Nothing Sacred," the Selznick cinema in which glamour, with much gusto, goes pf-f-f-t

FAMILY GROUP Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Powell and their son William, in the first picture taken together since fame and the family name became synonymous. He's Willie to his mother but his father calls him Bill. Wherever he lives, he makes arrangements for his parents to be near him. When he had a mansion in Beverly Hills they lived in a little house on the grounds. Now he's in a smaller place—but the family still lives near by

YOUNG MOTHER Frances Dee, normal American coed, who through hard work, luck and a young talent became a star. An actress marked for perfection, she lives life fully as the wife of Joel McCrea, the mother of two sons. Hers is a foolproof formula: round-eyed ingenuity, firm-chinned zeal, a wedding ring she wears always



The Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna is silent in this fencing crisis, a bit more pliant (below) with her employer, played by Melville Cooper





HOLLYWOOD VERSION OF

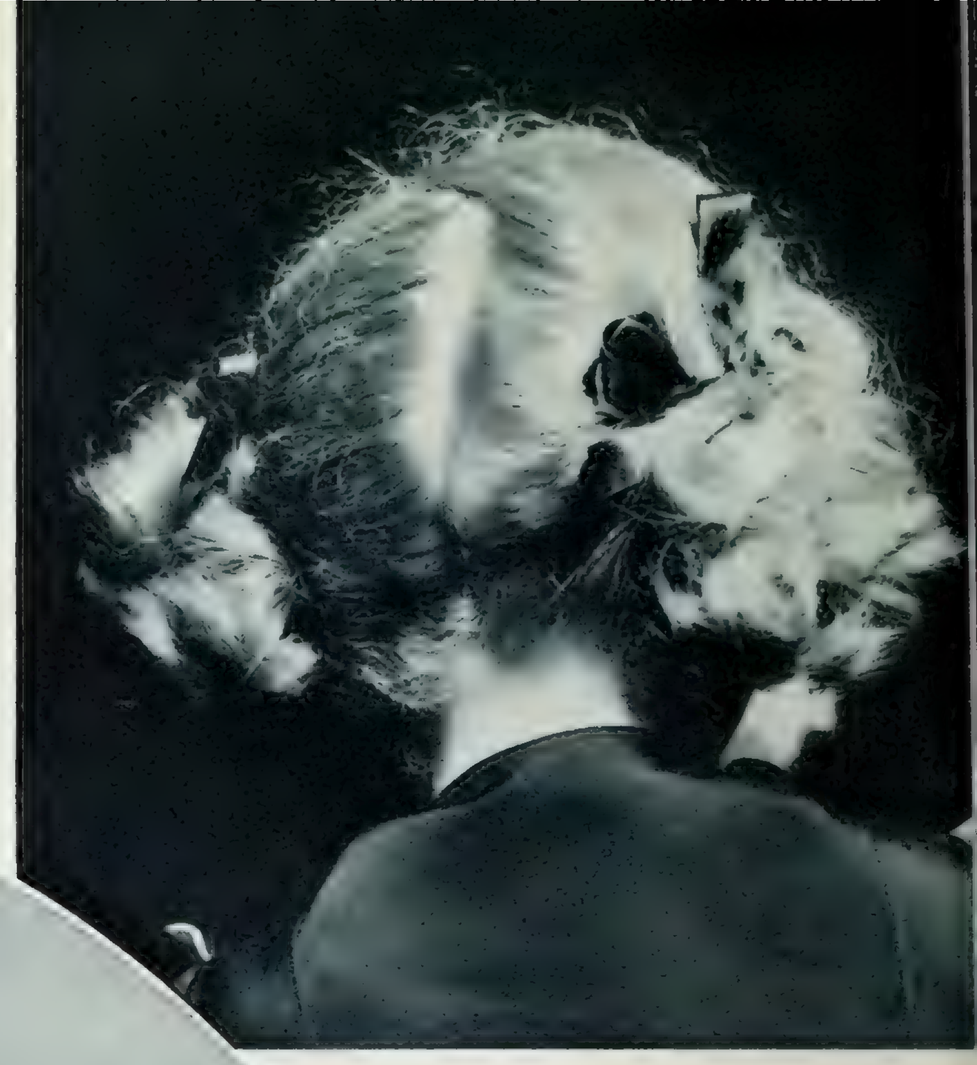
TOVARICH



Resplendent with crown jewels, imperial dignity and regal honor; rife with expert gaiety, adroit wit and sophisticated charm is this edition of a famous Continental comedy about an impoverished royal Russian couple reduced to domestic service. Claudette Colbert, as Duchess Tatiana, handles milk bottles and tiara with impartial efficiency; Charles Boyer, Prince Mikail, is courteous to bearded innkeeper Montagu Love, competent in teaching his young bourgeois master, Maurice Murphy, the genteel art of fencing. Anatole Litvak, directing Colbert in the mastery of the broom and Commissar Rathbone in the approved manner of the Russian scowl, is making this a cinema worthy of its legitimate and popular Broadway ancestor

THE NEW

Shirley







Back in 1917 Mary Pickford played "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with golden curls hanging down her back. The modern Rebecca captures her world-famous flyaway curls with two ribbons,—thereby graduating with honors from the little girl class to the beatific one of young ladyhood. The new coiffure was set by her favorite and only hairdresser—Mrs. Temple. With it all, Shirley's still a pony rider, collector of autographs, wit of the set (page 41)



Want to know who's friendly with whom? Read clockwise: Mrs. Zanuck, Connie Bennett, the Cedric Gibbons, David Niven, Gilbert Roland, Kay Francis and Darryl Zanuck

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

What you don't know, won't hurt you—on the other hand, life can't be dull if what you do know is news

FROM THE EDDY FRONT

NELSON EDDY has made a determined effort to throw off the shadow of bad publicity that attended him on his concert tours. Instead of complaining of pursuing women, Eddy himself is doing a first-class job of pursuing. In fact, Eddy's various reported romances are all a concentrated effort on the singer's part to do a complete rightabout-face and be a jolly good fellow if it kills him. For the first time in his life he's making the night club rounds and entertaining the amazed audiences with impromptu singing that goes on and on into the cold dawn.

His clowning on the "Rosalie" set provoked director Van Dyke to remark he wished Eddy would go climb back into his shell. Even the M-G-M commissary has provided a locale for "the new Eddy" monkeyshines. At a birthday celebration in the dining room, Nelson, with cake frosting from ear to ear, proceeded to astonish diners with more of his out-in-the-open clowning. His rushing from one pretty girl to another was recently climaxed when he became official guide and escort to Hedy LaMarr, former "Ecstasy" girl.

OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

SHIRLEY appears minus her famous curls for the first time in her career. For "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" she ties her hair back in two little bunches, one over each ear.

The Raymond Scott quintette, the most sensational band in town, has written words and music for Shirley's songs in this picture. They are hot. They are fast. And how *Rebecca* gets around them is one for Zanuck to worry over, not us.

When director Allan Dwan accidentally burped on the set, Shirley regarded him sympathetically saying, "What's the matter? Your shoes too tight?"

She insists everyone on the set wear paper clips to designate they are Shirley Temple "G-Men." This was inspired by G-Man Hoover's visit to her set.

THIS IS ENDED; THIS BEGUN

WE'VE been wondering in a mild sort of way if the romantic split between Merle Oberon and David Niven would make any difference in the friendship of David and Norma Shearer, who is Merlie's closest friend.

It hasn't. Since David's return from England, he has been Norma's escort at parties, dancing with her constantly and escorting her home.

We're glad, and we bet Merlie is too, that at least the three of them can be friends. Which reminds us of something David said about Merle, recently. He was telling of seeing her in London and he said, "For the first time, my heart didn't stop at the sight of her."

That's how he knew the romance was over. It's how they both knew.

For further proof that the status quo of the Shearer-Niven friendship has been maintained, turn back to page 33 and look at the picture of David and Norma.



Unique party-givers—these Jack Oakies. Last year it was a "Gone with the Wind" party—this season an advertising jamboree. "Prez Oakie" plugs his radio program and Venita makes a charming Scot



Ruthanna Butler represented the glitter of Hollywood's famous Troc but could be persuaded to make a Cook's Tour of Denmark if the Jean Hersholts would act as her guides



PERSONALITY NOTE

JOAN DAVIS, funny girl out at 20th Century-Fox, is the most popular woman on a lot full of such beauties as Alice Faye, June Lang, Loretta Young and Leah Ray. She never eats lunch with less than six handsome men, including directors and writers, and even has a waiting list three days ahead. On the set she is constantly surrounded by handsome swains.

So we tapped one of them on the shoulder the other day and asked why. Here's his answer:

"Because, since Joan has no beauty to fuss over, primp over, worry over, her mind is free from herself at all times. What we are saying is more important to Joan than how she arches her brows or twinkles her eyelashes when she replies.

"Because she sheds movies like a duck sheds water, and because she's interested in every topic that interests a man."



Groans went up when Jean Parker displayed the lingerie ads of years gone-by. Illustrating the slogan of a famous tire company were Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable

LUCRE TROUBLE

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S new salary arrangement with M-G-M ($2000 a week, poor little boy) which his Aunt Cissy got for him by taking the matter to court, has caused the parents or guardians of other child stars to ask for more money. Young Mr. Tommy Kelly, playing *Tom Sawyer* for Selznick, wants a raise at the conclusion of his first picture; and even Baby LeRoy is upping his price to $100 a day.

STRATEGIC RETREAT

NOW our fine friend, Walter Winchell, explains that he is quitting pictures forever and returning to his lost love, Broadway. He found movie work too strenuous, even after he'd temporarily given up both radio broadcast and column. In the middle of summer, when we talked with him, he assured us New York was dead and that he would like to live the rest of his life in Hollywood; but it takes a staunch New Yorker to ignore the call when fall comes, and the new shows open, and everybody comes back to what Manhattanites elegantly call "town." Perhaps, when the first heat wave of 1938 comes around, W.W. will change his mind again.

ANOTHER JONES

ALLAN JONES, soaring at last to Metro stardom, remarked to us the other day that no one could possibly know what that baby—to come early this month—means to him, and to Irene Hervey. Both have been married before and both have children of their own. Irene's seven-year-old daughter, Gail, lives with them; Allan's son goes to a Long Island school. But the new Jones heir is something both can share, a consolidating tie between them.

All in all, the title of Allan's new film, "Everybody Sing," is by no means a misnomer as far as the private life of the Jones' family is concerned.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Anita Stewart, glamour girl of the silent days, arrived with her husband, George Converse, hiding behind a penguin suit. Recognize the cigarette they represent?

BACHELOR TO WED, MAYBE

THE fact that Ronald Colman is at last free—we understand—to marry again puts his apparent romance with Benita Hume into the important news category. For longer than anyone knew, they have known and adored each other, but always he has managed to keep her name out of print in connection with his own. Now he bothers no longer about secrecy, appears with her, admits his fondness for her. Watch closely.

THE TEN MOST IMPORTANT STARS THIS MONTH. . .

Shirley Temple: Discovered what a pun was, pointed at a rooster strutting about the set of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," said, "There's a real aroostercrat." Her brother, Jack, got a third assistant-directorship on the 20th Century-Fox lot, which makes the third Temple on that studio's pay roll. Shirley is making plans for a world tour, if the wars are over by next summer.

Clark Gable: Has been going about occasionally with other gals besides Carole Lombard, according to reports; has lost weight and looks more magnificent than ever; is living on the Rex Ingram ranch in San Fernando Valley.

Fred Astaire: Will go to London at last—to visit his titled sister there. He has hesitated a long while over this decision.

Ginger Rogers: Has been doing her own splashing around in the freezing waters of Big Bear Lake instead of asking a double to do it. Remarks, "I can take it but it's a little hard of them to call the picture, 'Having Wonderful Time.'" There is a rumor that if husband Lew Ayres wants a divorce, she will give him one.

Robert Taylor: Has been living in a country place outside of London. Tossed a cigarette butt away, a group of women fans made a dash for it, and the British papers said naughty things about him. Has been sending messages to Barbara Stanwyck by returning friends, who couldn't deliver them because she is strictly in hiding. Very unhappy in England. He will be home by Christmas.

Joan Crawford: Bought theater tickets for all the New York stage hits before she left with Mr. Tone for the East. She redecorated her Brentwood house, discovered that she would keep her weight down by running a mile every morning. Franchot turned down the lead in "Jezebel" to go with her to New York.

Claudette Colbert: Bought a new ermine coat and started "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Jeanette MacDonald: Denies that Gene Raymond has been signed by Metro to star with her in pictures; denies that they will work together for at least two years because both have commitments; allowed him to teach her all the riding tricks she must know for "Girl of the Golden West."

Gary Cooper: Has discovered, to his dismay, that he is one of the first he-man film stars to set a clothes style for women. His Twelfth Century Chinese gowns in "Marco Polo" are scheduled as a new vogue. He has taken his wife, Sandra, to night clubs to celebrate his new little daughter's well-being, and has forsaken his usual silent demeanor for voluble camaraderie with all and sundry.

Jane Withers: Is still annoyed because "Heidi," originally bought for her, was given to Shirley Temple; is reported to want a raise in salary; has been refused by her mother the privilege of going to the movies for quite a time, as a disciplinary measure. Reason for the latter: while the electricity was cut off in her house she turned the heat on; the electrically controlled pilot light was out, of course, so the house filled with gas and almost asphyxiated the entire family.



The latest twosome—Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie (top) dining at the Troc. Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper Trocadering for the first time since Maria Veronica's debut

MARRIAGE NOTE

INTERESTING things about the marriage of Betty Grable to Jackie Coogan, once "The Kid," are:

(Continued on page 70)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS





Do you know why Goldwyn is spending $2,000,000 to make his "Follies" in color? Vera Zorina, ballet dancer, is one reason



Columnist Louella Parsons, hitherto read but not seen, is jittery in her "Hollywood Hotel" rôle of Columnist Louella Parsons

Mrs. Mauch was very nervous one day on the set of "Penrod and His Twin Brother." When the scene ended she confessed why

"Publicity!" you say when you hear amazing reports. This reporter shows you how to distinguish studio fiction from fact

BY JAMES REID

DO you know what studios do to make sure that their new foreign finds will have what the censors delicately refer to as glamour? Or what Cary Grant said when he found himself in the same scene with a leopard, as well as Katharine Hepburn? Or whether the headlines about Wallace Beery's shooting himself on a movie set were just a publicity stunt? Or whether Mae West gives away, between scenes, the same brand of lusty wit she sells to the camera? Or why it has taken Walt Disney three years to make one feature-length cartoon?

Follow us, and we'll all find out together.

M-G-M looks like a good place to start. M-G-M, among other things, boasts the biggest movie set since "Ben Hur," many long Hollywood years ago. It was built for "Rosalie," costarring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy. It is a great circular plaza in the mythical kingdom of Romanza of which Eleanor is Princess.

Here, after Director W. S. Van Dyke puts 900 extras in their places and Albertina Rasch drapes her dancing girls languorously on some steps in front of the camera, we see a festival in full swing.

Tonight, the stars aren't shining. This is Ilona Massey's night. Ilona is M-G-M's newest reason for superlatives. Young, blonde, curvacious, Hungarian, with an operatic voice, she even has Van Dyke going on record as a prophet. In his clipped, brusque way, he says, "Watch her. In two years, she'll top Garbo and Dietrich."

We watch her start at the top of the flight of steps and walk down, singing a gypsy song of spring and love. In the foreground, she passes among the undraped, luscious Rasch girls. And she compares. In fact, she stands out. They are in white; she is in black. And the skirt of her gown is diaphanous. We see why Van Dyke mentions her in the same breath with Dietrich.

Singing, looking exotic and walking gracefully down a flight of steps all at the same time is no easy assignment, even for a Massey. "One-Take" Van Dyke takes this scene three times. Then, when he calls "Cut," he calls for Madame Rasch. We see her advance to Ilona. For the "still" picture of the scene, she instructs Ilona how to poise her legs—for glamour's sake.

AFTER one glimpse we decide it is more discreet to go to see "Bad Man of Brimstone," starring Wallace Beery and Virginia Bruce and unveiling another new find, Dennis O'Keefe. Tall and self-contained, he may make you think of Gary Cooper. He did us.

"Bad Man of Brimstone" is the first of a series of glorified Westerns which will play first-run theaters. The crux of the plot of this one is that Wally, a two-gun hellion from 'way back, is the boy's father, and wants to help him, but never wants the boy to know.

We find Wally, lying on a cot, behind a large screen outside his portable dressing room. A nurse is changing the dressing on his wound. Wally, with a grim grin, shows us the wound. It is no publicity stunt. It is an ugly hole, bone-deep, four inches above his left kneecap. His gun caught in the holster, discharged, fired a blank cartridge into his leg. He says now, "It's bad enough when somebody else shoots you. But when you shoot yourself, that's a hell of a note."

His trouser leg is zippered along the inner seam, as is his cowhide boot, to simplify his getting into costume. Painful as it is for him to move around, he is bursting with pride at being back at work after nine days in the hospital. His M. D. said it would be a month.

We watch him in a scene with Lewis Stone in which he opens a door, enters a room, sprawls in a chair, then rises. He stumbles, entering the door, on the first try. Director Ruben misses a heartbeat. But on the second try, Wally delivers. And it's lucky the story is laid in hot country. His perspiration from the pain he is experiencing can pass for the hot-country kind.

On a near-by set, we see Allan Jones starting his first starring picture, "Everybody Sing." He plays the part of a young immigrant who comes to America to sing and can't get work except as a cook—in the home of a zany family headed by Reginald Owen and Billie Burke, who have Lynne Carver and Judy Garland for daughters, and Fanny Brice for a maid. Fanny, long a fixture of the Ziegfeld Follies, is back in films.

The setting is a large kitchen. Allan, sitting moodily at a table, asks Fanny, "Why don't you ever think of love?" Her eyes narrow. She demands, "What am I—iron? Who *don't* think of love? Morning, noon and night. Especially"—she rolls her eyes eloquently—"night." She launches into a rhapsodic description of one Boris, and what he had taught her about Life and Love. "And"—again that sidelong look—"did I loin!" She adds, wistfully, "Boris had everything. Including a wife and two children."

Reginald Owen, one comic amused by another (a rare tribute!), is practically rolling off his chair as we tiptoe out, on our way to 20th Century-Fox and the set of "Love and Hisses," costarring Simone Simon and those all-in-fun feudists, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie.

PERHAPS word has seeped over the inter-studio grapevine that the skeptical Press is on its way here. Anyway, the first sound we hear as we step on the set is singing. Feminine singing, of Class A caliber. We round a piece of scenery and see—not a loudspeaker, not a singing double, but Simone herself, entertaining the company between scenes.

This classifies as news. Simone, the spitfire who couldn't get along with anybody, is now getting along with everybody. Part of the credit goes to Director Sidney Lanfield. Part of it goes to Producer Gene Markey. (There's a romance, at least at this writing.) The rest of it apparently goes to whoever remembered that in Paris she used to sing.

We watch her do a scene with Dick Baldwin, handsome young newcomer. The script calls for her to slap him—hard. The first two "takes" don't satisfy Lanfield. The ex-spitfire is pulling her punch. Lanfield begs her to "let go." She looks doubtfully at Dick. He's willing. She "lets go." And nearly knocks him down. What we wonder is: can fifty million Frenchwomen be that strong?

Practically next door, Shirley Temple is making a picture entitled "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In case you wonder how Shirley could be playing *Rebecca* at her age, she isn't. A new story has been wrapped around the old title. A story about a young orphan who wins a radio singing contest then can't

(Continued on page 74)



The closed Hepburn set was opened to Photoplay. The whole visit was a revelation—as was that speech of Cary Grant's when he had to work with a leopard

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ **SECOND HONEYMOON—20th Century-Fox**

THE name Tyrone Power and the term "swell" picture are fast becoming synonymous. This delightful film is another case in point. It's charming and amusing, utterly romantic and well dressed. The performances are good. The direction is excellent.

You aren't asked to worry your head over the story. Tyrone is a playboy who comes to Miami and there meets Loretta Young his ex-wife. She has remarried and the new husband, Lyle Talbot, seems suddenly dopes against Tyrone's flashing personality. Loretta and Tyrone find they're still in love and then comes chaos. Stu Erwin and newcomer Marjorie Weaver form a hilarious secondary team. Watch Weaver's star rise, by the way. She has great ability and a most engaging manner.



★ **THE BARRIER—Paramount**

REX BEACH'S dramatic story of men who came to Alaska during gold rush days to escape sins they had committed in The States—and of romances which flourished in this crude but beautiful wilderness—retains considerable interest in this, its latest production.

Jean Parker is the supposed half-breed who marries James Ellison, an army lieutenant; she is really the white daughter of gambler Otto Kruger. Leo Carrillo gives the outstanding performance as *Poleon,* trapper and self-appointed guardian of Miss Parker. Robert Barrat has unusual dramatic opportunities in exceptionally long close-ups and wins applause by his finely tempered handling of difficult scenes. Kruger seems a bit miscast but is a likeable rogue. You'll like the scenery.



★ **NAVY BLUE AND GOLD—M-G-M**

EVEN Metro officials were reportedly astonished when this football picture, intended as a minor production, turned out to be a hit. Credit is due primarily to the fine performances of the three boys around whom the story is centered: Jimmy Stewart, Robert Young and Tom Brown.

Brown's background is one of wealth and society; Young is an unambitious but excellent fullback who has bought his way from university to university by his gridiron ability; Stewart is a former Navy fireman. Brought together as roommates at Annapolis, they adjust gradually to life and to each other. Bob gets himself into trouble and learns that the group is more important than the individual. Assisting with fine performances are Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, and Florence Rice.



★ **PORTIA ON TRIAL—Republic**

SHAKESPEARE'S heroine could not have been more graciously persuasive nor imbued with a fiercer zeal for justice than Frieda Inescort in this engrossing courtroom story based on a mother love angle—but not too maudlin about it. Our modern *Portia* is a criminal lawyer who specializes in defending downtrodden women. *John Condon,* millionaire newspaper owner, is her bitter enemy, but she shows unusual sympathy for his grandson recently returned from England. He is in reality her own son. When her ex-husband, *Earle Condon,* is murdered by his English mistress (Heather Angel) *Portia's* bizarre but convincing defense of the girl by revealing her own past humiliations at *Condon's* hands is the climax of the drama. Walter Abel and Ruth Donnelly are outstanding.



★ **THE HURRICANE—Goldwyn-United Artists**

WITH a wind-machine for a star and half the Pacific for a set, Samuel Goldwyn and Director John Ford have concocted a stunning and thrilling spectacle of adventure and love in the South Seas. Throughout the story one mood prevails: that of approaching disaster; and when it comes, in the form of a hurricane, the screen records an awe-inspiring fury of sound and sight.

This is essentially the story of a great and enduring love between two mentally uninvolved natives, played by Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour. Hall, who works as first mate on one of the boats that cruise from Haiti, marries his Island princess and then is unjustly imprisoned for six months because of a café brawl. The harsh treatment he receives and his longing to be with his wife lead him to attempt escape again and again; each try piles additional years to his sentence. When finally, in a hair-raising sequence, he does manage to get loose, he is hunted ruthlessly until at last the hurricane comes, wiping away his world but also the petty need for his punishment.

Hall is staunchly handsome but fortunately not beautiful. In this, his debut, he shows definite ability and screen poise as well as most of his excellent anatomy. He handles his rigorous rôle with believable ease. Raymond Massey as a vicious French governor, Mary Astor as his wife, C. Aubrey Smith as a priest and Thomas Mitchell as a rum-soaked doctor all are well cast. Miss Lamour is exotic.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Ali Baba Goes to Town
The Barrier
Conquest
Heidi
The Hurricane
Live, Love and Learn
Merry-Go-Round of 1938
Navy Blue and Gold
Portia on Trial
Second Honeymoon

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Greta Garbo in "Conquest"
Charles Boyer in "Conquest"

Leo Carrillo in "The Barrier"
Robert Barrat in "The Barrier"

Robert Montgomery in "Live, Love and Learn"
Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn"
Robert Benchley in "Live, Love and Learn"

Shirley Temple in "Heidi"
Jean Hersholt in "Heidi"

Jon Hall in "Hurricane"

Bert Lahr in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Jimmy Savo in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Mischa Auer in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"
Billy House in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"

Jimmy Stewart in "Navy Blue and Gold"
Robert Young in "Navy Blue and Gold"
Tom Brown in "Navy Blue and Gold"

Tyrone Power in "Second Honeymoon"
Marjorie Weaver in "Second Honeymoon"



★ MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938—Universal

PUT six comedians of different types in one picture, and the result is usually a mess. In this case, the show is a good one. It's composed of much unoriginal hokum, a few good tunes, a nice clean romance between singers Joy Hodges and John King, and a variety of mad horseplay.

You can ignore the bit of story about a group of vaudeville troupers who take over the task of bringing up an orphan. It's enough that Bert Lahr does his familiar "Woodman" number with fervor; that Jimmy Savo proves again his mastership of pantomime; that Beefy Billy House is at his best. In addition, there's Mischa Auer (again), Alice Brady and Louise Fazenda. "Six of One, Half a Dozen of the Other" and "More Power to You" are good songs. If you like hysterical hilarity, see it.



★ LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—M-G-M

TEAMED once more, this time in a smart and wise-cracking comedy, Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell complement each other nicely in a story which idealizes art for art's sake and scoffs at filthy lucre. Bob plays the poor young artist who marries Rosalind, an heiress. Together they seek success and eventually Bob earns it on the merit of his work; but fame and scheming Helen Vinson induce him to paint flattering portraits for exorbitant fees, live beyond his means. It is faithful and boozy Robert Benchley, as the ever-present friend, who rights things after "Roz" leaves Bob.

There is much slapstick, but on the whole the romance is tender and moving, the performances of Montgomery and Miss Russell are superior, and Benchley's interpretation of a rum-pot is excellent.



★ CONQUEST—M-G-M

IT COST $3,000,000, and it's worth it. "Conquest," in which the magnificent Garbo and the brilliant Charles Boyer star together for the first time, is history and pageantry and romance crowded into two hours of great entertainment.

Boyer, as Napoleon, creates the most vivid portrait of a famous man since Muni's "Zola," and in many scenes out-glitters every other member of the cast. This is the story of Bonaparte's genuine and lasting love for a Polish countess named Marie Walewska, a great patriot. She is married to an old but charming nobleman. When Napoleon offers the freedom of Poland in return for her favors, she agrees, and from the affair grows an undying devotion which lasts for ten years. Madame Walewska waits for him while he is away at war, remains faithful when he marries a Hapsburg empress, bears his son, and offers him her love even after Waterloo, when he is too tired and too beaten to want it.

Boyer at last has been given a rôle worthy of his tremendous talent; Miss Garbo molds the subtle and fascinating character of Walewska into a million moods; Reginald Owen's Talleyrand is his best performance. Other superlative portrayals are contributed by Henry Stephenson, Maria Ouspenskaya and Dame May Whitty. Production and direction are of the finest quality; the story is told without sentimentality, as a straightforward document of a tremendous era, crowded with great personalities.



★ HEIDI—20th Century-Fox

A FAVORITE with most children is the tender story of *Heidi*, a little orphan who brings sunshine into the cloudy lives of others. There could not have been a better choice for the rôle than Shirley Temple; no longer a baby, poised and assured as an actress, but still retaining her famous warmth and charm, the greatest little star of them all has made this her best picture to date. Twentieth Century has spared nothing in production or in the supporting cast, so that there is almost no fault to find with any portion of the film.

Shirley, in this, is brought by a vicious aunt to live with her grandfather, a dour and embittered old recluse played by Jean Hersholt. He has forsaken the world and God alike because of a disappointment his son caused him; but by her forthright manner and innocent sweetness Shirley induces him to soften his attitudes. Then the aunt reappears, snatches the child away to be the companion of a little crippled girl in Frankfort. Shirley wants to help the unfortunate girl but primarily she longs for her beloved grandfather. Meanwhile he has come searching for her—and this becomes a chase, fraught with excitement and suspense.

Marcia Mae Jones does excellent and convincing work as the rich cripple, Mary Nash is magnificent as the horrid governess, and Arthur Treacher does his butler routine. There are two numbers for Shirley, ingeniously included: "In Our Little Wooden Shoes," and a charming minuet.



★ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox

EDDIE CANTOR returns after a long absence from the screen to make one of the most controversial pictures of the year. In "Ali Baba Goes to Town" the satire on Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is so sharp, so pointed, as to alienate those Democrats who do not possess a sense of humor. Aside from its political implications, this is a rollicking and very funny piece, well staged and crammed with original ideas.

Cantor plays, with his usual vitality, a tramp who discovers a location company filming an Oriental picture in a desert camp. He wrangles a job as an extra but falls asleep during a take and dreams he is really in ancient Bagdad. This old town is in dreadful shape: the people are hungry, and Roland Young, the Sultan, is sorry but doesn't know what to do about it. Eddie suggests that where he comes from there is a system of government called the New Deal, which might work here. Thenceforth the picture becomes a frantic and magnificently impossible hash, in which Cantor introduces a Soak-the-Rich program, nuisance taxes, and even holds a presidential election. Meanwhile Louise Hovick, the Sultana, is plotting with a prince to grab the throne, which leads to a fantastic climax.

You'll like Tony Martin, June Lang and Virginia Field in minor rôles; Raymond Scott's band; the songs, "I've Got my Heart Set on You," "Swing is Here to Sway," and "Laugh Your Way Through Life." Cantor is the whole amusing show.



DOCTOR SYN—GB

MR. GEORGE ARLISS' latest 18th Century adventures allow the distinguished proponent of diplomacy the unusual rôle of a pirate-parson, who heads the smuggling activities of a seacoast village. When the revenue men interrupt his peaceful if lawless pursuits, murders, chases and captures enliven the proceedings. The light romance is carried by Margaret Lockwood and John Loder.



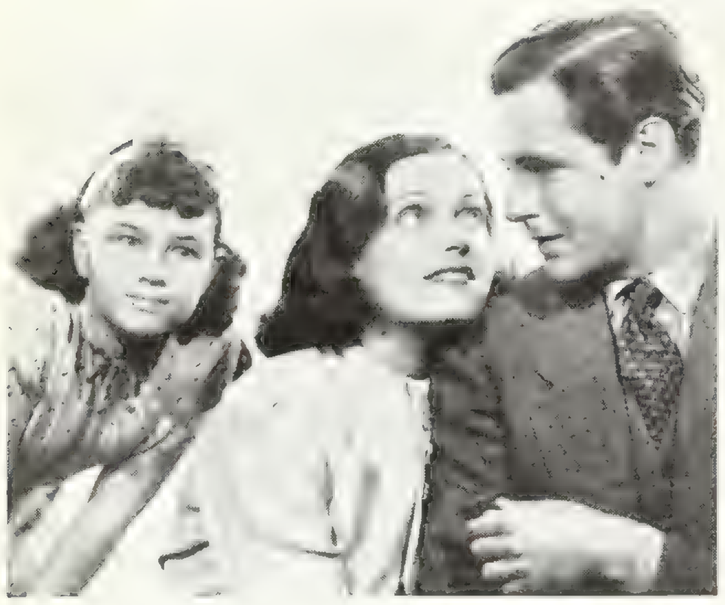
LIVING ON LOVE—RKO-Radio

YOU'LL enjoy this smart little story of a working boy, James Dunn, and a working girl, Whitney Bourne, who for the sake of economy share the same basement bedroom without ever seeing one another. Dunn occupies the room in the day time and Whitney at night. Daily the two leave behind them carefully planned gags that lead to an amusing feud. Eventually they do meet. It's fun.



LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

OUR little Japanese detective, *Mr. Moto,* finds himself entangled in a mess of silly hokum that proves to be too much even for *Moto.* Into the Siamese jungle, where *Moto* is posing as an archeologist, come Rochelle Hudson, a spy, and Robert Kent and Chick Chandler, newsreel cameramen. Immediately high treason, murder and intrigue break loose with *Mr. Moto* having to look out for everyone



45 FATHERS—20th Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS goes slapstick in this rowdy comedy of an orphan who finds herself adopted by an entire New York club. When Jane goes with Richard Carle, a club member, to the home of his nephew, Thomas Beck, she succeeds in getting herself and all concerned in and out of trouble in grand style. The Hartmans, a new comedy team, are a standout. Louise Henry contributes effectively.



THE LADY FIGHTS BACK—Universal

THE natural scenic beauty in this far surpasses the story of a girl, Irene Hervey, who attempts to fight when her favorite fishing haunt is threatened with the invasion of industry. Kent Taylor is the young engineer who builds a dam despite Miss Hervey's protests but saves the situation when he finds a way to save the salmon. Kent and Miss Hervey are superior to the material. The photography is excellent.



SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Warners

THERE are a lot of thrills in this fast story of a smart-aleck fireman, Dick Foran, who meets his match in fire-chief Robert Armstrong. Ann Sheridan, who plays Armstrong's sister, deserves a share of the credit for bringing Foran to his senses. The fire scene in which Foran saves Armstrong's life is spectacular and breath-taking. You'll like this glimpse of a fire company. *(Continued on page 90)*



DANGER, LOVE AT WORK—20th Century-Fox

SOMETIMES the new type of mad comedy so popular this year goes overboard and has no value at all. In this outlandish story Jack Haley is a lawyer who tries to get a deed signed by the members of a screwball family. There are a few good laughs, Mary Boland is good, Ann Sothern and Edward Everett Horton are worthy of mention; but there is little or no excuse for most of the action.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

"Happiness to all" is Miriam Hopkins' toast to greet the New Year. Her shimmering ensemble of gold brocaded lamé worn in "Women Have a Way" has a Grecian gown partially concealed beneath a snugly fitted jacket that is styled with front skirt fulness and a softly draped bodice held in place at the low decolletage with a narrow halter band







Irene Dunne chooses this three-piece ensemble to wear at the Santa Anita race track. The slim skirt and topcoat are of henna woolen and the tailored jacket is a tweedy mixture of beige and henna. Irene complements this suit with a tailored blouse of ivory crepe, brown suède gloves, bag and low-heeled walking shoes, and a henna toque with a gay quill

The tube silhouette has won enthusiastic approval in Hollywood and Irene wears it with grace and charm. Cross fox fashions the collar and coat banding of her olive-green suit which buttons up the front with self-covered buttons. Brown accessories and a matching felt beret complement this suit, perfect for dressier wear. Irene is now filming "The Joy of Loving"





The tailored suit assures double duty smartness— wear it now under your heavy coat, later to greet the spring. Lola Lane, appearing in "Hollywood Hotel," selects a single-breasted model of men's wear in deep olive green and uses the same fabric for her brimmed hat. The jacket has a straight back, patch pockets and a tab fastening on the collar so that it may be buttoned high at the neck. Lola's blouse is of ivory crepe with fagoted front panel

Wendy Barrie chooses a single-breasted suit in grey tweed with a shadow stripe of white and complements it with a double collar, hand-tucked blouse, monogrammed grey chiffon kerchief, and a grey suède "beanie" (despite the rumor in favor of high-crowned hats, Hollywood stars continue to wear "beanies." Hyman Fink snapped these inserts of Fay Wray wearing one with a dressmaker suit). Wendy is now appearing in "A Girl with Ideas"





Short sleeves and a rippling skirt make Simone Simon's fur and fabric coat (left) as new as tomorrow. The softly gathered sleeves, front bodice and panels, the deep circular back yoke of Safari brown Alaska sealskin arouse keen style interest, and luxuriously contrast the body of the coat which is of beige homespun. The wide silk cord belt closes with a massive unique gilded buckle. Royer designed the coat for Simone to wear in "Love and Hisses"

Double pockets and surplice blouse g i v e Gail Patrick's casual street frock of brown and beige check an added note of style interest. Gilded clips fasten the blouse and a matching buckle finishes the narrow brown suède belt. Her shovel-brim hat is of brown felt and the same fabric is used for the bag she carries. Gail's frock was created by Chas. Levy, from Beverly Hills

Omar Kiam designed this trim ensemble for Andrea Leeds to wear in "The Goldwyn Follies." The frock of olive-green crepe is strikingly girdled with bright vermilion while the soft neckline bow is of the dress hue. The single-breasted coat with one-button closing and exaggerated revers is of beige woolen to match the off-the-face hat Andrea wears so well





PHOTOPLAY'S

FASHION CLUB

STYLES

With its sunburst tucked skirt tapering to a smooth band across the hips, Jean Muir's Cynara crepe dress (left), in black or navy, will make its mark at any winter gathering. Irish crochet type collar and cuffs, narrow patent-leather belt and self buttons are classic

A trail-blazing print in festive colors on black, brown, navy or white background is this rough crepe dress (above). Its belt of varied colored narrow ribbons makes a merry note in midwinter styles. The short shirred sleeves are smartly in the mode of the moment

In a revolt against printed monotony, Jean wears a bright chrysanthemum print (opposite page, left). High draped neckline, short sleeves, a self girdle with long fringes accenting pink or white flowers on the brown background are gay

The "Backgammon Dress" (opposite page, right). Darts of skirt and blouse, and wood trim of the belt suggest the game. Stroock Ankara wool in natural, rose mist, lime, salmon, ash blue, pine-moss green, Panama coral, Azores (turquoise)

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT





PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS



A cushion-brim felt with multi-colored plaid stitching, trimmed by a feather and a grosgrain band. Middle: a bumper brim and a feather in a felt crown, with grosgrain binding and band



These three hats, modeled by Mary Brian, come in black, brown, royal blue, porto red, trotteur green, Mayfair grey, Sunvalley gold, zinnia rust, and the new gridiron red



A felt pillbox held in place by a wide grosgrain bandeau that ties in a bow in back. The four matching felt gardenias across the front give a smart line to the hat's brim

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 81







To the thrill of winter sports Jean Parker adds the zest of novel play clothes. A yoke and waistline inserts of white flannel contrast the jumper of her two-piece ski suit of black whipcord (above) and a white flannel visor cap and brushed angora mittens give practical and smart accessory interest. For variety Jean tops her ski trousers with a black brushed wool sweater (left above) that features a white front and zipper closing. A green yarn cap and mittens woven with a green and red motif add a note of color. (Left) For skating Jean chooses a circular skirt of lime-green flannel topped by a waist-length suède jacket of darker green. Jean is appearing in "The Barrier"

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

I'M going to start right off with my best wishes for the happiest New Year you've ever had, and also for a very fashionable one!

The New Year is so chuck full of new promise, new plans and resolutions that one just can't rush out to greet it without dressing up for the occasion, but, if you've given your wardrobe as little thought as I have during the holiday rush, I'm sure you're scrambling now to pep it up with a last minute freshening.

New accessories add zest to tired costumes —a chic hat with a flower on it and, of course, a veil (for that feminine and alluring note is one that must surely not be omitted), plus striking costume jewelry, novel gloves, bags and shoes.

I chanced on Dolores Del Rio the other day shopping for a hat to add gaiety to a black woolen ensemble. She finally decided on a black felt toque piled high with pink carnations (that new dusty shade), and she also selected a pair of matching pink gloves to duplicate the color theme in her costume.

At the same time, Carole Lombard was ensembling a toque of violets with matching veil and violet gloves to wear with a brown dressmaker suit.

Lunching at the Brown Derby last week I was fascinated by Joan Crawford's massive multi-strand necklace and bracelet of coral beads as a contrast to an all-black outfit—a marvelous background for this fashionable trend of trims.

On your shopping tours for your wardrobe accessory pick-ups you'll probably run across some of the new print frocks and if you follow Hollywood's dictates you'll not resist a purchase.

Ginger Rogers has one of silk jersey (that luscious fabric is steadily increasing in importance because it drapes and moulds to the body so beautifully). The background of Ginger's frock is brown, against which colorful little Chinese dolls prance and dance. These spirited frocks make cheery contrast as they peek from beneath heavy winter coats.

SPEAKING of brand-new clothes, Travis Banton's forecast of coming trends will surely interest you.

In his opinion, 1938 fashions will be the most feminine since the gay 90's. Frocks will continue to be short, but coats will fall slightly below their hemlines. Sheer fabrics will gain greater importance and lingerie touches will be worked into the body of frocks as well as in feminine trims. The full-skirted, diaphanous picture gown will be a favorite for evening, and the tubular silhouette will be seen in sports clothes as well as in those for daytime. Green, navy, beige and gray will be leaders on the spring color card. Only a tracery of the glitter of winter fashion will be seen, and then only on rare occasion.

Banton has created some stunning clothes for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and I must tell you about a few of them.

A beltless street frock of sheer green woolen, devoid of contrast trim, has a simple



A softly draped cowl outlines the back of Shirley Ross' white chiffon evening gown which is contrasted by choker collar and belt of gold mesh

magnificence. The slim skirt, fifteen inches from the floor, with three-inch side slits, extends high up under the bust where it attaches to the blouse (with slight shirrings under the bust) which is neatly tailored with long, tight sleeves and a U-décolletage outlined by a two-inch, draped band of the dress fabric. Claudette fell so in love with this frock she had Banton make a duplicate in black for her personal wardrobe, to wear under her leopard coat.

Banton uses this same tubular silhouette in a suit of Kasha. The finger-tip length coat, over a pencil-slim skirt, is banded at the hemline with beige fox which narrows slightly as it continues up the right front panel to meet a matching fur panel continuation of the collar at the waistline. The left side of the fur collar swings surprisingly away from the neckline to attach to the sleeve at the front midarm.

Claudette has two charming frocks which will be heavenly for spring dancing (and grand right now, if you're lucky enough to be able to afford a midwinter vacation at a sunshine resort). One, for tea dancing, is of white organza printed with black dots the size of a quarter in clusters to resemble bunches of grapes. It has a full skirt shirred to a snugly fitted bodice which has short sleeves edged with self-fabric ruffles to match the trim of the round, high neckline.

The other, an evening gown, is styled of black tulle and its simplicity is both challenging and alluring. Over a low-cut black crepe slip Banton places a snug bodice with round, high neckline which joins a very full shirred skirt that sparkles with silver paillettes the size of a dollar, and, as an added note of romance, he adds enormous tulle shoulder bows that reach to the top of Claudette's head. Both of the gowns have four-inch self-fabric crush girdles.

MENTION of glamorous evening gowns reminds me that I have a little story to tell you about the origin of the gown Shirley Ross is wearing on this page.

Director Mitchell Leisen of the "Big Broadcast of 1938" is a firm believer that "women should dress to please men" (not a bad idea), so he took time out to design Shirley's gown in a manner that would please all mankind. The front of the blouse, softly draped, is held by the flat choker collar of gold. You see, Director Leisen feels that the less revealing a gown, the more alluring, which gives us all something to think about, as I'm sure we've been selecting our gowns on the reverse theory.

Somehow Director Leisen's remark that women should dress to please men made me stop and think. That theory might work wonders in keeping our beaux or husbands (and heaven knows, as they are hard enough to get and keep, we ought to try and please their whims). So why not make a list of all the things you've heard men ridicule—crazy hats, skirts that are unbecomingly short, open shoes, sensationally extreme silhouettes, red, red nails and lips—and omit these trends this coming year!

NOW, last but not least, I will tell you about a grand dressmaker suit Constance Bennett will wear in her new picture, "Merrily We Live."

The skirt, narrow with side slits, and waist-length jacket that zips up the front to a collarless neckline are of black sheer woolen. The blouse, which attaches to the skirt, is of matching woolen in dusty pink. It has short sleeves tied with two-tone pink tabs (one matching the blouse color and one a deep rose). This dual tone motif is repeated in the crush collar that extends over the jacket. The frock is belted in dusty pink suède.

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.







Andrea Leeds (top) finds that color films are a school of beauty, for naturalness of make-up is requisite

From a girl of average good looks Gloria Dickson (above) became the dramatic beauty you see on the left. An expert took her in hand and taught her the rules of make-up. P. S. It's rumored she'll marry him

LET'S FACE THE FACTS—Girls, this is big news month for you and me. And I'm not going to color the facts. Facts and faces have already been colored in the new Technicolor films. Have you seen "Gold Is Where You Find It" or "Nothing Sacred"? If you've seen them both, you have two perfect examples of what the right make-up means to the stars and the color cameras of Hollywood. You've seen how the blonde beauty of Carole Lombard is enhanced by correct make-up in "Nothing Sacred" and you've seen the right make-up for a vivacious brunette on the piquant face of Olivia de Havilland.

The color camera is a truthful and honest mirror of natural-toned beauty. It can either make or break a face, and, incidentally, a heart, for careers depend on natural make-up. No longer can defective skins and bad features be hidden behind a thick yellow paste. Today the screen star must be right out in the open. What a chance that is for us to study the art of looking natural yet beautiful!

For Technicolor make-up is nothing more or less than the everyday street make-up we all use—the same fine cosmetics that you and I apply every day. And what a lesson in rouge, its uses and abuses! Certainly you'd laugh if either Olivia or Carole appeared in Technicolor with great round circles of brilliant color on her cheeks. Notice how their rouge is scarcely perceptible, blended in such a way that it gives a faint, colorful glow to the skin, rather than a red, exaggerated smear.

Carole's rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color. Her rouge is carefully blended across her cheekbones, with no sharp lines to show where it ends and begins. Try smoothing your rouge on your skin with your fingers, as she does, to distribute the color evenly and have it fade away softly.

If you're a true brunette, you can learn about the correct colors to use by observing how Olivia's vivid coloring is accented by the bright rouge and lipstick she wears.

I went over to see Andrea Leeds on the set of "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea has the charming combination of dark-brown eyes and light-brown hair. Her powder exactly matches the medium brunette coloring of her skin, and her light orange-red lipstick and rouge accent the clearness of her complexion and the brightness of her eyes. Andrea is very careful to blend her rouge far way from her nose and all the way back to her ears, in order to fill out the angular hollows in her face.

Zorina, the famous dancer, is also in this picture. She is a brunette, too, but her coloring is lighter than Andrea's, so her make-up has a different color tone. When you see "The Goldwyn Follies," besides the leads, you'll see twenty-four girls in the ballet numbers. There are thirteen variations of coloring among these girls, so seek out one whose coloring most closely approximates your own, and then see the color of make-up that you should be using. Let Technicolor films be your own school of beauty.

SECRET OF SUCCESS—One thing you will notice in the make-up used by the stars, and it is the secret of a successful make-up. It's so important that it really should be written out and pasted on your mirror, right next to the snapshot of your current boy friend.

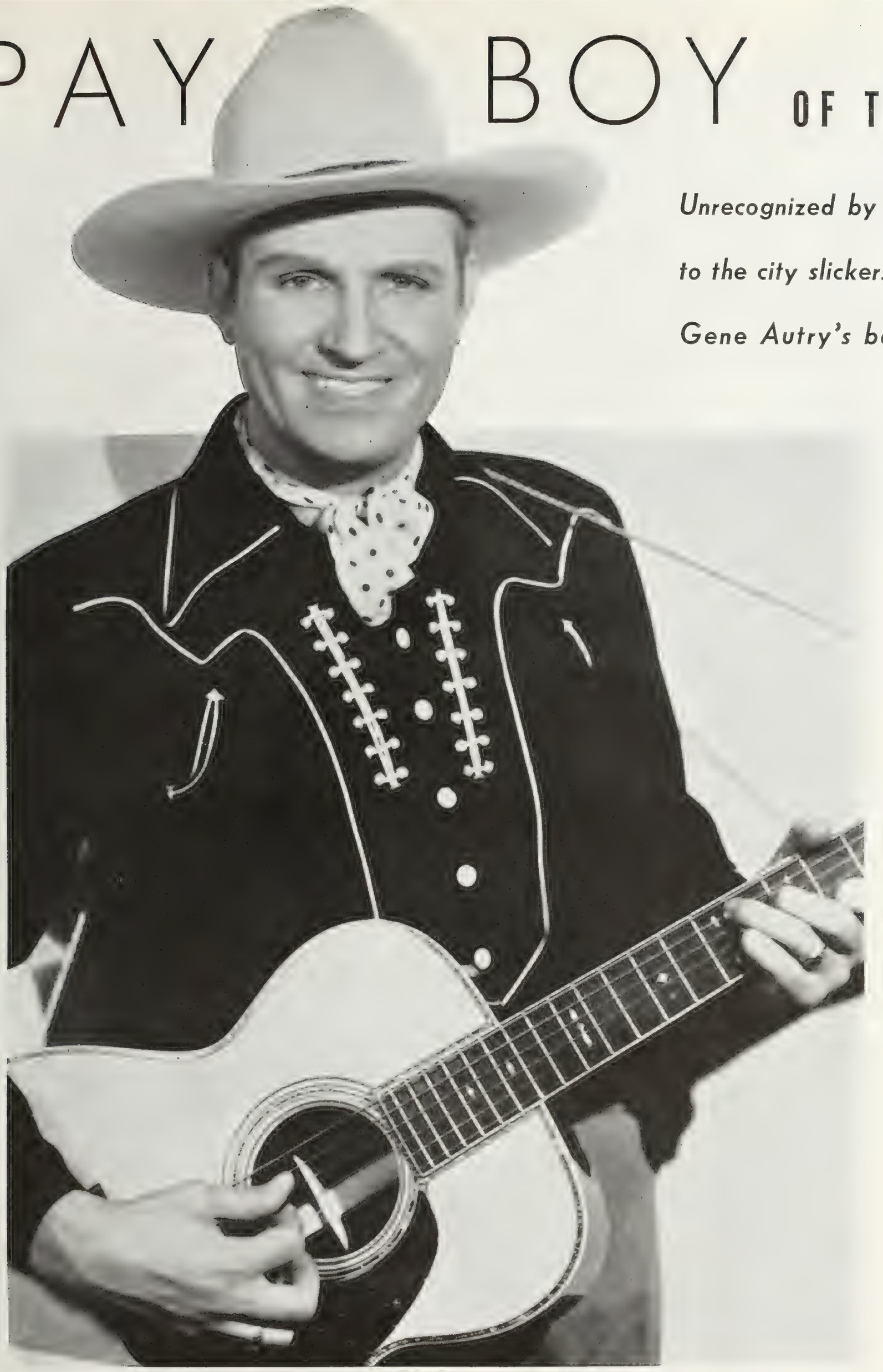
That is, that make-up should be keyed to a basic color tone. The color values should harmonize and match each other. In other words, if you are using an orange-toned lipstick, your rouge should also be orange-toned and your powder should contain warm, yellowish tints.

Another thing you must be sure to observe is that the stars have different make-ups for different color gowns, so that the whole ensemble is a perfect blending of color, and not a clash between, say, an orange dress and a bluish-red make-up. It's really worth

(Continued on page 72)

PAY BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Unrecognized by Hollywood stars, unknown to the city slickers—yet rival producers read Gene Autry's box-office score and weep



This shy, ingratiating Texan becomes the messiah of a great revival

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

MORE women adore him than Clark Gable. They write him more love letters than they write Robert Taylor.

More kids worship him than Shirley Temple. His screen voice thrills thousands more than Bing Crosby's husky notes, his grin cracks more masculine crusts than Jimmy Cagney's fists ever cracked, his daring deeds are more admired than Errol Flynn's.

Darryl Zanuck has just laid a cool half million on the line for his contract, and had it laughed back in his lap. Zanuck wanted his magic draw to persuade people to sit through Shirley Temple and Eddie Cantor and Tyrone Power and Alice Faye—so they could see him in the second feature.

He's the most amazing young man in Hollywood—yet not a tenth of Hollywood has ever seen him. More than half of the beglamoured stars of the upper movie crust have never even heard of him—until quite lately. Maybe you haven't, either—or maybe he's the most notable man in your life.

WHAT Gene Autry means to you depends on where you live, for one thing. And on how old you are. And whether or not you consider yourself "sophisticated." If you hang out at Waxahachie, Texas, Tupelo, Mississippi, or Moberly, Missouri, chances are, man or woman, you're familiar with every tenor yodel and bass guitar twang in his bag of tricks. You probably sigh to his easy Texas drawl and flutter when he unlimbers that wide white smile. On the other hand, if you dwell in Manhattan's towers or Philadelphia's flats, and hit only the first-run houses, then all this may merely hand you a querulous and puzzled frown.

But even that's not so important. You can take Gene Autry or leave him. But you can't skip lightly over what he is and what he's done. He's much too important a gent in Hollywood at this moment.

In fact, Gene Autry is right now the musical messiah of a great Hollywood revival—the resurrection of Westerns. Westerns were about laid out in the black pine box three years ago, when he came along. They're running all over the place today and multiplying like fruit flies. Wherever you look new cowboy stars are popping up like mushrooms after a rain. And it's all on account of Autry.

THREE years ago (and a few months, maybe) Gene Autry was just a blue-eyed, towheaded six-foot gandy Texan, yodeling out a living for himself and his wife on local radio stations and an occasional vaudeville turn.

Five years ago he was an unknown voice on a phonograph record, but a voice that was outselling the popular recorded booboos of Bing Crosby three to one.

Eight years ago he was sitting in tank town railroad depots in Oklahoma, Missouri and Texas tapping out telegraph messages and passing the empty hours making up cowboy songs.

Eighteen years ago, he dangled his cactus-scratched legs from the cattle loading platform of the Tioga, Texas station, waiting to help herd his dad's steers aboard the slow train. And while he waited he milled around with the older cowpokes and picked up the fret changes of the "gitter" and the lonely tunes of the range.

That might seem a dull dish of history to pass you at this point, but it planted the bonanza that started the Western gold rush today.

Because one night in Claremore, Oklahoma—you've heard of that place—a hometown boy with a maverick shock of grayish

(Continued on page 84)

SKATING THROUGH

PART THREE

Youth and laughter and love—those were the things Tyrone Power gave to Sonja Henie. But there was one reason why a romance such as theirs could never last

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE beautiful blonde girl came out onto the deck and stood, wrapped in furs, watching the bright-studded fingers of New York's towers move slowly closer through the evening. The ship was late. Tomorrow there would be pictures in the papers, and captions, and more copy on the sports pages: "Sonja Henie Turns Pro, Visits America." Applause in ink. She could see the indisputable words at breakfast in the morning, and then this would be a reality; she would feel secure again.

But tonight the tense excitement of the other passengers, glad with home-coming, depressed and frightened her a little. That glowing pile there across the harbor, that immensity, was stranger this time than it had ever been—she approached it as a supplicant, saying, "Will you buy my wares? I am a good skater; will you pay money to watch me?"

Four years ago, at the Olympics in America, she had been a guest, an amateur sportswoman, seeking nothing but fame and a medal or two. There was an abundant difference now. She thought, I could have stopped. I gave up love—I refused the way of living a woman should know—for this. America holds no brief for skating; I may work to empty galleries— For a moment she held to the rail, weak with panic.

THEN a familiar, brilliant flare blinded her, and she turned smiling to face the cameras. A tender had brought them: photographers, reporters to crowd about her and grin and ask flattering questions and to remind her once again that she was Sonja Henie, unbeaten, beautiful, the friend of kings.

"Good evening, gentlemen," she said to the reporters as though she were really composed.

In the morning she woke quickly, rang for orange juice and the early papers. Sipping intermittently from her glass, she flung back the pages impatiently, until she found what she wanted; then she read with absorption the interviews she had given the night before. While she was still engrossed there was a knock at the door and her mother came in.

Without looking up Sonja said, "You see? It's a friendly country. They're glad I'm here —they'll come to my exhibitions." She tossed the papers over. "I must get busy."

Selma Henie made no move to take them, but sat quietly on the bed and looked with a kind of detached curiosity at her daughter. "This is your first day in New York," she said finally. "Don't you want to do any of the things a normal young girl would do? Don't you want to go shopping, and take a cab around the city, or just—rest?"

"I'm not tired," Sonja said absently, rustling through the *Times*. "I've plenty of clothes—look at the tiny little paragraphs I got in this one!" She frowned, reading.

Selma touched her hand. "You will do as you like, anyway. But sometimes you worry me. Whom will you see first?"

"The manager of Madison Square Garden." Sonja finished the orange juice. "It's the largest arena in New York and I expect a big audience."

Mrs. Henie stood up with an air of decision. "Well, your father is going with you! You're altogether too self-sufficient for such a child."

"I don't need anyone to help me!"

"It will look better," said Selma; and there was finality in her voice.

An hour later Sonja stood, outraged and angry, in a luxurious office listening to the



What happened to Sonja in Hollywood made her decide, once and for all, what she wanted from life





Sonja and Selma, snapped off set during one of Mrs. Henie's daily visits

The friendship between Sonja and Don Ameche is a real and lasting one — quite different from the headline romance which she shared with young Tyrone

derisive chuckles of the Garden committee. Wilhelm Henie stood a pace behind her, silent; he was a little miserable about the whole situation. Back in peaceful Oslo his chair by the fireplace sat empty while he traveled in the shadow of this energetic girl —and sometimes he grew tired. He'd been right about coming to America, too. These men were most discouraging. Well, Sonja would have to convince them herself. It was her problem.

She was forthrightly trying to solve it. "But my name is famous," she was saying. "I'm the world's greatest skater. You know it. And the people are interested."

"My dear young lady," said the committee's spokesman, "people are only mildly interested. America isn't skating-conscious. If you were a famous dancer, a notable singer— Besides, you want too much. A reasonable sum, perhaps—but fifty percent of the gross receipts!"

The committee chuckled again.

"You saw me here in 1932, when I won the world's championship in the Garden!" blazed Sonja. "You heard the applause!"

"That was a competition—a different thing."

"Then I will rent the Garden from you, and stage my own show."

The spokesman shifted uneasily. "That would cost you too much, Miss Henie," he told her seriously.

"I can afford it!"

"I'm afraid you couldn't. . ." And this time his tone held an unmistakable significance.

She turned, raging but still poised, at the door. "I will ask more money when you come to me," she said imperiously, and went out, followed by the silent Wilhelm.

BACK at the hotel she faced her parents. "It's ridiculous," she told them. "I have no time for such nonsense. I must put on exhibitions and be famous in this country, so Hollywood will be interested. I tell you, I will be in moving pictures before the year is out. Watch me!"

For once neither Selma nor Wilhelm felt strong enough to argue.

Less than a week later a Madison Square Garden talent scout called his employers long distance from Hershey, Pennsylvania. He had just seen the Garden's newest attraction, was even now waiting to interview her and offer a contract. Who? Sonja Henie, who danced on skates—beautiful, intelligent, exciting, glamorous, a showwoman of the first order. . . What? Absurd: the rink in Hershey had turned hundreds away, the crowd had gone mad. It was still going mad. Well, they could listen then. One minute while he got the booth door open—there. Hear that? Hear that thunder of hoarse shouting and that explosive applause? And it was fifteen minutes since she had taken her final bow.

Sonja sat in her Hershey hotel suite the next day and grinned wickedly at the Garden committee, who had come to her. "You

(Continued on page 86)

BOOS AND BOUQUETS



FUNNIEST SCENE OF THE MONTH

—in the laugh fest of the year. "The Awful Truth" dawns on jealous husband Cary Grant when he finds Alexander D'Arcy, owner of a strange derby hat, hiding in the logical place — behind the door

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

ONE of the most poignant scenes ever to be etched in my memory is the scene from the current "100 Men and a Girl" where a hundred starving musicians crowd into the palatial home of Stokowski to play. These men were playing for their lives, as it were; playing for the things they so desperately needed, food, money, jobs. Yet it seemed to me as I watched their eager eyes following every motion of Stokowski's eloquent hands, that under the master's spell poverty and hunger were forgotten and the inspiration of immortal music filled their souls.

Only through the medium of these printed words is it possible to convey my personal gratitude to Leopold Stokowski for his magnificent pioneering spirit in bringing great music closer to us even than radio has done. The privilege of watching his incomparable directing, of being so close to his fine orchestra, and of being brought into such intimate contact with beautiful music surely means a great deal to thousands of hungry questioning men and women to whom Stokowski has given the noblest answer of all.

EDITH S. HEILMAN,
Camp Hill, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

AN OPEN LETTER TO GILBERT SELDES

Please — before Hollywood executives place those "two or three notes" on their desk pads and permit themselves to be governed by them—please allow a voice from the wilderness to make itself heard.

We're agreed, Mr. Seldes, on the high entertainment value of such movies as "The Thin Man." I also liked "After the Thin Man." I should welcome an "After 'After the Thin Man'" and an "After 'After After the Thin Man,'" and an—well, you get the idea. I'm not, you see, opposed to *Asta's* taking the upper berth or to the bootees Myrna Loy knitted, or was it crocheted?

But I am opposed to such restriction as you seem to wish to place on the Hollywood output, making sex dominant and throwing overboard what you term its enemies—wit, whimsey, musical comedy, mystery stories and glamour. Hollywood, I think, understands sex, but it also understands what box-office figures have to tell. There's a varied assortment of human beings, Mr. Seldes, seeking entertainment by way of the movies.

There are those who cheer, and those who boo the gangster, the G-man, and the hero of history, the Western buckaroo, rescue bound, galloping out of the sagebrush. But *all* are interested in something different from their own everyday experiences. It was Shakespeare, on whom you called in support of your contention, who praised Cleopatra's "infinite variety." That variety constitutes Hollywood's chief charm.

LUCILE M. WIDNER,
Ellsworth, Kansas.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes' article "Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex" appeared in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY. According to the well-known critic, love and passion have disappeared on the screen to be replaced by stuffy, censored material of the historical or musical type. He claimed, however, that the Powell-Loy combination brought Sex back in a gayer, giddier guise. Most of our correspondents agree thoroughly with the above letter—thereby disagreeing with Mr. Seldes. What about you?

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

DON'T PUSH TAYLOR AROUND

I have just finished reading Edward Doherty's article entitled "Give Robert Taylor a Break!" in your November PHOTOPLAY, and at last I welcome a man who has the nerve to stick up for a grand fellow, and not push him down just because the wind happens to be blowing that way at the present time.

I, for one, agree with him. Robert Taylor has not only been pushed around like a rag doll by the public, but also by Hollywood producers and directors. I don't know whether they don't know a fine actor when

(Continued on page 87)



MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH

—in the scene that brought her fame. It isn't often that a girl goes under the table and comes up victorious. But Marla Shelton did. A bit player, she stepped into a rôle in "Stand-In"; went on a cinematic binge with Leslie Howard; emerged a girl you'll be talking about



Ooh, la, la—George Rector gives the epicure's gesture of approval at the perfect Hollywood dinner

THAT *PERFECT* DINNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The hand-picked chefs of Hollywood did honor to George Rector, New York's most famous restaurateur—here is what they served him

WINES SERVED

Sherry—soup
White wine—fish
Burgundy—squab
Champagne—dessert
Liqueur—coffee

CAFE LAMAZE—Hors d'oeuvres

Olympic Oysters, Shrimp Lamaze, Avocado, Lobster, Blue Point Oysters, Chicken Livers, served with sauce.

Recipe for cocktail sauce:
1 bottle catsup
1 bottle chili sauce
2 dill pickles (chopped)
3 ounces pimentos
½ green pepper (chopped)
1 leaf celery (chopped)
2 teaspoons horseradish
2 teaspoons Escoffier sauce
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins'
2 teaspoons A-1 sauce
Mix these together.

Recipe for Thousand Island Dressing:
Take a cup of the above mixture and add 1 cup mayonnaise and 3 ounces mustard and chopped eggs.



The honor guest; restaurateur Al Levy; beaming host Eddie Sutherland



Salad Bowl—Brown Derby

The host and Eddi
Brandstatter o
Sardi's with th
Mousse Africain



Cheese Mold—Vendome



Carol Stone and father Fred with the five-layer Victor Hugo cake

AL LEVY'S TAVERN — Squab stuffed with wild rice, by Novello Novelli.

Bone chicken first. Mix onions and sliced mushrooms with rice and wet with chicken consommé. Boil 15 minutes. Add piece of butter, chopped parsley, and Parmesan cheese. Stuff chicken and wrap with one inch piece of oiled paper. Put a mixture of onions, carrots, celery (all chopped) and spices in pan and place chicken on top. Bake in oven at 350° for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and wet with sherry wine. Take out chicken and make sauce with what is left in pan. Remove oiled paper and serve with large mushrooms.

BROWN DERBY—Salad Bowl

Use only the hearts of: imported Belgian endive, water cress, lettuce, romaine, chicory, Denver Pascal celery; quartered peeled ripe tomatoes on top. Garnish with fresh lobster meat cutlets and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle with chives.

Mignonette Dressing—for service of 12 portions:

1 pint olive oil
½ pint salad oil
1 tablespoon ground white pepper
1 cup tarragon vinegar
2 tablespoons salt
1 bunch chopped chives
1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins' sauce
1 tablespoon mustard
½ cup dry white wine

Shake well.

VENDOME—Cream Cheese Mold with Bar le duc Jelly, chef Felix Ganio.

Mold Cheese. When paste-like make deep hole in center and fill with Bar le duc jelly. Use piping hot bag for fancywork. Garnish with rounds of green ripe olives, pimento rickrack, turnip roses, quarter pickles and water cress.

SARDI'S—Mousse Africaine, by chef Frank Balzano.

Recipe:

6 yolks of eggs
6 tablespoons sugar
2 drops vanilla extract
6 tablespoons dry white wine
6 tablespoons sherry

Add 3 or 4 spoons ground chocolate, beat well together. Cook in double boiler, beating until stiff. Take off immediately and put in bowl of cracked ice and beat till cold. When cold add whipping cream, one third as much as total custard, and mix together. Dish out in saucer champagne glasses and just before serving make hole in center and fill with cognac.

VICTOR HUGO—Five-layer cake, by their pastry chef, Marco Vecchi.

Recipe for sponge cake:

16 eggs (whole)
4 egg yolks
1 pound granulated sugar
1 pound pastry flour
6 ounces butter, melted

Mix sugar and eggs in double boiler until warm. Beat well after cold and add flour. Mix again and add butter. Bake in oven at 350° from 25 to 30 minutes.

Fillings for cake, starting from bottom: first layer, chocolate, crushed with roasted almonds; second layer, apricot jam; third layer, butter cream and chocolate with hazel nuts; fourth layer, strawberry jam. For the top, a thick spreading of butter cream, then almond paste and finally a thin coating of white icing.

HOLLYWOOD'S JUNIOR LEGION

This month is full of both solemnness and fun for the Junior Movie Colony. They present the first Medallion of Honor and start to fix their new yard





Marianne, the editor of this page, gets ready for the New Year by moving into a white house with a back yard that is large enough to hold the ever-growing Junior Legion

It's no wonder that Shirley Temple has a proud and glad smile, for she is the first child ever to be given the Legion's Honor Cross

THIS has been a glad and sad period for the Junior Legion. Glad because we went out to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios last week and pinned the Junior Legion Cross of Honor on Shirley Temple; and most unsatisfactory because we moved and there was a little work to be done, namely, cleaning up the back yard.

You see, there got to be so many Legionnaires that the other back yard where I lived was too small. So the children all looked around and finally found a white house with a back yard that was quite nice, although it was badly in need of gardening. "Get this one!" "This one is fine!" "Please, Marianne, and we'll rake it and plant flowers and put up the croquet set and Ping-pong table," I heard on all sides.

Bobby and Billy Mauch promised to bring hoes and Virginia Weidler her spade and shovel. Tommy Kelly enthusiastically offered to whitewash the stones for the flower beds. Jane Withers and Bonita Granville and Ann Gillis agreed to mow the grass. I sprained my back a little, so I couldn't do anything except oversee the work and pass around lemonade.

Girls and boys, I wish you could take a look at the back yard now. Except for a little whitewash splashed here and there you wouldn't know it had been touched. The grass *is* cut a little shorter, and Virginia Weidler and Sybil Jason started the flower beds. That is, they dug up a little dirt here and there and then said they had a backache! This has been going on for days. If I try to hurry them a little, they look at me resentfully, as though they'd like to say, "But *you're* not doing *anything!*" They've always come to tea promptly at four. They're coming earlier now—they'd rather be in the kitchen making cambric tea and eating graham crackers and French *babas* than in the yard working!

One afternoon, Jane Withers decided that she wanted to put up the croquet wickets, so she and some other Legionnaires worked two hours at hard labor searching one of the garages until they found the set. Somehow that didn't seem like work. It shouldn't have —they'd really spent most of the time walking along the picket fence between our house and the one next door.

Some of you have written asking me whether the children are real actors or just products of a director. I can truthfully say that the Junior Legionnaires are more than actors. They're real artists—especially when it comes to getting out of work.

Virginia Weidler helped present the Cross, and also spaded the back yard

I didn't blame them for not wanting to work yesterday. Edith Fellows came to tea and brought Kulei and Nalani De Clercq, two little Hawaiian girls. Kulei acted in "Hurricane," and also danced in "Waikiki Wedding." They are our newest Legionnaires and you'll hear lots more about them later. They did hula dances and sang and played ukuleles. Virginia Weidler knew the children, too. They go to her school. They are the godchildren of a famous Hawaiian princess. I'd like to have them for a Christmas present, and I could almost have answered truthfully, "I don't know," when Juanita Quigley whispered, "Marianne, are they *real?*" I have never seen such exquisite children.

SOMETIMES, especially if several boys come to tea, we go out and have it in one side of the garage. We've fitted the garage up as a playhouse and even built ourselves an imitation fireplace. Somebody at the studio gave Tommy Kelly a discarded gas stove, so we are quite comfortable. Most of the time we sit around and talk over events of the day, but we have games in there, too. When we were moving, Virginia Weidler found an old chess table and set and we have a game occasionally, although Billy Burrud says anyone who really cares for chess must have been born with a growth on the brain. But that is the way our boys talk. They'd rather play checkers or monopoly.

Yesterday, Juanita Quigley brought two little painted turtles and four goldfish for the fish pond, but the Junior Legion hasn't gotten around to cleaning out the fish pond yet, so the gold fish and turtles are still in a bor-

(Continued on page 78)



Joan won't trade on family tame

Ex-model, Lucille Ball



Jane has two big stars talking



Wayne grins at jealous razzing

ROUNDUP

BY SARA HAMILTON

You must be curious about them—the young starlets you see newly rising on the screen. Here are some of the things they think, do and say

Gloria makes stars look foolish



Andrea came to movies because she was scared





Tom knows how to squelch bosses



Edward—handsome but unhappy



Henry Daniell—a dark horse



Jon—one of him every season

OF YOUTH

IT'S roundup time in Hollywood. All the promising young starlets are being rounded into the corrals for grooming, inspection and some high-stepping maneuvers.

Never has any group of young thoroughbreds looked so promising. And what an assortment! There are the eager, anxious ones, champing at the bit, waiting for that single word "go"; there are the moody, stubborn ones who have suffered hurts and bruises, longing to show what they can really do; there are the ultramodern young five-gaiters, looking amusedly and accusingly at the blunders of the bosses. Waiting. Waiting their chance.

Yes, they're quite an assortment. Today's promises and tomorrow's winners.

From our grandstand seat, let's take stock. Let's really get acquainted with these stars of tomorrow. Where did they come from? How did they get here? Do their stories reveal any new short cuts on the road to movie fame? What do they think, what do they stand for and what have they to offer—these young Americans who have chosen the career of motion pictures as their lifework? We've watched them—you and I—as they flickered briefly in their quiet corners on the movie screens; now let's get to know at least a few of them.

WAYNE MORRIS

It's the smile that does the trick. Wayne Morris is just another overgrown lad with blue eyes and blond hair—until he smiles. From then on he's *Kid Galahad,* the boy who romped home with his first big picture under his arm. Because his dad stood by him, we have young Morris on the screen. When Wayne yearned to join the Pasadena Playhouse school, Dad put up the money and encouraged him to stick. Wayne stuck until a movie mogul bore him off to Hollywood.

Was once a forest ranger and rode for miles and days all alone. He's a native Californian and bakes a swell pie. Is a wow on the cocoanut custard kind. Doesn't care for clothes but pays around sixty dollars when he buys a new suit. He jiggles his feet and hands all the time but claims he isn't nervous. Just active. Has a younger brother, Dick, whom he's definitely against. And vice versa. Clarence Buddington Kelland is his favorite author. Loves to ride in a roller coaster, and thinks "Night And Day" about the best song ever written. Likes his music sweet, but not hot. Lives with his mother, father, and brother and never hung up his clothes in his life. His mother has to watch him like a hawk or he'll wear a polo shirt on all occasions. He flusters easily and usually stuffs fans' autograph books in his pocket. He's that flustered when they ask him.

Pesters directors to death. Wants to know all the whys and wherefores. Doesn't want to be an actor but a director. Thinks a fellow ought to be allowed to pick up a pork chop by the bone and eat it. Wayne always picks up his chops regardless.

Took a bit of jealous razzing from older actors on the "Submarine D—1" set. And took it with the famous Morris grin. Doesn't care a lot for girls and is terribly amused at all the publicity given his so-called romances. Wayne claims he has no romances. Just colds in his head.

His next is "Brother Rat."

JANE BRYAN

Bringing Warner Brothers out in the lead by a good length is the most promising of the younger actresses, freckle-faced Jane Bryan. Real name O'Brien and looks it. Is a native daughter of California — which makes her feel like something in a bottle in a Harvard laboratory. Daddy is a lawyer who never had a case to equal Jane and her three younger brothers. The brothers aren't impressed with Jane as an actress. One of them still doesn't believe it. Jane doesn't herself. Makes extravagant gestures such as sucking lollipops and sitting on floors, thinking by these antics that she's hiding the quiet steady flame that burns within.

"I'm really potty!" or "I never think; people get in trouble when they think," Jane says, struggling to hide the keen intelligence, the sensitiveness, the inward dreams. She fools no one. It all comes out on the screen, as it did in "Marked Woman" and "Confession."

Actresses like Kay Francis and Bette Davis keep storming front offices to exclaim over little Jane Bryan. It leaves her weak with wonder and appreciation, because she never wanted to be in movies in the first place. Yearns like fury for the stage. Wants to be another Helen Hayes. Feels with her plain face she doesn't fit in movies. Was brought in from Jean Muir's Little Theater. Never saw a New York stage. Is another typical example of the intelligent young women of today's movies. Lives with her family.

The working crew in every picture adores Jane. She hides every hurt with a grin. A wide, honest grin.

Is a big softie for music, sad movies, beautiful landscapes. Cries over them. "Winnie, the Pooh" is her bible. She's just nineteen. Claims boys are all right in their place.

Has more natural talent to offer than most major actresses. And is just a bit bewildered about it. Intelligence rates at least ninety-five percent (five percent off for the lollipop gag because it doesn't fool anyone).

Chances for success . . . well, we'd give her a good ninety-eight percent.

(Continued on page 79)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

1. Jackie is the first child star of yesterday who has grabbed a wife for himself.
2. He's got so much money he doesn't have to work.
3. What will this do to Betty's career? We understand Jackie didn't want to marry her until she has promised to give up acting.
4. The courtship lasted three years, during which they fought and made up again too often to record.
5. What about Mamma?

And a Song at Twilight

GRACE MOORE is building a new home. The first two items on the construction plans, much to the amazement of the builders, called for a tennis court and swimming pool to be completed immediately.

When these things were out of the way, the workers turned their efforts toward erecting a house; whereupon Grace cleared up a puzzling point by announcing that she'd planned her construction work so the men, during the rest of the working hours, could enjoy the facilities of both the tennis court and the pool. We're all for easing labor at every turn, of course, but it does appear to us that batting a tennis ball about during rest period will leave the carpenters little energy for sawing. Perhaps if she just came out and sang for them . . .

Mr. Butterfield, Where Angels Fear

WITH George Brent's alleged treatment of Constance Worth still a matter of front-page news in Australia—where a bill to ban officially all movies containing Brent in the cast is up for consideration—fair Constance Worth is still attracting the glances of admiring Hollywood men. Walton Butterfield, a film writer at Warners, seems to have the inside track, at present. Their attentive friendship, many claim, might easily lead to the altar, if and when the Brent divorce decree sets Constance free.

The Price of Prestige

SINCE Garbo will have at least five months' wait before starting another picture, it is rumored at her studio that she may choose to spend the time in her native Sweden. We suspect that her delay in sailing, or announcement of any home-going plans, has been over the signing of her new contract with Metro.

We don't believe for a minute that she will refuse to sign another three-picture deal. Still, her latest film, "Conquest," cost the studio well over three million dollars, most of which must be returned from foreign exhibitor fees (since it's an admitted studio fact that Garbo pictures lose money in America). Wherefore it can be readily understood that a Garbo contract is not one to be drawn in the heat of the day.

Incidentally, when it comes to box office, she is not above worrying whether her famous feet are of clay. Attending her first sneak preview since she entered the movies, Garbo traveled clear to Pomona to get an audience reaction to "Conquest." About halfway through the picture a dozen or more boys, seated close to her, jumped up from their seats and raced loudly from the theater.

With the echo of their high laughter ringing in her ears, Garbo sought out the theater manager. What was wrong? she demanded. Didn't children like her pictures? Did they say anything as they left? Despite Garbo's great concern, the manager couldn't stifle his hearty laugh. "Oh, don't worry about them kids," he said. "They go to a boarding school here in town. If they aren't in by 10:30 at night, they can't come again tomorrow."

* * *

Garbo continues to astonish the natives this month who, we must confess, astonish easily as far as the taciturn Swede is concerned.

First it was Allan Jones who experienced a sense of relief and then astonishment at Garbo's hands. As long as Garbo's back yard met Allan's back yard, the actor could not allow his favorite riding horse to roam about the garden. Garbo complained of the whinnying. Reluctantly, Jones stabled his horse elsewhere. Imagine his relief when Garbo moved away and Jones could once more pasture his own horse. But it was Greta's last play in that little game. To Jones' surprise he discovered she has moved on the same street and only two doors away. So the horse had to go back to the stable.

Rosalind Russell received the next shock when, glancing over at a small inexpensive roadster next her car at a signal light, whom should she see at the wheel but Garbo herself. Which was Hollywood's first intimation Greta had finally parted with her ancient vintage limousine and gone in for driving her own small roadster.



Humorist Irvin S. Cobb, Cantor himself, and Governor Merriam at the comedian's anniversary banquet



A French toast to two Continental stars—Fernand Gravet and Danielle Darrieux—on their arrival out West



Paying homage to the beloved veteran of comedy were Jean Hersholt, and those newlyweds: Margo and Francis Lederer

New Feuds:

THE Chinese extras on the *Charlie Chan* set and the Japanese extras on the *Mr. Moto* set.

Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell. Fred claims he originated the drum dance. Eleanor claims she did. Both dance their own version of it in their new pictures.

Newcomer Department

WITH foreign film companies going to pot with a kind of relentless monotony all the time, a lot of pretty good talent has been loosed to Hollywood's greedy clutches. This month marks the peak of importations.

Over at Paramount they're bragging about Isa Miranda and Franciska Gaal (pronounced like the country that was divided into three parts). M-G-M has become slightly hysterical over a Miss Rose Stradner of Vienna. Universal is even more so over Danielle Darrieux, a cross between Joan Crawford and a French pastry. Annabella, a French girl who has made many English pictures is preparing a film in America now and English Jessie Matthews is on her way.

There are a good many fine American names on the new contract lists, too. We got full of energy the other day and made the rounds of the studios, interviewing like mad and finding out what to expect from the batch.

Dick Baldwin, who shot to stardom in "Love Begins in College," and who is now costarring with Simone Simon in "Love and Hisses," is a typical American boy. Dick's mother, Mrs. Susan Baldwin, has worked as a secretary for the St. Louis Union Electric Light and Power Company for the past twenty-six years, and her first consideration has always been to look after her son's welfare.

It looks, now, as if Dick were going to show his mother just how much he appreciates her years of toil. We have the information that the rising young actor is living on a budget of $40 a week in a tiny apartment in Hollywood where he prepares his own meals—and the remainder of his sizeable weekly check is going into a trust fund, from which he will build his mother a home in Hollywood.

The first request fifteen-year-old Frankie Thomas, given the title rôle in Universal's series of "Tim Tyler" pictures, made when he stepped on the lot was that he be permitted to go to school in the same classroom as Deanna Durbin. The studio thought it might interfere with his concentration, but he finally got his wish.

Radio listeners who remember the smooth-voiced Jack Arnold of the *Myrt* and *Marge* series may be interested in knowing that he's now in the movies.



Above, newly-engaged Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben. And there with Vic Orsatti is Ilona Massey, M-G-M's new star whom Van Dyke so raves about

His real name is Vinton Haworth. He's actually Ginger Rogers' uncle. He's under contract to RKO, but he didn't get very far until these things happened: he had his name legally changed from Vinton Haworth to Jack Arnold; he let it be known he was the uncle of lovely Ginger; he shaved off his mustache. Now he's going to town in one picture after another.

Daniel Boone Savage, the Kentucky mountaineer wrestler whom Warner Brothers discovered and brought to Hollywood for a rôle in "Gold Is Where You Find It," thinks movies and moviemakers are the bunk. They get a strange guy to come to their town and then want to interrupt his normal routine of living.

Savage brought his three hound-dogs and his two roosters to Hollywood with him for company. The studio promptly prohibited him from bringing them to the studio, so during the day he has to keep them shut up in his apartment. The hound-dogs have made such a fuss about it, and so have the neighbors, that Savage has had to move every week to new quarters. There's one point, however, on which Savage stubbornly refuses to budge. He will not enter the studio commissary for lunch. He brings his corn bread and bacon, sits under a prop tree in the studio's prop park and pines for the friendly yapping of his three hounds.

Four-year-old Beverly Wills, daughter of actress Joan Davis, got a "meanie" rôle in Shirley Temple's new picture. She arrived home from school, next day, with a black eye. "A playground accident," she carefully explained.

Noo, Noo, Noo—

IF Mr. Edgar Bergen and his little splinter, Charlie McCarthy, make as great a hit with the American public in their first picture as they have with this department's Hollywood correspondents, the team will be the most sensational cinema discovery of the year. We find in our mail eight different items recounting Charlie's bright sayings; and we never lift the telephone but what an excited voice imparts the news that the dummy has fallen off Bergen's lap, to the hysteria of the crowd.

Herewith a few selections from the lot, and a solemn warning to our assistants that if they don't stop hanging around the radio station listening to B. and McC.,—well.

Dorothy Lamour gave a supper to the cast of a radio hour and served Charlie a plate of sawdust.

Claudette Colbert came over to visit, the dummy's pants started to slip, and Bergen leaned over to tack them on again. Whispered Charlie, "*Please!* Not before Miss Colbert!"

Phil Baker's four-year-old daughter visited what she calls the "stuglo" and saw Charlie for the first time. At home again, she faced her daddy indignantly. "Why didn't you *tell* me about that nice little boy down at the stuglo?" she asked.

Phil, discovering his daughter was enchanted, was afraid to tell her Charlie is only paint and hardwood. He himself has a personal difference with the caustic dummy. In close-ups he must give out with gag after gag, while Charlie—freshly painted—merely stares woodenly, unlaughing. Result: Phil blows up in his lines repeatedly.

Goldwyn Multiplication

FOR a sequence in the "The Goldwyn Follies," it was necessary to have fifty cats to play in a scene with the Ritz brothers. The fifty cats were produced and, after the scene was shot, the owner called for his pets.

Only there were fifty-one cats and no one could account for the extra one. No one on the lot had ever seen it before. So the Ritz brothers tossed a coin. Harry won. He calls it "Goldwyn's Greatest Folly."

This Is Fame

GENE AUTRY, the cowboy star who stands ace high at all small-town box offices, is beginning to be more than a little hurt that Hollywood itself fails to recognize him as he walks about the street. His studio finally persuaded Autry to go out more and get known, and made arrangements to take the star to the fights that very night. As Autry stepped out of his car, a group of small boys suddenly recognized him and gathered about for autographs.

Time went on and at last his companion urged Autry to hurry as the fights had started. "You just go on to the fights," Autry smiled, "and I'll meet you here right after. You know I'm getting a bigger kick out of this than I ever would out of a fight."

So he stayed and signed.

The Grandest Girl

HELEN TROY, or perhaps you know her as Saymore Saymore, the girl with the fast chatter, is not superstitious. Playing the part of a maid, Saymore was sent over to the M-G-M wardrobe department for a costume. "We have a costume Jean Harlow wore in 'Riff Raff'" they told her, "but several of the girls have refused to wear it. Afraid of bad luck, I guess."

"I'll wear it," Helen said. "Nothing but good can ever come from anything associated with Jean. She was the grandest girl I ever knew."

And Helen returned to the set wearing Jean's old costume that superstition has caused several others to turn down.

That afternoon Helen was summoned to the casting office and told she had just been selected for her biggest rôle to date. A part in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry."

"Only I did cry a little," Helen said. "It was just as if Jean herself had done one more good deed in this world."

Chitchat

WALLY BEERY will vacation in England after one more picture. His leg is still in bad shape from that gunshot wound. . . Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore, of Warners' make-up department, are probably married by now. They had to wait for her divorce to wind itself up. . . .

"Rex," a mongrel dog cast in "Penrod and His Twin Brother," has earned his owner, Henry East, more than $10,000 in the past four years. He bought the creature for three dollars. . . Ronald Reagan, who has made five pictures in the last four months at Warners, was told the other day that unless his studio could loan him out at once he'd have to take a salary "layoff". . . .

Danielle Darrieux's writer husband, Henri Decoin, was assigned to writing and advising on his glamorous wife's first movie at Universal. Now the studio must engage an interpreter to get any value out of the man. . . Jean Hersholt is a little disappointed, because the Quints' physician, Dr. Dafoe, promised to visit Hollywood and then had to postpone his plans. We heard the doctor on a radio program the other day, incidentally, and noticed he observed many self-imposed restrictions so far as any intimate information about his five charges was concerned. . . .

Wendy Barrie drives in her stocking feet. . . Glenda Farrell at last has received permission to go to New York and do a play. . . Nat Pendleton's mother made her first visit to his set, watched him in a scene depicting a wrestling match, and was so concerned for him ("But they're so *rough!*" she complained) that she went quickly home again. . . .

For your information, Stan Laurel is forming a separate producing unit at Hal Roach's studio, and when his two-year contract is up he'll give up acting entirely. . . And for your disillusionment: *Tarzan* Weissmuller had more fireworks with Loopee because she wanted him to go to Mexico with her and he refused. She's a rabid bull fight fan, you see, and would need an escort. But *Tarzan* is so tenderhearted he almost faints when he sees an animal hurt. . . Glenn Morris, Sol Lesser's new *Tarzan,* attends local Rotary luncheons twice a month and lectures before the attentive Y. W. C. A. group. . .

Add Good Deeds

IF you would believe the various press agentries in Hollywood there is not a single star who doesn't spend half his time and most of his fortune going about spreading cheer and light among the town's unfortunates. The following anecdotes, however, have been authenticated:

Kay Francis, preparing to give a party on the set with all the cast and crew of her latest picture as guests, heard that her stand-in's little son was in the hospital with acute appendicitis. Miss Francis canceled the party, drove the stand-in to the hospital, stood by during the operation, and offered financial assistance.

Adolphe Menjou discovered that his valet, Eumincio Blanco, was unhappy. Blanco had received a badly censored letter from his mother in Spain announcing that his brother had been cast into an Insurgent jail. The mother was ill and penniless. Menjou offered money, was gratefully but firmly refused; so he got the valet a job in his picture as a kind of extraordinary-extra—that is, Blanco plays half a dozen different bits (unnoticeable, of course) in the film, and receives a check for each.

Sentimental Interlude

KNOWING Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres as we do, we would hesitate to say that they will ever be reconciled in their ill-fated love match. But we do know that Lew has no intention of living out his life as any kind of lone wolf. He is building a grand new home up in Laurel Canyon, off Hollywood Boulevard. It's more than just a new house to Lew; it's really a dream come true, in many ways. Eight years ago, Lew used to climb up on the very mountaintop where he is now building his home. He would sit up there for hours, making promises to himself, and wishing that some day he could afford to buy that mountaintop and build a home there. This is that house, on that hill. And you can be sure that before too many years Lew is going to have a girl to share his dream.

If the Windsors Had Come to Hollywood

(Continued from page 13)

by helping to bind the wounds of innocent victims of Signor Mussolini's favorite sport. The Motion Picture Artists Committee calls on the decent people of Hollywood who emphatically dissent from the welcome accorded Signor Mussolini to redeem the name of our community by sending—*a carlaod of medical supplies to Spain.*

But all this was as nothing compared to the situation that would have greeted the Windsors had they arrived in Hollywood on schedule.

The antagonism to young Mussolini was based on Hollywood's distaste for his father's manner of butting in on world affairs outside of Italy, and young Mussolini's enjoyment of war.

There was much more involved in the Windsor's case. First of all, it was no secret in Hollywood that the Windsors had Nazi leanings. It will be remembered that prior to Edward's abdication it was reliably reported from England that Mme. Simpson was receiving Germany's famed troublemaking Ambassador, Herr von Ribbentrop, at her Mayfair home where the King was also a frequent visitor.

Then, after the abdication, Edward went to Austria to live in the castle of a Hitler sympathizer. And preceding their world-touted marriage at the Château de Cande on June 3, the world's greatest lovers moved to Castle Wasserleonberg in the Carpathian mountains, where they entertained many Fascist friends.

A couple of weeks prior to making their proposed American tour the Windsors were entertained in Germany by Hitler and many high Nazi officials. And last but not least they were to have sailed on a German liner!

How could Hollywood be expected to stomach this when practically all of its big producers are opposed to Nazi theories as are certainly a great proportion of its directors, actors and writers?

Let's not forget also that there are a lot of people in Hollywood who are still loyal British subjects. What would Ronald Colman, or Herbert Marshall, or Leslie Howard, or Basil Rathbone, or Wendy Barrie have done, for instance, if they had been obliged to curtsey to Wally, or to kiss her hand?

What might have happened to guest lists which must perforce have been submitted to the Windsors by each hostess who entertained them, if the names of certain important people in filmland, whom *they* (the Windsors) didn't *choose* to meet, were stricken off?

What would have been the fate of uninvited guests who might have turned up after dinner or tried to crash the gates, so to speak, at any large formal affair? And if the Duke or Duchess refused to shake their hands, would this have gone down as film-history's most embarrassing moment?

Where would eager hostesses who did entertain them seat them, and how would those hostesses arrange their tables, anyway? Even the U.S. State Department, whose Protocol Officer is authority on the proper seating of royalty at dinner tables, remained silent—aghast, evidently, at the enormity of the work that lay ahead. For any hostess who might have honored the ex-King who is "persona non grata" in England, would have flouted her distaste and disapproval of his brother, the King. And that hostess, herself, would have become persona non grata in the British Empire from then on.

Then, too, Hollywood is particularly labor-conscious these days. She is in the throes of her own little labor war, which she is taking quite as seriously as is any one of the larger cities throughout the land. Important members of the film colony attend regularly meetings of the SAG (Screen Actors Guild), the SDG (Screen Directors Guild), and the SWG (Screen Writers Guild).

The injection of Charles Bedeaux into the Windsors' tour was immediately frowned upon in movieland. Long before the American Federation of Labor went on record as being opposed to his acting as the Windsors' guide, people in the colony's innermost circles were discussing the Bedeaux system, which was anathema to them. Even the most openminded just couldn't understand the Duke's strategy in employing the services of a man so notoriously unsympathetic to the very essential things which the Windsors claimed they were coming to America to study.

Sadly enough, perhaps, Edward was popular in America, when he visited us twice before, for some of the qualities which ultimately cost him his throne. He was unassuming, good-natured and boyishly fond of having a good time.

Together as man and wife, Wally and Edward both enjoy many of the same qualities today, and yet there are people who believe these attributes do not belong hand-in-hand with hard work. Thus they would have probably been criticized abundantly for the pseudo-fun they might have had on their American tour.

WHILE the prime reason for the Windsors' proposed Hollywood sojourn had actually been, they said, to try to find ways and means of bringing to the people to the British Empire peace on earth. Whether this could have been accomplished through a movie campaign of education depicting the horrors of modern war tactics is problematical. However, in any case it is quite certain they would have been gravely misunderstood at the very beginning of their tragic, unfulfilled mission.

Of course, it was *not* impossible that Edward and his American-born Duchess might actually have consented to the making of a film, in which both of them might have appeared. For a long time rumor had it in Hollywood that such was going to be the case. Figures in excess of the million-dollar mark were mentioned time and again.

The extraordinary success of "The Prisoner of Zenda" certainly points to the manner in which people take to the mythical kingdom idea.

What might those same people have done if the most sensational regal couple in history today should have appeared together in a film? Surely that would have been the McCoy.

But, regardless of whether the Windsors actually would have appeared in a picture or not, they would probably have brought with them that exceedingly interesting film of their courtship from its inception until today, which their close friend and admirer, Herman L. Rogers had taken.

To date, because of his devotion and friendship for the subjects, Mr. Rogers has repeatedly turned down all offers made him for this eight-reel thriller that could be made the tops of all newsreel productions of the year.

At any rate, with so many handicaps staring them straight in the face, weren't the Windsors taking an awful chance to think of coming to screenland at all? They, themselves, felt they weren't. Why? Because, as far back as last May when I saw them in France, they believed that their popularity in America would enable them to circumvent all of these "trite reasons"—(those are Edward's words, not mine) when I suggested, as I did at that time, that there were these obstacles to be met.

And, finally, in the Duke's recent statement that he and his American-born Duchess hope to come to America "anyway" later on "when public opinion will have changed," you have the full measure of a man who, because of his royal upbringing, still cannot grasp public opinion as it exists.

From one day to the next, one doesn't know. Perhaps by the time this reaches you, the royal couple will have descended on Hollywood. But at least for the moment, cinema town has settled back, glad of the respite afforded them, temporary though it may be.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 60)

your while to match your make-up to your clothes.

MORE MAKE-UP TIPS—While I was wandering around being very Technicolor-conscious, which I hope you're going to be, too, I picked up a few more tips for you on how to apply your cosmetics.

First of all (and all the make-up men I know agree on this one), don't put on your foundation until at least ten minutes after getting out of the tub. You see, the warm water (unless, of course, you're one of those virile souls who takes cold showers) opens your pores, and they won't get back to normal before that time. So wait at least that long, or your powder will cake.

Perc Westmore follows that up by saying that after you have put on a thin coating of a good powder base (of course, you use one) you should rub your face with ice wrapped in a chamois cloth. And then apply your make-up after the skin is completely dry. This helps keep your powder base on longer and makes the powder and rouge go on smoother.

Here's a little trick I picked up from a group of the stock girls and dancers in "Ali Baba Goes To Town." After removing their cleansing cream at night, they rub their faces and hands with a mentholated cream which they leave on all night. That's the secret of their smooth, clear skins.

If you have a faint tendency to break out (and who hasn't?) just when that attractive man has finally come through and asked you for a date, this treatment will clear up the disturbance in no time, and save you from having to turn your right profile to him just because the left cheek has a blemish on it.

I watched Jack Dawn make up one of the girls over at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he heads the make-up department, and noticed that he didn't put any mascara on her lashes. So, of course, I had to ask him why. He said that when a girl has straight lashes or lashes that go downward instead of curling upward, she should never use mascara because it weights the lashes down and they hide the eyes. You can, however, use a cream mascara very sparingly.

The best way to make mascara go on smoothly and have your lashes appear thicker is to apply a light coating of vaseline or oil to your lashes and then powder them lightly. Be sure, however, that the oil is all dusted with powder. Then apply your mascara with an almost dry brush, and only put it on the upper lashes, as this makes your eyes look larger. If your brush is too wet or you use too much water on it, your eyes will look too obviously made up.

CHRISTMAS KITS—In between dashing around to get you these beauty tips, I've been popping in and out of department stores trying to get a little last minute Christmas shopping done, and I found two new things on the market which not only make splendid gifts but are wonderful for you to use all year round.

One is a new vanity and lipstick ensemble which was created by a famous Hollywood make-up authority. The compact is of burnished gold, has rouge in it and a perfect powder sifter for loose powder. The lipstick is super-indelible. These sets come in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes.

The other is a make-up kit, with make-up that matches the eyes.

SHORT, SHORT SUCCESS STORY—Gloria Dickson came to Hollywood as a pretty, fairly attractive young actress. She was signed by Warner Brothers and met up with Perc Westmore. Perc arched her brows, widened the space between them, gave her a heavier eyebrow line with a light-brown pencil. He decided a darker powder and blue-gray eye shadow would bring out the color of her eyes, and he created an individual lipstick for her to blend with her skin. He said she was a dramatic type, so he brushed all the waves out of her hair and left just a little curl at the ends.

Gloria looks simply gorgeous; she and Perc are stepping out together, and as for her career—well, you'll be properly amazed when you read page 79. Which just goes to show what the right make-up will do for you. Let this be a lesson to you and me.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY *Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.*

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect daintiness



"All you girls who want to be popular—here's something you ought to remember: The man was never born who could resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it just ruins illusions—and spoils romance."



"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath relaxes and refreshes me. It's a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date. You'll find it peps you up in no time—makes you feel *sure* of yourself—ready for conquests!"

STAR OF WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
"JEZEBEL"

HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin *sweet*—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you. Try this simple, inexpensive way to make sure of daintiness. Famous screen stars use it. You're sure to find it works for *you*.



9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep *your* skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.



Eleanor Holm, swimming star, becomes the queen of the Jungle in 20th Century-Fox's "Tarzan's Revenge," while Glenn Morris takes over the popular Weissmuller rôle

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 45)

be located by Randolph Scott and Jack Haley, because she has gone to her aunt's farm, where Bill Robinson is a hired hand.

We see the audition room of the broadcasting station. A million—well, a hundred—youngsters are on the set. On the sidelines are their mothers, idle spectators. Extras play the youngsters' mothers in the scene.

Also on the sidelines is Shirley, herself. She doesn't have to work today, but she's here anyway, to watch the fun. She seldom gets the chance to see other children act.

The scene has Haley clapping his hand over the mouth of a painful child prodigy, and not only getting bitten, but getting a clout on the head with the mother's handbag, in which, it seems, there is a horseshoe—"for luck." (Director Allan Dwan orders a sound effect of a hammer hitting a cocoanut.) Haley, rubbing his head, walks toward the glass entrance doors, outside of which stands a mob of mothers and children. As he opens the doors—and his mouth—a tiny tot, held in her mother's arms, plops her lollypop into his mouth. Notice this tiny tot. She is Joan Davis' four-year-old, Beverly, getting her first screen laugh—with Mama Joan among the onlookers.

ON the set of "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" we make two discoveries. (1) Swedish Warner Oland wears no make-up to look Chinese. (2) When he is playing *Chan*, he talks like *Chan* even between "takes."

We watch a scene in which he doesn't have to utter a word. But the electricians are so long rearranging the lights after they have once been arranged that Oland says: "If *Charlie Chan* melt like pat of butter in frying pan, resultant grease spot will be on electrician's soul."

Jotting down this Chan-ism, we head for RKO-Radio, where we go on a location trip to see "Bringing Up Baby," costarring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. *Baby* is a leopard which is most tractable when somebody sings "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

Cary has put on heavy horn-rimmed specs, a set of absent-minded gestures and a stoop-shouldered stance to play a young fossil collector. Into his placid life comes a completely dizzy deb (Hepburn, as we live and breathe!), with a live leopard in tow. Grant's frustrated efforts to get them *out* of his life make for mad hilarity.

On a San Fernando Valley ranch, before which a street front has been thrown up overnight, we watch one of those efforts. And this, we'll have you know, is a major triumph, getting within even telescopic distance of a Hepburn set. This once, for PHOTOPLAY, the bars are down.

Grant is walking down a street. Hepburn is driving alongside in a station wagon. She has been trying to talk him into taking Baby. He has got out to walk and tell her, at a distance, "Never." She retorts that he may not know it, but he *has* Baby. The leopard, which he thought was in the station wagon, is padding along behind him (with Olga Celeste, famous woman animal-trainer, alongside, just out of camera range).

The scene over, Cary, mopping his damp brow and uncringing his back, says, "If they had to pick a theme song for this picture, why couldn't they pick something like 'Hold That Tiger'?"

TO see Ginger Rogers upholding her "Stage Door" laurels in "Having Wonderful Time," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as her costar, we go on another location trip—to Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino Mountains.

The script calls for her to swim across the lake—with a pair of men's shorts and a scarf for her two-piece swimming gear. We see her arrive on the opposite shore, comically bedraggled.

Already shivering, she has to go out into the lake just far enough for the camera to catch her coming out of the water. It's far enough for her to change from flesh pink to pale blue and to be thankful *this* picture isn't in Technicolor. And to quip, between chatters, when the scene is over, "I hope there's no cold in these here chills!"

We saw Lily Pons in eight ounces of feathers last month. We drop in on the set of "Hitting a New High" in the hope of seeing her in tights, as did that San Francisco opera conductor, who afterward said heatedly that the movies were trying to make opera look like a circus. But today's scene calls for her to wear a full-length evening gown.

We ask Jack Oakie his personal opinion of opera stars who wear feathers and tights on the screen. "More power to 'em!" says Jack. "I say: let those who can wear 'em, wear 'em. Opera will be popular yet!"

From RKO-Radio, we hie ourselves to the Walt Disney studio, for a behind-the-scenes glimpse of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"—which Disney started three years and $1,200,000 ago.

The reason for the cost and the delay is simple. Here is not just one moving picture; here are fifty thousand moving pictures joined into a cohesive whole. Every little fraction of a movement calls for a separate, distinct drawing. And Disney and his staff made two complete sets of rough drafts of every movement before the final sketches.

Then Disney complicated his monumental task by seeking a way to give "depth" to the drawings. Don't grumble about having to wait three years for "Snow White." You may soon be huzzahing a man who takes his time.

Which thought sends us in pursuit of Mae West, at Paramount, where she is just starting "Every Day's a Holiday," in which, once more, she is one of those robust turn-of-the-century gals. Schiaparelli, no less, has furnished her wardrobe. Mae herself furnished the story.

We see her in a rococo Fifth Avenue living room of 1900. With her are Charles Winninger, Walter Catlett and Charles Butterworth. They are discussing Edmund Lowe, whom they want as a candidate for mayor. He has vanished. If he doesn't appear pretty soon, Mae says she'll run for mayor herself. They mention the rough crowds she'd have to face. One of them asks, "Do you think you can handle all those men?" Which gives Mae a chance to quip, "You ought to read my mail sometime."

But, in rehearsal, she quips, instead, "You ought to peek through my keyhole sometime." The censor on the set reaches for his smelling salts. The line *won't* be in the picture.

ON the next sound stage, Bing Crosby is also starting a new comedy (watch the ads for the final title), with Beatrice Lillie, Andy Devine and Mary Carlisle for company. It marks the re-entry into films of Beatrice (Lady Peel) Lillie, who has prostrated stage audiences for years.

The comedy centers around Bing's substituting for a policeman-friend of his named *O'Roon* at the home of a dizzy millionairess (Bee), who is dizziest around policemen. We see one of their first scenes together, during the course of which she introduces him to her butler as her "Greek friend, Macaroon" and indulges in other absent-minded patter. The sidelines are rimmed with grins, but Bee never cracks a smile. She is the world's lone "dead-pan" comedienne.

Visitors have been barred until now from the set of the Carole Lombard-Fred MacMurray-John Barrymore comedy about a female Baron Munchausen (again, see the ads for the final title). But now they are making the trailer. The set is open.

Paramount, trying a new idea in trailers, is showing alleged behind-the-scenes shots of pictures in production. Director Wesley Ruggles has to go before the camera himself, to say, "Don't disappear, Carole. I need you for a scene with Mac." And Ruggles muffs his one line.

Carole was hoping for this. From behind a piece of scenery, where it has been carefully planted, she trundles a large blackboard on which his line is scribbled, and places it where he can see it but the camera can't. A director gets some of his own prompting medicine.

Going on to Warners, we see another newcomer in action: Columnist Louella Parsons who is playing Columnist Louella Parsons in "Hollywood Hotel." And very jittery about it, too.

The setting is the mirror-studded apartment of a temperamental movie star (Lola Lane), who is putting on her best act for an interviewer (Louella). Everything is mad confusion in the scene. This calls for perfect timing. First, Lola blows her lines. Then another and another. Director Busby Berkeley has to shoot and reshoot the scene. And, the funniest thing about its filming is: the jittery Miss Parsons is the only one who *doesn't* blow her lines.

THOUGH "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is on location 500 miles away, waiting for her, Olivia de Havilland still is at work in "Gold Is Where You Find It," opposite George Brent. We see a scene involving a horde of people, Olivia included, at a society reception of the gold-rush days.

Michael Curtiz is directing. He is famous for his amusing twists to his English, as when he once asked for "an empty horse," meaning a riderless one. Now, after a "take," he says, "No, not good. I want it a little more tense." Somebody (Olivia?) innocently inquires, "Past or present tense?" There is a burst of laughter. Curtiz doesn't understand why. In bewilderment, he grins.

On the set of "Penrod and His Twin Brother," starring Billy and Bobby Mauch, we see a believe-it-or-not. When we arrive, only one boy is in sight. We ask our guide which one it is. "Billy," he says. "Bobby isn't working today."

Over on the sidelines stands Mrs. Mauch, her face a study in mild worry. We wonder why. As the scene ends, she goes over to Director McGann. He makes known what she tells him: Billy is sick in bed today with a cold, so Bobby has taken his place—with no one the wiser until now. McGann grins sheepishly. Everyone else, except Bobby, grins amazedly. Bobby blushes at his mother's giving him away.

And last but not least, at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, Samuel Goldwyn presents "The Goldwyn Follies"—a Samuel Goldwyn production. (We paraphrase the picture credits for "Dead End.") This is the first $2,000,000 musical in Technicolor. Members of the Press treated to glimpses of the first rushes vow that it has everything—everything from boisterous comedy to grand opera, and includes a dozen stars.

We catch one of the scenes between big musical numbers—one of those scenes that is the test of any comedy with music.

It is between Adolphe Menjou, playing a harassed Hollywood producer (a bit, just a bit, of a Goldwyn), and Andrea Leeds, playing his country-girl protogeé. The setting is the small kitchen of her small apartment.

Andrea's hair catches the highlights as hair seldom does. The reason: it is sprinkled with gold dust. "Taking a tip from Dietrich?" we ask. "No—Merle Oberon," our guide says. "Merle started it. Even uses gold dust as a face powder sometimes."

In the scene, Adolphe is trying to persuade Andrea to go out with a certain gigolo. She refuses. Adolphe argues that the man is famous. Andrea retorts, "Well, to me love is more important than fame."

Adolphe looks at her a moment in mute wonder. Then, to himself, he ejaculates, "It's amazing!"

Thus, Hollywood satirizing Hollywood.

A New Cream brings to Women *the Active "Skin-Vitamin"*

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND of cream has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Tests prove benefits in beauty creams . . .

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.







Joan Belmont—NOW MRS. ELLSWORTH N. BAILEY, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

Recent tests show that exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey motors, shoots, rides horseback. "I am so glad to use the new Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' in it. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports," she says.
(center) With a friend, leaving the Plaza after luncheon.
(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-CN, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

A Girl's Best Friend Is Her Opposite

(Continued from page 23)

friendship that offered sincerity and sympathy to both Marlene and Joan.

In those days Ruth Chatterton, a newcomer to the screen, was also close to Marlene Dietrich. They had hoped—in charming ignorance of Hollywood politics—that they might remain personal friends, even if they were rivals on the screen. But when Marlene went to Europe, she was dogged everywhere with stories Ruth was said to have spread about her—unkind stories which had their origin in the minds of the tattlers themselves. Both stars tried to ignore them, but they have been seen together little since that time.

IT is an odd thing, but the public mind objects to the sight of two charming screen rivals getting along. Whenever such a friendship develops, trouble-makers try to destroy it. The public is the actress' boss—and the public has evidently chosen to believe that two beautiful women can meet only on the basis of wishing to claw each other's eyes. No matter how amiable the stars may feel towards each other, the public steps in with malicious stories to make the green-eyed myth come true.

This public prejudice is partially to blame for the fact that close friendships between ranking women stars are few. The American public will permit an actress the loyalty of a secretary, of a hairdresser, of a woman who would break the camera if she ever took a screen test. But they have called it unnatural that two strikingly handsome gals should get along.

The kind of female friendship of which the public approves is Katharine Hepburn's and Laura Harding's. Laura was, it is true, an actress in her own right, but her mild triumphs were achieved on the boards of Broadway, which Hollywood considers a mere preliminary to an actress' serious business of getting along on the screen. Laura Harding understudied Lynn Fontanne in "Elizabeth the Queen" and acted in "Thunder in the Air." Then she met Katharine Hepburn and lapsed happily into the rôle of Queen-maker for the other girl.

It was Laura Harding who prevailed on Miss Hepburn to leave Broadway for awhile and see what Hollywood could do for her. She groomed the young actress for the West Coast and convinced her that it would be wise for them both to refuse all invitations to parties in the West, being very cool and aloof and superior about it. This proved an unnecessary bit of strategy, as the two were in Hollywood for six weeks before anyone asked them out: when they got their first invitation, they snatched at it "like a hungry trout rising to a fly," as Miss Harding tells the story now.

Miss Harding is the daughter of J. Horace Harding, chairman of the board of the American Railway Express Company and the senior partner in the banking firm of Charles D. Barney and Company. She has a New York debut in her past and a Rumson, New Jersey house in her present—a retreat to which Katharine Hepburn often repairs in a carpet-slipper mood.

Miss Harding is more than a best friend—she is guide, philosopher, impresario and accountant for the erratic, wayward star. She is the one who passes on photographs for publicity. She is the one who stage-manages Miss Hepburn's new contracts—for more and more and more salary each time. She helps design the Hepburn costumes and coaches the star on her lines; she sits in on story conferences and picks guests for the Hepburn parties. And when her friend leaves Hollywood for a time, she is the one who sees to closing the house, turning off the refrigerator and checking that the fire-insurance policy hasn't lapsed.

OTHER stars have close women friends who play an important part in overseeing their careers—women who do many of the things that wives are expected to do for successful men. Ida Lupino's "Bee" is famous in Hollywood—she's a husky, throaty lady who will stand no nonsense from anyone, and certainly not from her employer, whom she adores. Bee listens to all of Miss Lupino's secrets while she curls her hair, types her letters and orders her to eat up her carrots. Bee slouches around the house in comfortable pajamas and addresses the actress with a disrespectful and affectionate, "Hey!"

Everyone who knows the movies knows about Carole Lombard's "Fieldsie"—the secretary, guide, philosopher and friend whom Carole acquired when they were both working for Mack Sennett. Since then Carole has concentrated on her career—and Fieldsie on the table. Today she weighs in at a neat 160 pounds.

Madeleine Fields holds a tight rein over Miss Lombard's pocketbook. The actress has very little sales resistance; if she had no balance wheel she might clutter up her life with dozens of assorted limousines, Renaissance tables made in New Jersey, phoney fox scarves and Masterpieces of History in Ten Heavy Volumes. But not with Fieldsie on the job!

Fieldsie is a very competent young woman on all counts. She used to be a "stunt girl" when she was acting herself—you know, the intrepid stand-in who took the bumps and bruises and pratt-falls which the actresses preferred to dodge. She's still stunting—when William Powell and Carole Lombard were divorced, she retained her friendship with both wife and husband, and that is always a major triumph of tact and treatment. Mr. Powell's trust in her is so great that it was she who took charge of him and his ménage when Jean Harlow's death shocked him into helplessness.

Myrna Loy's best friend is her stand-in, Shirley Hughes, an old chum who was with her at her recent marriage. Shirley is the sister-in-law Myrna almost got. Her brother Bob brought Shirley around and introduced her to Myrna as his best girl friend. Myrna and Shirley liked each other instantly and even after the romance was over, Shirley and Myrna remained fast friends, Shirley taking the job as Myrna's stand-in. When Myrna and Arthur Hornblow decided to get married, they took Shirley along to Ensenada to be bridesmaid. At the last minute they remembered there were no flowers for the bride and Shirley refused to allow Myrna to be married without flowers. Coaxing Myrna to hold the attention of the attendant, Shirley went to work and picked all the lovely blooms around the garden walk, and made them into a beautiful bride's bouquet, while Myrna's knees shook, fearing they would be snatched into a Mexican jail any minute.

Alice Faye's best friend, Helene Holmes, fills the same rôle in her life: she, too, arranged the bridal bouquet when Miss Faye recently became Mrs. Tony Martin. She did more that that for Alice, for during that hectic romance between Alice and Tony, Helene acted as the intermediary, carrying messages back and forth and patching up their many quarrels.



The Childrens' Hour at the Walter Abels' is a musical one. Every night before Michael and Jonathan go to bed, Mother plays while Father and sons do-re-mi

THE stand-in-star relationship is often cordial: successful women, contrary to the general opinion, are generous in giving other girls a hoist up the ladder. Alice Faye profited enormously from the advice of Ethel Merman, who gave her pointers on how to sing when Miss Faye was understudying her in the "George White's Scandals." Miss Faye's weakness at that time was a tendency to lean to the coy and the cute; Ethel Merman sold her the idea that sophistication would carry her farther than the baby-blue sweetness of those days.

If friendships between stars of equal rating are rare—as the public demands—there are many such cases in which one woman who has arrived gives an apprentice a kindly boost. Have you ever heard about Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay?

Janet Gaynor was a girl who knew few of the joys of feminine friendship until a couple of years ago. She lived quietly with her mother, and the luncheon table tête-à-tête, the joint appointment at the hairdresser, the "cat talk" after the party played no part in her life. She had a name for being exclusive and upstage. But she was distant only because she was shy.

Margaret Lindsay appeared on the lot in a picture starring Janet Gaynor. She was a girl who had her own reasons for holding herself aloof from gossip commentators and photographers and friends who might come too close. For Margaret Lindsay, at that time, was posing as an English-born actress and was sedulously hiding the fact that she had come from Iowa. It was at the height of the American craze for British stars: Miss Lindsay was doing her very best to impersonate an English girl, since English girls were what the movies wished.

When Janet Gaynor first sensed the fact that the little "British" girl was charming, she found great difficulty in breaking down her reserve. A volume of Rupert Brooke's poems helped—they both loved his poetry. A ridiculous box from a florist's, with a single pansy under layers of tissue paper, made Miss Lindsay laugh and thank the star who had sent it to her. They became fast friends.

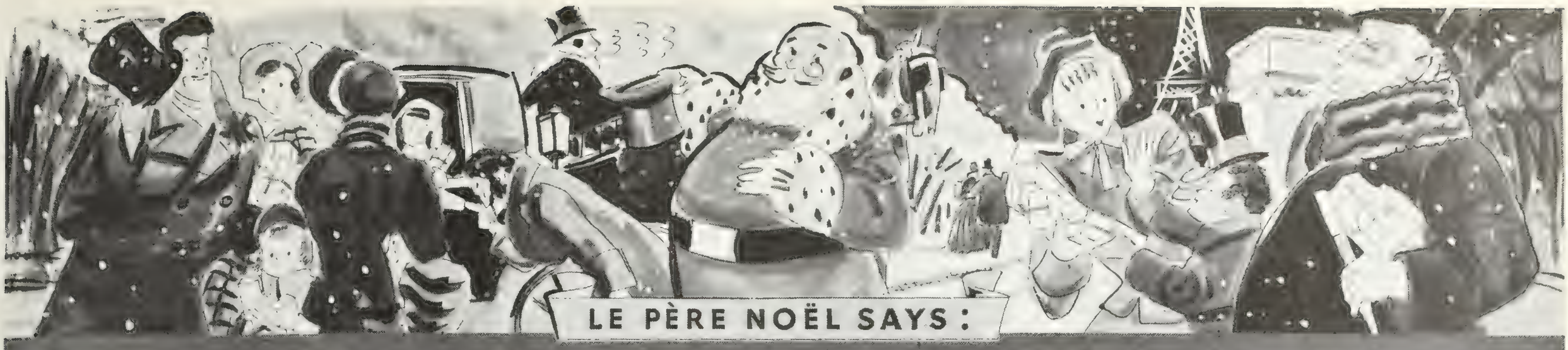
Janet Gaynor's friendship has helped Margaret Lindsay's career immeasurably. Janet has guided and directed the pseudo-British actress at every turn. She gave up a vacation to be with her friend during an attack of flu. And the bread-on-waters has returned. For Janet Gaynor's high-pitched voice has been lowered almost an octave by association with Margaret Lindsay's contralto tones—an effect which has made the sound director rejoice. Margaret Lindsay's friendship has brought Janet Gaynor out of her shell and removed the barrier of fear across which she used to face the world.

FRIENDSHIPS among women may be very fine things, although we have no legendary Patroclus and Achilles, David and Jonathan as a precedent. Regard, for instance, the case of Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor, when the going was heavy for the latter star.

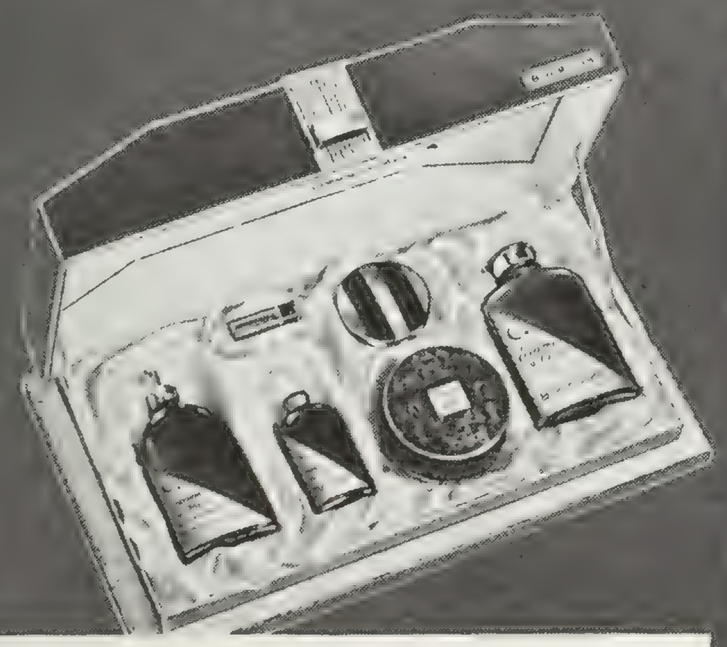
During the court fight—during which George S. Kaufman is said to have started a letter to another girl, "Dear Amy and Gentlemen of the Jury"—Ruth Chatterton stood staunchly by Mary Astor in her trouble. She admitted the indiscretion Miss Astor had shown in keeping a diary, but said, "She shouldn't be pilloried for that." It was with Miss Chatterton's help and encouragement that Mary Astor performed her part so well in "Dodsworth."

Sometimes a crisis is needed to bring two Hollywood women together and make them forget the mutual distrust with which they have been told they should greet all women who have not buck teeth and walleyes. Sometimes little things make them friends.

When Merle Oberon was a lonely, unwanted little girl in Hollywood, with no contract and no contacts, she went to a party and fell flat on her face on the ballroom floor. Her heel had caught in her hem and to the guests—connoisseurs of comedy, no doubt—it seemed very funny, indeed. Norma Shearer caught the look of misery in the girl's eyes and rushed to her side. A very pleasant friendship began then and there. And when the two actresses found themselves living in next-door propinquity,



"Every Lady likes Beauty with a French Accent"



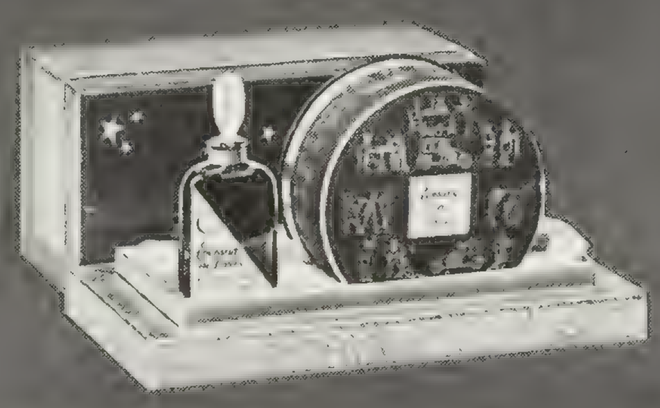
Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in impressive, satin-lined chest. **$10.00**

TAKE the advice of le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, if you would win most fervent feminine thanks for your gifts... Give beauty, as every lady loves it best... with a *French* accent... Give Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. By getting them for every lady on your list, you can do all the feminine part of your Christmas shopping right at one counter, saving hours of time and much wear and tear on you... Thirty-one sets, $1.10 to $25.00

At your favorite drug or department store



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in tasselled, blue and silver finished box. **$5.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder are things every woman wants. This set has a stunning box with a silvery frieze across the top. . **$2.25**



Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome bottle with its own atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Loose Powder Vanity. **$4.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume in the popular, good-looking, leak-proof purse flacon, in a set with Face Powder, Talcum Powder and Rouge. . . **$2.95**



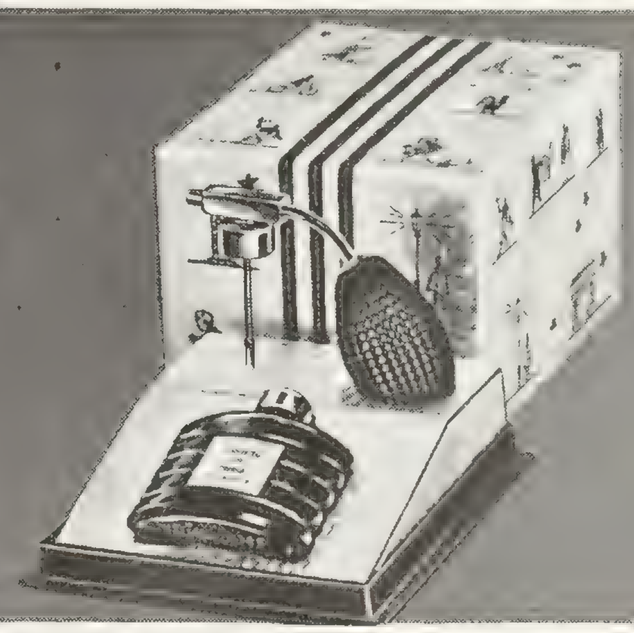
Evening in Paris Perfume beautifully boxed. . **$2.00**

Evening in Paris Vanities. Several smart new designs. From **$1.25** to **$3.50**



De luxe package of Evening in Paris Perfume, luxurious box. **$10.00**

Evening in Paris Perfume boxed in glittering silver. . **$1.10**



Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome, new, special-size bottle with its own efficient, durable atomizer. **$1.75**

Evening in Paris — BOURJOIS

their friendship ripened into the over-the-garden-wall, come-over-and-borrow-an-egg variety.

FRIENDS are not often social equals in Hollywood, where position is based on performance rather than on the background into which one was born. A Sylvia Sidney from a poor Bronx home will outrank a Laura Harding from the Social Register out there. It is unusual to find such friendships as that which prevails between Constance Bennett and the Countess Dorothy di Frasso (who sailed for Europe last summer with Miss Bennett and who entertained her at her palazzo in Rome), and that between Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck. The latter were friends way back in the days when Joan was married to young Doug, and Barbara was married to Frank Fay. At that time, Barbara lived in Malibu, and the girls used to drive back and forth to see each other.

Barbara then moved across the street from Joan, and, amusingly enough, they saw very little of each other at that time. This, Joan says, was due to the fact that both of them were going through a lot of trouble—she with Doug, and Barbara with Frank.

Just after Barbara's separation from Frank, she got in touch with Joan about buying some tickets for a benefit. Joan immediately asked her why she hadn't seen her, and the friendship was resumed. Barbara is now definitely Crawford's most intimate stellar friend. Tone, Taylor, and the two girls make a frequent combination at the night spots.

It is even rarer to find a moving-picture star on friendly terms with the wife of a member of the screen colony. Many charming women who have accompanied their husbands to Hollywood gnash their teeth over a social atmosphere in which the lowest "dress chorus" girl outranks a charming and discriminating hostess who has no traffic with the films.

But Loretta Young has as her closest intimate one of these Untouchables of the colony—Josephine Wayne, the beautiful young wife of John Wayne. Before her marriage this attractive woman was Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Dominican Consul at Los Angeles and a popular member of the diplomatic set.

Sometimes these friendships between Hollywood celebrities go back to the days when they were cooking over gas burners in old, down-at-the-heel rooming houses and spending their days in offices where signs always read "No Casting Today." Grace Moore and Jane Draper became fast friends in days like those: at one time Miss Moore was understudy to Julia Sanderson in "Hitchy-Koo" and Jane Draper had a minor—a very minor—rôle in the play. They were girls from conservative backgrounds, both aware of a whole battery of disapproving relatives sniffing at the "vulgarity" of stage careers.

Miss Moore's chance to play the lead, because of the star's illness, gave her a start towards an existence in which butlers and polo-playing friends are taken for granted. She was so thrilled over the prospect of singing the lead that she had Jane Draper telephone her friends to be sure to attend the matinee and watch her debut-dust. Later, although she was still living on an understudy's small salary, she and Jane gave a gay and gala party in a rented hotel ballroom.

Jane Draper found the picaresque, uncertain existence of the stage less congenial to her temperament than marriage and retirement from a career. Grace Moore swung on to giddier and greater heights. But their friendship has been strong through the years, and it even survived a difficult phase when they were both engaged in setting their caps for a romantic Italian beau.

UPS and downs, failures and breaks worthy of "Stage Door" and its gallant heroines have marked the friendship of Isabel Jewell and Gertrude Michael. These two met in the early, hungry days of their careers when they lived in adjoining apartments in New York's Greenwich Village on thirty cents a day. They hunted out cheap restaurants and made one order of spaghetti do for two. They wangled matinee tickets and hid under the seats, so as to see the evening performance free. Then Miss Michael was given a heaven-sent chance to work in Hollywood, and she caught the train—with seven dollars in the world! As the car pulled from the station she heard Isabel's cheerful farewell: "I'll be there in two weeks!" Through a remarkable bit of luck, she was.

In Hollywood the two girls had many vicissitudes. At a moment when one was in demand and being feted grandly the other was usually close to starvation. A few months, and the situation would be reversed. More than once, each of them was on the verge of giving up. In such crises, their friendship was an invaluable prop.

Some of the women stars have strong family feeling and have made a place in Hollywood for their relatives. Ginger Rogers brought her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, to Hollywood a few years ago and put her through an arduous course of dance training before she would let her try for her first screen test. Her advice and help are making things far easier for her protegé, Marie Osborne. Ginger Rogers' mother wrote scenarios for the screen. Mrs. Rogers more than once wrote pictures around the "Baby Marie" who is now her daughter's chief aide and confidante.

There are women in Hollywood's most spectacular circles who hunt in packs—girls who shop together and bridge together and have hen parties, like so many suburban housewives. Dolores Del Rio, Fay Wray, Virginia Bruce and Mrs. Gary Cooper are such a team. So are Anne Shirley, Paula Stone, Jacqueline Wells, Phyllis Fraser and Lana Turner.

HOLLYWOOD, after all, is a small town and a woman friend in Hollywood, like anywhere else, is a very handy thing to have around the house. She will spring to your defense into those bitter drawing-room encounters, of which the most doting man is usually unaware. She will contradict the nasty rumors that get tangled up with your name.

She'll tell you—if she's really fond of you—that you look like hell in emerald green and that the lamb of a young man in the offing is really after you for your money. She will also lie for you like a Spartan, if the need occurs, and will understand when your fit of hysterics calls for a handkerchief dipped in eau de cologne—and when it needs a pitcher of cold water thrown in the face!

Hollywood stars do not deny themselves many of the good things of the earth. Those among them who have balance and good sense have discovered that a sympathetic and reasonably loyal woman friend is a shade more important to their well-being than an ermine evening wrap. And that, in Hollywood, is saying a great deal.

Hollywood's Junior Legion

(Continued from page 67)

rowed glass tank. (Marilyn Knowlden said she and Ann Gillis would do the cleaning tomorrow.)

Juanita looked sweet yesterday. She had on a navy-blue dress with big white buttons down the side and white collar and cuffs, and a little white piqué hat. She had just come from the studio. We went outside and looked at the fish pond. Then we sat talking in the garage until Betty Jean Harney and David Holt came along. Then we went in the kitchen and had tea. David puts *three* lumps of sugar in a little toy cup of tea and actually drinks the mixture!

We had quite a party. Betty Jean makes the grandest cinnamon toast. It was cool and we didn't want to carry in wood for the fireplace, so we stayed in the kitchen and moved the table out of the breakfast room. After tea, we read the letters that you've all been so kind to write to us, until almost six o'clock. The children all collect stamps so every time we opened a letter from a foreign country there is a slight argument over who should have the stamp that comes on it. But David and Betty Jean are reasonable, so it was settled peaceably on each occasion.

I think David likes Betty Jean's beautiful blonde curls. She is eleven now, and getting prettier every day. David, being a real boy, showed his admiration by speaking of Betty Jean as a "dizzy blonde" every time he mentioned her.

WE all went out to the Fox Studios to present Shirley Temple with the Junior Legion Cross of Honor. The medal has four famous citations, one of them from the President of the United States.

It was a solemn occasion. Shirley, in her little checked brown coat and beret, stood there very, very seriously. We couldn't get her to smile until we asked her to pose with the medal. If you'd like the picture for your collection, be sure to read the little paragraph at the end of this story.

Shirley is the first child ever to receive the Junior Legion Cross. It is given once a year, for valiant achievement, to a child under seventeen years of age. We all agreed that Shirley should be the first to have it. Who do you think should have it next time? It is really called the Andrew S. Rowan Cross of Honor and was named in honor of Major Rowan, who carried the famous "Message to Garcia" during the Spanish-American war, thereby becoming a living symbol of Honor and Courage and Obedience.

The Junior Legion has been dreamy-eyed and noble-looking ever since. Marilyn Knowlden and Ann Gillis watered the garden without being told, and Bonita Granville and Ann got out the lawn mower and literally drenched it with sewing-machine oil.

Bonita, in spite of the fact that she plays meanie rôles on the screen, is the most amiable of all the Legionnaires. She has a sweet, quiet disposition and never quarrels over anything. She likes to pour the tea formally and use the "different" teacups.

The "different" teacups are a collection that we've made. Every once in awhile, somebody used to give us an odd teacup and saucer. We have sixteen now, all entirely different. The boys made us a cabinet with glass doors to keep them in. On special occasions, each child is allowed to choose his or her own teacup. Sometimes we close our eyes and choose. Bonita always takes a pale pink one with hand-painted forget-me-nots around the edge, and Bobby Breen chooses one with a pirate on the side because he says it always brings him good fortune when we read the tea leaves.

VIRGINIA WEIDLER, Jane Isbell and I searched the garage again this morning to look for the Ping-pong balls. Virginia and Jane, dressed in play suits, got lots of scratches on their legs and arms from climbing over boxes and crates. I forgot we were going to Columbia Studios in the afternoon, to watch Edith Fellows in some scenes for her new starring picture, and put iodine all over the bumps. Jane and Virginia were sights. The iodine wouldn't come off because I couldn't rub hard enough on account of the scratches. They yelled, "Ouch!" before I even touched them. Virginia said, "Really Marianne, this is almost enough to make a person temperamental!"

Honestly, they looked like something you'd pay to see in a circus. When we got to the studio, Edith laughed so hard she could scarcely go on with her scenes. She was playing the part of a very spoiled child, which she isn't really. She's quiet and likes best to sew and play with dolls. She has a remarkable singing voice. Edith, who lives with her grandmother, a charming lady, goes to school on the Columbia lot.

Once I asked her what she'd like for Christmas. "Books and dolls," she answered promptly. "Dolls because I love them and books because I want to learn nice words. Grandmother says if I cultivate a taste for the best books she'll never have to worry about my education."

I thought of that a long time, little readers, and then I thought of something else. If some writer could be given the right words to write, then the pen *would* be mightier than the sword, and we'd never hear talk of war and hatred among nations. Let's all think about that and hope that some day a writer will be inspired with the right words to write. I wish it might be I.

Next month we're going to tell you about a new contest. Little Billy Lee thought of it all by himself. We'll have more Junior albums for prizes. We hope those of you who won prizes in the last contest liked the albums and we're sorry there isn't space to print your names.

Don't forget, if you'd like a free snapshot of Shirley Temple with the Junior Legion Cross of Honor, just write me a letter enclosing a self-addressed STAMPED envelope and I will mail it to you. The address is Marianne, c/o PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

P. S. If the Junior Legion ever gets the back yard cleaned up I'll tell you about it.

Roundup of Youth

(Continued from page 69)

JON HALL

And now Sam Goldywn plays his trump card. (Wouldn't you know Goldwyn would do it?) For all those cheers, those sighs, those cries by the fair maidens of the land are for young Jon Hall. The man who took the starch out of Taylor and the sex out of Gable. A brown-eyed giant, just six feet two, and weighing 195 pounds.

He was born in San Francisco, but his boyhood was spent on the South Sea Islands. Went to Switzerland and England to school but came back to America to look for a job.

"You should be in movies," was the only answer he ever got. So he went into movies. Goldwyn spotted him and "Hurricane" got him. He has two moles on his chin. No one ever looks at his chin. His hair curls around his ears. No one looks at his ears, either. He has brains as well as brawn. But no one ever thinks of his brains. Sings like a wild man. Goes into "The Goldwyn Follies" next. Destined to be that new discovery of 1938.

LUCILLE BALL

That blonde lovely on the back of the magazine, flaunting a cigarette—was Lucille Ball. Too, too blasé for words. The girl who modeled Carnegie's latest creation in New York for the pleasure of Madame—was Lucille Ball. Too sophisticated for any use whatsoever. The girl who wears a pair of old slacks and rides hell-bent for heaven on a worn-out bicycle around a Hollywood movie lot—is Lucille Ball. As she really is. A tomboy with a showgirl chassis. In costume pictures, directors have to watch her like a hawk. She will wear slacks under hoop skirts and act on the trapeze between scenes.

All her life she's dreamed of being twenty-five. Not twenty-one or thirty-two but twenty-five. So things would happen. Lucille is just twenty-five, and things have happened, including "Stage Door," Ginger Rogers' friendship, and director Al Hall for a beau.

Sam Goldwyn brought Lucille to Hollywood as one of New York's famous models to carry Connie Bennett's train in "The Affairs of Cellini." Lucille also carried two black-and-blue marks where she fell off the camera crane. She won't keep off things. Never has. Born in Butte, Montana, her family moved to New York where Lucille went to school. Lucille moved the family to Hollywood when movies "yoo-hooed" in her direction.

Studied diction under Ginger Rogers' mother, Lela, and gained a rôle in a Little Theater play. Was immediately cast in New York production of "Stage Door"; then RKO decided they needed Lucille for the movie version. Her first real break came in "That Girl From Paris" where Lucille made a hit falling in unladylike sprawls during a comedy dance. She wondered what Hattie would think of her un-Carnegie-like behavior. But didn't care much.

Remains a staunch friend of Katharine Hepburn's despite the storms and strife that beset a friendship with Katie. Honest with herself and others, Lucille can detect a phony two miles away. And thinks nothing of wiping egg off a producer's chin. Right in the commissary. Before people.

Her next movie is "Having Wonderful Time." Lucille always has a wonderful time—even when she sold hot dogs to put herself through school.

Chances to make good as a screen comedian—a good eighty percent. We take off twenty percent for the trapeze swinging.

JOAN FONTAINE

Born in Japan, she never wears a kimona. But adores soft cashmere sweaters in baby blue. Wears sweaters and a one-sided smile nearly all the time. Came to California when just a baby and lived there ever since. Except one year when she went back to school to Japan. Was ill all through childhood—which has driven her completely within herself. She took an intelligence test at Stanford University when she was three years old—was given a grade of 160 (genius rating!). Joan has a heart-shaped face, much smaller than it appears on the screen. Her hair is blonde and straight. Without a wisp of a curl in sight. Doesn't want to be known as the sister of a certain beautiful star.

Loves attic bedrooms with sloped ceilings and always reads when she walks. And vice versa. Sometimes pausing under a tree for a page or two. Has an enormous appetite and light freckles under her left eye. Eyes are hazel-brown. So are freckles.

Ambition burns and eats like a living coal within. Arose every morning at four during the making of "A Damsel in Distress" to practice dancing so Fred Astaire wouldn't need to dance with a double. He didn't.

Started out in life to be an artist. School plays started her off as an actress. A part in "Call It A Day" on a Hollywood stage gained the attention of Jesse Lasky who placed her in pictures. Evincing unusual ability in a bit rôle in "Quality Street" she was cast opposite John Beal in "The Man Who Found Himself." "You Can't Beat Love," was her next; "Music for Madame" her latest. She's so afraid girls won't like her in "A Damsel in Distress" because she turns down Mr. Astaire. She suffers when she thinks of it. Has a terrific inferiority complex and a way of drawing her brows together that's captivating. Loves to cook fancy dishes but wouldn't give a dime a dozen for boys. The play's the thing with Joan.

After each picture drives up to her little home town of Saratoga, California, just to keep her world well-balanced.

Watch For It in PHOTOPLAY

One of the most amazing pieces of fiction ever presented—

IF I HAD WRITTEN THE WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR MURDER CASE

by

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

one of the foremost writers of murder-fiction mysteries

EDWARD NORRIS

Now for M-G-M's gentle-eyed bucking broncho—young Eddie Norris.

From Culver Military Academy, where he learned to ride standing up, Eddie went to Philadelphia and became a reporter, where he learned to eat—standing up. While he was prying behind stage wings for news, the show bug hit him and the Little Theater got him. So did Hollywood, eventually. But not before he washed dishes in restaurants and chauffeured plump women with double chins and Chow-chow puppies.

His brown eyes seldom smile, his face is darkly quiet, but Vesuvius itself has nothing on him for inward seething. His big chance came in Mervyn LeRoy's "They Won't Forget." He was featured also in "Between Two Women."

He's married to Ann Sheridan, owns an old Mexican adobe ranch house out in the Valley, made his own swimming pool, even to mixing the cement. Eddie doesn't have to work. Eddie's papa left him money. Wants to be the steady-going, Jack Holt type of actor. His chances to outlast Taylor—ten to one is our guess.

GLORIA DICKSON

Warner's prize winner in the round-up is that throaty-voiced Gloria Dickson who made her initial screen appearance in "They Won't Forget." Hollywood hasn't been able to forget since.

From an understanding father who died when Gloria was ten she inherited ideas; and the courage and background for progress. It cost two pins to see Gloria perform "Dot the Miner's Daughter" or "One Glass of Wine" in the back yard of her Idaho home. It will cost us much more when Gloria really gets going. She had to be yanked out of the cast of "Submarine D-1" because her startling dramatic performance made some of the others look like ingenues.

Came to movies through Little Theater work in Los Angeles. Moved to Long Beach with her mother after her father's death. Then she studied with dramatic coaches. In trying to forget she once gave recitations with gestures and music (heaven help us!) over the radio. Feels acting is but a symbolism of life and that an actress should never become a thing apart from that bit of life she plays.

Knits sweaters, paints rather well, loves to carve wood, and models in clay. It's well to use one's hands as well as one's mind, Gloria claims. Seems much taller on the screen than she really is. Has natural blonde hair; blue eyes; is twenty years old; isn't pretty; calm always, even when acting. Especially when acting, as a matter of fact. Chances for success—a good A plus.

TOM BECK

That soft-voiced, brown-eyed young man out at Twentieth Century-Fox is Tom Beck. Tom pranced into Hollywood with a degree from Johns Hopkins University (as an engineer, not a doctor), a contract with Fox and little else but a swell signet ring and a don't-shove-me-around attitude. He was immediately shoved around. No one met him on his arrival in Los Angeles or knew who he was at the studio—or cared. On top of that it kept raining all the time. For a year and a half







Darling:

I have already written a book called *No More Alibis*. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of oversensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what Mama has to tell you.

That Magic Touch

My new book *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains hundreds of simple ways to develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you.

You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. But for heaven's sake don't think you can radiate personality by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frills or mannerisms. And if you are laboring under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals who in a blundering, self-conscious manner shrivel up into knots when in the company of strangers, Mama's got plenty of tips for you. Your trouble is that you never give yourself a chance to express your true personality. Yes, it's there, baby—you've got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you will only use them. If you wish to acquire self-assurance, poise and charm, get my new book—read it from cover to cover and you'll have all the secrets I've gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Madame Sylvia

The price of *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* is only $1.00 postpaid. At all booksellers or mail coupon below TODAY.

P. S. If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains *all* the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Macfadden Book Company,
Dept. P-1, 205 East 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, Madame Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* I enclose $1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if you are also enclosing $1.00 for a copy of *No More Alibis* by Sylvia of Hollywood.

producers forced him to play extras, usually with a cold in his head. He emerged from this obscurity by way of Charlie Chan pictures.

Tom is a gentle-spoken product of the Little Theater back East who thinks a Hollywood actor should be a combination businessman and actor, with leanings to the artistic side. Even knocked one producer for a loop by turning down a part with the words, "No thanks, I look like hell in a costume."

His mind is quick; his intelligence rates a good ninety-five percent (five percent off for being an actor); his chances a fair seventy-five percent. He feels he has this to offer—intelligence, with both an intuitive and practical knowledge of good acting.

One of the best-read lads in town, his brown eyes glow at the mention of books. Lives with his sister at Hermosa Beach, wears white suits beautifully, does the night clubs seldom, girly-girls around a bit and drinks but little. But when he does his sister astounds him by snorting "You drunkard."

His latest picture, "Heidi," with—guess who—Shirley Temple.

HENRY DANIELL

A dark horse, but what a honey, is M-G-M's Henry Daniell. Henry is a poker-faced misanthrope. Like all "against-most-everything" people, he's delightful. His face is like a winter day. Late in January. His smile a quick, stingy peep of sun. Gone before it really warms. He's funny without trying to be.

Hollywood and interviewers upset him. Claims interviewers always brand him as the man who loathes marmalade, when he doesn't loathe it at all. Or, darn it all, when he doesn't even give marmalade so much as a thought. Which should give you some idea of Henry.

He's against Hollywood in part. And its climate. Declares he gets even too lazy here to resent black widow spiders, movie producers, or anything, for that matter. Can't understand why Hollywood insists upon his playing heavies. On New York and London stages he's known as the smoothest farceur of his kind. His kind is scarce. Even Garbo screamed at one of his M-G-M comedy tests. And immediately chose him as the sour-puss count in "Camille."

In a way, Daniell is a mystery man. Even his own studio knows that. He's a writer of note, but writes under another name. And no one knows what it is. Knows his Bible like nobody's business, which is also mysteriously confusing to M-G-M.

Has fewer friends here than in his native England, and has practically none in England. Never gives a tuppence which side wins any game. Is married to an Englishwoman. Never goes anywhere. Just to bed around nine. Quietly tells people on sets how the scenes should be played. They're played Henry's way. Latest picture is "Madame X." When and if Hollywood discovers Henry's brittle sophisticated sense of humor we predict a Henry Daniell landslide.

ANDREA LEEDS

To Sam Goldwyn's smart round-up entry, Miss Andrea Leeds, belongs the most luscious pair of brown eyes in Hollywood. But she's more famous as the girl who, after her first picture, "Come and Get It," refused a certain rôle in Goldwyn's next. Was Goldwyn mad! And Andrea determined! And did she get slapped down! However, she's back in the Goldwyn studio after a grand part in RKO's "Stage Door," and maybe, mind you, Gary Cooper's new screen sweetie will be brown-eyed Andrea.

Andrea Leeds is still another argument that screen starlets are well-bred, intelligent, talented young women, who are seeking, not cheap glamour and easy money, but a career.

Her life has been like a movie. Kidnap threats by remnants of Pancho Villa's wandering bandits drove her to Hollywood. This is how it happened: Her father was a mining engineer in old Mexico. They lived ninety-five miles from the nearest town. Her girlhood was spent riding over Mexican plains, running from bandits who, despite movie versions of the type, smelled badly and had no more romantic appeal than a piece of garlic. Then came the kidnap threats that sent her to California, where she graduated from U. C. L. A. A talent scout spotted her in a college play and Howard Hawks signed her. Sam Goldwyn bought her contract from Hawks.

Andrea is an only child and lives with her family, who have moved to California. Is one of the smartest dressed girls in Hollywood. Wears a black cross about her neck. Writes poetry, loves poetic prose, swims, rides, plays slot machines and feels she's overpaid.

Is more beautiful off screen than on. Has three dogs and a cat that live peaceable together. Loves to try out fancy recipes and is really a whiz of a spaghetti cooker. She has courage and feels she can handle any part the studio gives her. Wants to marry in five years. Her parents' beautiful marriage has given her hope. Star material if ever we spotted it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1937.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Waterbury, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner Macfadden Publications, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc . Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St . New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, New Jersey.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only)

(Signed) RUTH WATERBURY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1937.

(SEAL)

SELMA STEUR,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
Commission expires March 31st, 1940.

PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 56 and 57 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 67 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop please mention PHOTOPLAY.

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION CLUB STYLES

ALABAMA
Burger Phillips Co. ..... Birmingham
Dunnavant's ..... Huntsville
Reiss Bros. ..... Mobile
A. Nachman ..... Montgomery
Marble City D. G. Co. ..... Sylaconga

ARIZONA
The Vogue ..... Phoenix
Gertrude Rubin Shop ..... Tucson

ARKANSAS
Morris & Co. ..... El Dorado
Boston Store ..... Fort Smith
Nossek's ..... Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
Malcolm Brock Co. ..... Bakersfield
Rubaloff's ..... Hollywood

COLORADO
Morton's ..... Denver
H. Moses & Son ..... Trinidad

CONNECTICUT
Weil's ..... Meriden
Lynch Shop ..... Norwalk
M. Moltasch & Sons, Inc. ..... Stamford
Freedman's, Inc. ..... Waterbury

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop ..... Washington

FLORIDA
Kitty Pope ..... Daytona Beach
Blocker's ..... Ocala
Bon Marche ..... Pensacola
The Vogue, Inc. ..... Tallahassee
Kominer's ..... West Palm Beach

GEORGIA
Goldberg's ..... Augusta
Kiralfy's ..... Columbus
Mayson's ..... Macon
The Marjen Shop ..... Savannah
E. C. Oliver Co. ..... Statesboro

IDAHO
Davids ..... Moscow
Morrow Retail Store ..... Wallace

ILLINOIS
Lietz & Grometer ..... Aurora
A. Livingston & Sons ..... Bloomington
Dress Well Shops ..... Charleston
Newman's ..... Decatur
Ducker's ..... Joliet
New York Store ..... Moline
Marcey's, Inc. ..... Oak Park
Klein's ..... Peoria
Newman's ..... Waukegan
Fashion Shop ..... West Frankfort

INDIANA
Freund's (Morton Roth, Inc.) ..... Anderson
Schultz's ..... Evansville
Frank's ..... Fort Wayne
Hillman's ..... Indianapolis
Wolf's Apparel Shop ..... Kokomo
The Hat Box ..... Marion
Russell H. Kramer ..... Michigan City
Ellsworth's ..... South Bend
Silver Specialty Shop ..... Terre Haute

IOWA
Newman Merc. Co. ..... Cedar Rapids
Abrahams ..... Davenport
Newman's Cloak Co. ..... Des Moines

KANSAS
Newman's ..... Pittsburgh
Allen W. Hinkel Co. ..... Wichita

KENTUCKY
The Parsons-Faulkner Co. ..... Ashland
Stella Schneider ..... Fort Thomas
Boston Store ..... Hazard
Mitchell Baker Smith Co. ..... Lexington
Wolfson's ..... Paducah

LOUISIANA
New Palais Royal ..... Lake Charles
Bella Scherck Davidson ..... Monroe
Raye's Ready to Wear ..... Shreveport

MAINE
Miriam Wardwell Shop ..... Bangor
J. Unobsky ..... Calais
The Hat & Frock Shoppe ..... Lewiston

MARYLAND
Scher's ..... Pocomoke City
R. E. Powell Co. ..... Salisbury

MASSACHUSETTS
Maurice Gordon ..... Boston
Touraine Glove Corp. ..... Boston
Sheehan Shop ..... Holyoke
Katherine C. Mack ..... Lowell
Imperial Shops ..... North Adams
Madame Fillion ..... Pittsfield

MICHIGAN
The Style Shop ..... Lansing
Arthur's ..... Pontiac
Winkelman's ..... Port Huron

MINNESOTA
M. C. Albenberg ..... Duluth
Newman's ..... St. Paul

MISSISSIPPI
Fine Bros.-Matison Co. ..... Laurel
Marks-Rothenberg ..... Meridian
L. Small ..... Winona

MISSOURI
Suzanne's ..... Columbia

MONTANA
Braten's ..... Bozeman
Ed. Marans ..... Butte
The Paris Fligman Co. ..... Great Falls
Haines Style Shop ..... Missoula

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Mellry, Inc. ..... Manchester

NEW MEXICO
Borenstein Bros. ..... Silver City

NEW JERSEY
Joseph Elfman ..... Atlantic City
Ada Shop ..... East Orange
Joyce Shop ..... Elizabeth
M. Epstein ..... Morristown
Nathan's ..... New Brunswick
Belle's Fashion Shop ..... Passaic
Mikola's ..... Paterson
Town & Country Shop ..... Red Bank
Jenny Banta ..... Ridgewood

NEW YORK
John G. Myers ..... Albany
Kalet's ..... Auburn
Sisson Bros. Weldon Co. ..... Binghamton
Alice R. Farrell ..... Canandaigua
E. Hazel Murphy ..... Elmira
Merkel & Gelman ..... Glens Falls
L. C. Suit & Coat Co. ..... Hornell
Mary B. Cole ..... Hudson
H. Karch ..... Ithaca
LaMode ..... Jamestown
Hall's Fashion Shop ..... Lockport
Nathan Frank's ..... Ogdensburg
Lynch Robertson ..... Penn Yan
Mantell & Martin ..... Port Chester
Boekel Shop ..... Poughkeepsie
Kroll's ..... Rochester
Imperial Cloak Co. ..... Schenectady
Doyle Knower ..... Utica
The Mabel Bentley Shoppe ..... Watertown

NORTH CAROLINA
B. Sellers & Sons ..... Burlington
Efird's Dept. Store ..... Charlotte
C. Hober Forbes ..... Greenville
Lizzie Gooch ..... High Point
E. J. Ellisberg ..... Raleigh
Rosenbloom-Levy ..... Rocky Mount
Dona-Ana ..... Salisbury
Mrs. Hayes Shop ..... Southern Pines
Rosenbaum's ..... Tarboro
Belk Williams Co. ..... Wilmington
Arcade Fashion Shop ..... Winston-Salem

OHIO
Shaw Rogers Company ..... Akron
Spring Holzworth ..... Alliance
Davis & Co. ..... Cambridge
Lepof's ..... Cincinnati
Lillian's ..... Cincinnati
C. Zimmerman ..... Cleveland
Field's (Spaier's Inc.) ..... Dayton
Mayer's, Inc. ..... Hamilton
Betty Lawlor Shop ..... Lakewood
The Leader ..... Lima
The Hub ..... Steubenville
Rucklos Shop ..... Van Wert
House of Fashion ..... Warren
Abrahams ..... Youngstown

OKLAHOMA
Baum's ..... Ardmore
Eagle Merc. Co. ..... Chickasha
Newman Merc. Co. ..... Enid
The Vogue ..... Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA
Dorothy Winter ..... Bala-Cynwood
Edrie McKee Shop ..... Beaver Falls
Barton's Fashion Shop ..... Bedford
Judy Miller Shop ..... Danville
Mrs. Raphael Morris ..... Greensburg
Martin's ..... Johnstown
Cox's ..... McKeesport
F. C. Menapace ..... Mount Carmel
Elizabeth Jones ..... Olyphant
Scranton D. G. Co. ..... Scranton
Arthur Lewis Stores, Inc. ..... Sharon
Polly Jane Shop ..... Somerset
Schlow's Quality Shop ..... State College
Rosenblum's ..... Sunbury
Rosenbaum's ..... Uniontown
E. L. Stein ..... Warren
Brozman's ..... Williamsport
Paris Corset Shop ..... Wilkes-Barre
Gilman's ..... Reading

RHODE ISLAND
Lee's Dress Shop ..... Providence
The Misses Frank ..... Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
Hat & Gown Shop ..... Charleston
May Bond Simpson ..... Columbia
Hendrickson's ..... Darlington
Furchgott's ..... Florence
Rasor & Clardy ..... Mullins
Aug. W. Smith ..... Spartanburg

TENNESSEE
Miller's ..... Knoxville
Goldstein's ..... Murfreesboro

TEXAS
Ernest Grissom's ..... Abilene
Regent's ..... Amarillo
Goodfriend's Spec. Shop ..... Austin
Wendel's, Inc. ..... Dallas
Monnig D. G. Co. ..... Fort Worth
Marks Bros. ..... Sherman
The Mayfair Shop ..... San Antonio

UTAH
The Nadine ..... Ogden
Collin's, Inc. ..... Salt Lake City

VERMONT
W. G. Reynolds ..... Burlington
Chas. Sterns ..... Rutland

VIRGINIA
L. Herman ..... Danville
Jos. Ney & Sons Co. ..... Harrisonburg
Ames & Brownley ..... Norfolk
The Smart Shop ..... Norton
Pocahontas Colliery Shop ..... Pocahontas
Natalie Shoppe ..... Roanoke
Helen's Dress Shop ..... Wytheville

WASHINGTON
Delman's ..... Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA
Rahall's ..... Beckley
Jolliffe's Store of Shops ..... Grafton
Smart Shop ..... Huntington
Yarid's Spec. Shop ..... Lewisburg
The Floradora Shoppe ..... Morgantown
Nobby's ..... Williamson

WISCONSIN
Cinderella Frocks ..... Madison
Milwaukee Cloak & Suit Co. ..... Milwaukee

HAWAII
Curtis Co. ..... Honolulu

PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

ALABAMA
A. Nachman ..... Montgomery

CALIFORNIA
May Company ..... Los Angeles
Hale Bros. ..... Sacramento
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. ..... San Francisco

CONNECTICUT
Fashion Millinery ..... Bridgeport
Sage Allen ..... Hartford
C. O. Miller ..... Stamford

DIST. OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop ..... Washington

FLORIDA
Rutland Bros. ..... St. Petersburg

GEORGIA
Davison Paxon ..... Atlanta
Maysons ..... Macon
Leopold Adler ..... Savannah

ILLINOIS
Dress Well Shop ..... Charleston
Carson Pirie Scott & Co. ..... Chicago
C. B. Blakely ..... La Salle
Clarke & Co. ..... Peoria
The New Worthams ..... Rockford

INDIANA
Palais Royal ..... Lafayette

IOWA
M. L. Parker Co. ..... Davenport
Younker Bros. ..... Des Moines

KANSAS
The Vogue ..... Ft. Scott
The United Milly Co. ..... Wichita

KENTUCKY
B. B. Smith & Co. ..... Lexington
Brinckerhoff, Inc. ..... Louisville

LOUISIANA
New Palais Royal ..... Lake Charles
D. H. Holmes ..... New Orleans
Abdalla's ..... Opelousas

MARYLAND
Hutzler Bros. ..... Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
Grover Cronin, Inc. ..... Waltham

MICHIGAN
J. L. Hudson ..... Detroit
Siegel's ..... Grand Rapids

MISSISSIPPI
R. E. Kennington ..... Jackson

MISSOURI
Stix Baer & Fuller & Co. ..... St. Louis

MONTANA
Hennessy Co. ..... Butte

NEBRASKA
Thom. Kilpatrick Co. ..... Omaha

NEW JERSEY
L. Bamberger & Co. ..... Newark
Lillian Charm, Inc. ..... Trenton

NEW YORK
Fowler, Dick & Walker Co. ..... Binghamton
Abraham & Straus, Inc. ..... Brooklyn
F. Stern, Inc. ..... Newburgh
R. H. Macy & Co. ..... New York City
Boeckel Shop ..... Poughkeepsie
Hollywood Milliners ..... Troy
Pierre Campbell ..... Yonkers

NORTH CAROLINA
Teachey Womble ..... Raleigh

OHIO
Robinson-Schwenn Co. ..... Hamilton
The John Ross Co. ..... Middletown
Edward Wren Co. ..... Springfield
The Hub ..... Steubenville
Lamson Brothers ..... Toledo
Livingston's ..... Youngstown

OREGON
Chas. F. Berg Co. ..... Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Sachs ..... Braddock
Leonardsons ..... Du Bois
Bowman & Co. ..... Harrisburg
Gimbel Brothers ..... Philadelphia
Gimbel Brothers ..... Pittsburgh
Scranton D. G. Co. ..... Scranton
Leonard's ..... Uniontown

TENNESSEE
Morgan-Verhine ..... Union City

TEXAS
Volk Bros. ..... Dallas
Sakowitz Bros ..... Houston

VIRGINIA
Capin Hats ..... Norfolk
Jonas Shoppe ..... Richmond

WASHINGTON
Alexander's ..... Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA
The Diamond, Inc. ..... Charleston
The Floradora Shop ..... Morgantown

WISCONSIN
Gimbel Brothers ..... Milwaukee

CANADA
Hudson Bay Co. ..... Calgary, Alberta
Hudson Bay Co. ..... Winnipeg, Manitoba

Hollywood's Not-So-Ancient Mariners

(Continued from page 17)

turns to the subject of yachting.

It's really quite a sight to see one of the newly-rich subway cowboys, or even just a cowboy for that matter, putting off in the club tender for his boat. *His* boat, mind you! He's the Master. He comes down to the float nattily attired in studio photographers, peaked cap, whites and pea jacket, with the smell of salt still in his hair from his morning sitz bath.

All he knows, or wants to know, about a boat is how many she'll sleep. To him a boat is like a floating crap game—a party in a new place every night. I rather imagine it is identified to the latent male with the sea only when a charming lady or two happens to be along to admire his masculine stoicism when the boat ships a sea.

Perhaps I'm a little touchy on the subject of overdressed dry-land seamen with more money than courage, but I've had to make my living from the sea and, believe me, she's no lightweight mistress to work for. That was before I began to learn about pleasure yachting, Hollywood version.

That was in the days of the *Sirocco*, not the *Cheerio II*. The *Cheerio II* is the loveliest yawl you'll ever come across—fast, graceful, and tender. She has quite a bit of freeboard, but when she starts running, close-reefed, with rails under—well, she's marvelous! I've wanted to own a boat like that ever since the days when I used to sail small cargo ships of my own in the Southern Seas. I did have some grand serviceable, commercial boats—the *Maski*, for instance, God bless her!—but they were all of a different breed. Steady, good-natured, almost maternal. I left the *Maski* draped shamelessly over a coral bar off the New Guinea coast. Beaten, bedraggled, hopelessly stove-in, she waggled her masts at me in farewell, for all the world like a drunken old harridan ordering another "Gin-and-It."

BUT Hollywood sailing is another game entirely—a game, not a vocation. It's a lot of fun, too, and a lot of laughs if you can keep your sense of humor up.

Nearly all the Hollywood fleet have Oley Olsens on board to do their sailing for them . . . and nearly all the Oley Olsens are quaint old gentlemen who have a nodding acquaintance with the sea and a line of salty dialect that would make a Maine fisherman think he was in a foreign country. I think most of them come from Central Casting, but for some arcane reason, these gentlemen all say they have been skippers of ocean liners and have just mislaid their papers.

In their gnarled old hands is placed the fate of the fleet's newest mariner. But the responsibility doesn't weigh heavily on them. They know that the new owner will never want to go much farther than Catalina, anyway. And, too, they have found out that they can ride the devil out of Hollywood people and make them like it, on the theory that the more the owner is put in his place, the greater will be his respect for his Oley.

There is a grand legend told around the harbor about Mike Boylan and his Oley. Mike had just taken delivery on his boat and planned to leave San Pedro at noon for a week end's fishing off Catalina. They got under weigh shortly after five. This particular Oley Olsen seemed to have great difficulty in starting the auxiliary—so much so that Mike finally did it for him. Then, clear of the breakwater, they had a worse time upping sail. By the time the mainsail was up and the jib made fast, it was quite dark. But that didn't bother Oley. He'd raise the Island by dead reckoning, no fear. Four hours, maybe six; depended on currents and winds.

Somewhere around two in the morning Boylan began to have his doubts. There wasn't a light anywhere. He questioned Oley rather harshly. Oley was hurt. After all, didn't Mr. Boylan have faith in him? One thing led to another and relations became strained. Just then they raised some lights off to starboard and Oley began to crow. There was Avalon, right on the nose!

Mike was humbled. He begged Oley's pardon. They had a drink and turned in as soon as they'd dropped anchor. When Mike got up there was no Oley in sight. He'd disappeared. When Mike turned shorewards, he understood why. They were snugly under the lee of the San Pedro breakwater—after seven hours' cruise in a circle!

A TYPICAL week-end map of the Southern California coast line would drive my old pals in the islands mad with the sight of beautiful women, luxurious craft and bad seamanship. But, good or bad, it's fun, so what difference does it make? Dotting the coves and bays from Santa Cruz Island on the north to the Todos Santos group off Ensenada, Mexico, you will see enough actors floating in brine and Scotch to stock a dozen studios. And that's not all you'll find.

I was coming down the Santa Barbara channel not long ago, minding my own business and at peace with the world, when I heard the approaching roar of a high-powered speedboat. She quickly overhauled us and cut by to port much closer than she need be. I cussed out the girl and two men aboard her fluently as her deep wake set the *Cheerio* to rolling heavily and I heard the rattle of crockery from below.

In a few minutes the motor of the speedboat ahead began to sputter and pop, then die out entirely. Half a mile ahead she lay wallowing in the trough with signs of considerable confusion. As the *Cheerio* loafed along in the light following breeze, the skipper came aft. Did I want to put over? The people on the powerboat seemed to be in difficulties, were signaling for assistance. Personally, I felt that it served them right, but the first law of the sea is never to pass a boat in distress.

Grumbling to myself, I put her over. We dropped the mainsail and came alongside with just the jib for steerageway. One look at the passengers convinced me that any three people as serene as they were, powerless in a running sea, must be either insane of incredibly stupid. One chap hailed us, wanted the loan of a monkey wrench. The Skipper heaved him a line and dis-

ENSENADA

The Land of Tamales and Tequilla

by ERROL FLYNN

Our Young Man About Hollywood

Go adventurous with the Powells, Grace Moore and a host of other picture stars in their trek across the border in search of new and picturesque vacation thrills

In FEBRUARY **PHOTOPLAY**

gustedly went below for the tools.

At that moment the girl jumped nimbly aboard the *Cheerio,* whipped out an autograph book and, before I had time to realize what had happened, had my autograph and was over the side again. Laughing boisterously at their little joke, they cast off, kicked the motor into a roar and were gone as the skipper perspired up from the forepeak with the wrench. Our comments as we hoisted the mainsail again and got laboriously under weigh do not belong in the hallowed pages of PHOTOPLAY.

FARTHER south we raised Catalina and through the binoculars spotted a pair of boats that made the Honolulu race last year. Tom Reed, the M-G-M writer-producer, master of the *Paisano,* and director John Ford, aboard his hundred and ten foot ketch, the *Araner,* were racing around Catalina Island—which is a good day's sail for any man. At the isthmus we found Jimmy Cagney entertaining a gang on the *Martha.* Jimmy admits he's no seaman, never raises a sail on the *Martha* and gets deathly ill in the slightest swell. But, paradoxically, he loves the *Martha* and spends his spare time aboard.

However, he hasn't fallen to the level of producer Harry Cohn of Columbia, The Gem of the Breakwater. Cohn owns a luxurious cruiser that he keeps permanently moored in the yacht basin with complete telephone connections to the shore. Never takes it out, but will tell you that yachting is his favorite recreation and pastime.

You'll hear loads of legend and folklore about this basinful of Hollywood seaman. You'll hear about Preston Foster trying to bag a whale with a rifle off Catalina and how the annoyed mammal then set about the serious business of turning the *Zoa III* into the *Zoa IV* and the race Foster had to make harbor; you'll hear about the time Dick Arlen took Gary Cooper and Jack Oakie for a fishing trip on the *Joby R.* and Oakie arrived dressed in what might be *Esquire's* idea of a Patagonian Rear Admiral's Coronation uniform and how the two enraged, dungareed players dumped him overside and towed him around the harbor; you'll hear how Jack Moss, Gary's three-hundred-pound manager fell in after a yellowtail and, despite his indignant denials, had to be hauled back aboard with the power winch.

You'll hear how Chaplin's skipper spends half his time in search of quiet coves in which to drop anchor for days at a time while Paulette and the owner are resting with their pals; and you'll hear how Barrymore's *Infanta* got lost in a fog and followed the riding lights of a tugboat halfway to San Francisco one night under the impression that the light was the beacon at the Isthmus; you'll hear of the game of tag played in the harbor between a drunken Japanese fisherman, Ronald Colman's *Dragoon* and Spence Tracy's ketch, the *Carrie B.* when the fisherman, full of saki and the joy of a newborn son, tried to ram first the *Dragoon* and then the *Carrie B.* and so on—just as a gag for over an hour while the players had to indulge in fast maneuverings to save their vessels. Yes, you'll hear loads of legends around the Santa Monica Yacht Basin—and lots more that couldn't be printed, besides.

FARTHER south, toward the marlin waters of the Islas Coronados, is still another anchorage in the lee of the aristocratic old Hotel del Coronado, but there is an anchorage of seamen not Hollywoodians. Matter of fact, the Hollywood crowd is none too welcome down there unless they've come for sport fishing instead of the usual week-end binge on the bounding main. It's a lovely little spot and I, for one, get quite a lift out of threading my way through the armada of Navy ships moored in the roadstead.

It was an early dawn like that when I was putting out for the Coronadas recently with Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, and Lili.

Dolores and Damita weren't being fashion plates that dawn; they were in ducks and had decided to go barefooted as long as Cedric and I did. I must admit they looked a bit odd with the red nail polish on their seamanly bare feet, but we were really having fun and looking forward to dinner in a cove I knew on Santa Magdalena Island.

On the way down, in addition to plenty of yellowtail, we caught a hundred and ninety-eight pounder, using live flying fish for bait. While the skipper started dishing up the dinner of yellowtail, we took a quick dip in the cove, got into the speedboat and ran across the Bay to buy some Mexican wine from the San Tomas vineyards.

THAT was very nearly the last time the skipper saw any of us. We started up the main street in our swimming trunks and were immediately surrounded by a wildly gesticulating crowd of khaki-clad *soldados* who seemed to be very angry about something and were moving us off in the general direction of the bastille. Neither Cedric nor I was quite sure what to do about it as we didn't feel like tying into the whole Mexican army at that point, especially with our wives in the party.

Of course, in the stress and strain we had both forgotten that Dolores, as well as being a beautiful girl, happens to have been the reigning beauty of Mexico. She waited calmly while we men tried to assert ourselves and find out the meaning of this outrage. Then she quietly spoke a word or two to the sergeant who instantly became all smiles, bows and fluent cordiality and started leading us in the opposite direction. On the way down the street she whispered to me that we had been under arrest for appearing on the public streets of a Sunday insufficiently clad, but that she had saved the day by telling him that our clothes had blown overboard while we were swimming and that we had come to town to re-outfit.

Fifteen minutes later we were hurrying out of town feeling extremely conspicuous in four ill-assorted bathrobes that looked and smelled faintly like secondhand horse blankets. We also had the wine and the best wishes of the policeman — whose brother, strangely enough, ran the town clothing store!

"Hi, Georgie"

(Continued from page 21)

"I don't know whether or not to go through with it. What do I want with a house, now that Mom isn't here?"

He thinks a minute.

"I guess I'd like to travel—go places. Maybe I don't want to be tied down."

He paces restlessly.

"Why the devil don't they give me a picture?" he asks. "Why don't they lay me off? I don't like dough I don't earn."

He reaches over to the desk in his dressing room, picks up a photograph of his mother in an attractive metal frame about five inches by six inches in size. The face is tinted in lifelike colors.

"Why aren't there more guys like the one who did this?" he demands.

The story reveals the sentimental side of the man whom millions know only as a hard-boiled man of the world. On his return from New York he found the picture on his desk. Joe Kaplan, wardrobe man, had read of his mother's death. He had found a very small picture, had had it enlarged and framed, had put it on the desk for George to see.

George might have found a five-figure salary check waiting there. But the picture means much more to him.

GEORGE RAFT is the second of eleven children born to Conrad and Eva Glockner Ranft. On his maternal side he takes no great pride in his family, has had the disadvantage of unfamiliarity. His maternal grandfather and grandmother are vague figures. The family was Italian.

On his paternal side, George has more data, more words of praise. Fascinated is he by tales of grandfather Christopher Ranft, seeker after gold in California's days of '49, the man who brought the first merry-go-round from Germany to America, owner of apartment houses and of concessions in amusement parks.

Christopher Ranft had three sons, Conrad, Fred and Charles.

"I was born to hard work," George says today. "My grandfather set an example for his sons by working from eight o'clock in the morning to one o'clock the next," he recalls. "I remember that he owned a ferris wheel, merry-go-round, swings and a café at an amusement park at Fort George.

"My father was superintendent of the John Wanamaker warehouse, working from eight in the morning until six or later at night. He came home for a quick supper, went to the park and worked until one the next morning.

"My father was German and stubborn, passing that streak on to me. When he quit Wanamaker's, after twenty-seven years, he went the way I like to see a man go. When the higher-ups told him he'd have to fire oldsters who'd started with him, who'd given their lives to the store, he replied:

" 'You fire 'em. I'll walk out before I will.'

"He walked. He was faithful to the men who had been faithful to him."

When George was eight years old and had not as yet seen the inside of a school, his family moved to an apartment house at 501 West 166th Street which grandfather Ranft owned and which housed the various Ranft households. George got two dollars for after-school deliveries, first went to St. Catherine's, at 152nd Street and Amsterdam Avenue, later to Public School 169 at 168th Street and Audubon Avenue. He fitted into this picture until he was fourteen, when he left home for two unusual reasons. The first reveals his inherent thoughtfulness.

"There were ten kids, all to die later," George says. "They were taken so fast by illness, accidents—one was killed by an automobile and another by a freight train—that I never really got to know them. Mom worked like the devil. The kids demanded every minute of her life, took most of the dough my father made. I figured Dad and Mom had enough to worry them without me, the oldest except for my sister, Katherine. So I shoved off."

The second reason was that George, although he liked to learn, didn't like the kids at the public school. He proved an apt pupil and was jumped from 4-a to 6-b.

"There were too many wise guys," George says. "They rode me because I was small, because I'd skipped a year. Called me a sissy. One fellow cracked once too many. He was bigger than I, but I let him have it with both hands right in the classroom. He went backward, his head slapped a desk, and he passed out. I stuck around to see that the damage wasn't serious, and then lit out."

He went home, told his mother he was leaving both school and home. Mom told George she loved him and that she didn't want him to go.

"I just said that I thought if I left the groceries would go farther," he says.

"MY first idea was to be a fight champion. However, I decided that that and everything else would have to wait while I saw the world. I had a friend, Frank Muro, a little older than I was, who'd been around, and who told me about going places."

Frank's exciting tales of boxcar adventures thrilled George.

"We hopped a freight in the yards and wound up in Cleveland," he says. "We did any kind of work in a lot of towns, coming and going. This made me decide that the next time I traveled I'd go first class. I didn't like the dirt. Mom and her house were neat and clean, and she always made me shine my shoes, comb my hair, wear a clean shirt and tie."

Back in New York again, George got a full-time job delivering groceries, which paid him ten dollars a week. A hall bedroom took quite a slice of this.

"The groceryman figured deliveries were only part of my job," George relates. "At five o'clock in the morning he took me with him to Harlem to buy stock. Back at the store about seven, we went into the basement and slept on potato sacks until time to open. Seven was quitting time except Saturdays, when we worked through till eleven."

George, self-imposed exile, didn't forget his family. In the course of his deliveries he went by the apartment, left a sack of potatoes, bunches of carrots, other vegetables. Sometimes he stayed for lunch or for dinner and always his mother pleaded:

"Georgie, come back with us."

"No, Mom. I'll make it on my own."

The reunion was postponed again and again down through the years. Until one night he waited for a doctor who walked from a room and said:

"Your mother is dead."

At fifteen George found the dance halls beckoning. The music got into his blood, put his feet in motion, even after the eleven o'clock Saturday night closing. Sleek, pomaded, dapper, you could find him at the Central Casino, the Manhattan Casino, other places, letting rhythm soak into his tired muscles, watching, dancing, watching. Music today gives George a kick, a lift. He has never taken a drink in his life—but swing band tunes intoxicate him.

"I got the idea that if I could be a good dancer, I could get people knowing me," he recalls. "I figured it would make me somebody."

He was a "natural." The years moved on, and George attracted attention with his footwork. The spotlight rested on him now and then. Daytimes, George held a lot of jobs, nonsatisfying, all a means to an end, all hard work. Electrician's helper. Delivery boy. Clerk. Then, with a pal, Johnny Sinque, he carried lumber off the Harlem barges into the yards.

He and Johnny and the others clowned, boxed. George was good, and one ambition became two. George felt ready to try the ring.

"I'm going to get me some fights," he told Johnny.

HE started his professional career at eighteen. Down through the years has come a conjured picture of George fighting main events at Madison Square Garden. George fought twenty-two bouts in two years. He battled only at the small neighborhood clubs, the New Polo, the Olympic, the Morningside and the Fairmont.

"At first I got five dollars," George admits. "Fighting was a spare time proposition. My top was seventy-five dollars. I won my first four starts and thought I was going places. Then I got slapped around a few times and I changed my mind. I hung up my gloves after my seventh knockout. I did this because I couldn't see the pay-off. And I wanted to be tops or nothing. Today I'm glad I quit before I got slap-happy. I look around me at some of the stumblebums who have stuck it out, and I see I was smart to quit when I did."

Realizing that he would be no Bob Fitzsimmons, no Benny Leonard, no Mickey Walker, he looked for another path to glory. He had played sand lot baseball. He had visions of being another Ty Cobb. With him, to think is to act. He talked himself into a try out with the Springfield, Massachusetts team of the Eastern League.

"I soon saw that I couldn't get on the regular roster because I wasn't good enough. There's a story that I played for two seasons. That's bunk. I was smart again. I pulled out before I'd wasted too much time."

George drifted to one job and then to another. Ten dollars a week grew to fifteen, to twenty, to twenty-five, and the last figure was amplified by his ring earnings. He went out with, danced with a lot of girls. But, he says, he didn't fall in love with any.

He was, in fact, deeply discontented. He couldn't figure he was getting anywhere at all. He felt alone in the world. The fear of failure haunted him. So he did a typical thing—gave up fighting, started looking for a new career.

Today in Hollywood, George Raft is a wraithlike figure who is never seen in night clubs, whose name has never been linked to any woman's in Hollywood—but one. Hollywood does not know the reason for the mystery that surrounds him. It is for Edward Churchill to tell that secret in February PHOTOPLAY.



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT

CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.



"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP



New "Betty K" SANITARY BELT

Absolute Security GUARANTEED

New Snappie Fasteners can't slip or pull loose. Offer the utmost in comfort, convenience and confidence. No bulge or twist. Invisible, Secure. All sizes.

25c AT LEADING STORES

Ask for Betty K Belt with Snappie Fasteners. If unable to obtain locally send 25c and dealer's name. Give size. Belt sent to you prepaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PARAMOUNT CO.
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW

Stay at the hotel of famous stage and screen stars...where good food...and sensible prices meet.

Home of: Restaurant de la Paix;
Cafe de la Paix;
Around the World Bar;
Rumpelmayer's

SINGLE from 3.50...DOUBLE from 5.00
SUITES from 8.00

ST. MORITZ
On-the-Park
50 Central Park So., New York
Personal direction: S. Gregory Taylor

Payboy of the Western World

(Continued from page 61)

hair and an ear-yanking grin came in to file his daily piece for the papers. Will Rogers liked to kick around with the folks in Claremore whenever Hollywood and the busy world let him run away. Gene Autry tapped out the dispatch, accepted a stick of gum and got acquainted. The next night he played a few of his tunes and talked, learned about the show world and the big towns and Hollywood and stuff. Gene wasn't much good at railroading from then on. When he'd saved up fifty bucks he ordered a pass to New York. When he got there he quit his telegraphing job. For keeps.

The screen was wide open and hungry for a Gene Autry when he finally drifted from small-time radio to Hollywood. Only nobody knew it.

He came to Hollywood in a low, lean Western year. He didn't come to buck the cowboy star racket. He came to Hollywood because the boss of Republic studios, then Mascot, had once peddled Gene's records and knew the sure-fire pull of his voice. With misgivings—because he showed his screen greenness at once—they cast him in a serial called "The Phantom Empire." Nobody noticed him—in Hollywood. He was no Barrymore. From an acting standpoint he was as stiff and awkward as a muddy boot.

But in the hay belt, and in the cheap admission city picture shows, where serials bloom, something different went on. Gene Autry was like manna to a starving section of forgotten — Hollywood forgotten—movie fans. He had what they liked—and they said so, out loud. The studio starred him in a Western feature.

Since then they can't shoot Gene Autry's pictures fast enough. Today he carries along the whole Republic studio. Autry Westerns sell the entire program. Today Gene's the most popular Hollywood star in the world. Two to one over Taylor, three to one over Gable. Believe it or not.

JUST recently Hollywood succumbed to this realization with a high fever. For the resulting delirium—have a look:

Fifty to seventy-five Westerns are on studio programs for this year. Seven separate studios have lined up anywhere from six to twenty-six rough-riding reelers aimed at the nabes and the sticks. Why? Well, I'll tell you later.

There is only one retirement on record. Dick Foran, a Princeton boy, who never smelled branded beef in his life, has discarded his phoney chapparajos. It wasn't because his pictures flopped, nor because Dick flopped, nor because he married a Los Angeles society girl and went high hat. It was just because Warner's needed him for bigger stuff. They're hunting another cowboy now.

George O'Brien is getting back in the saddle at RKO, and Colonel Tim McCoy is creaking leather once more. Buck Jones merely moved from Universal to Columbia. Ken Maynard forsakes his circus for Hollywood this winter, old Hooter Gibson is looking around for the right deal and even Tom Mix is talking comeback. Bill Boyd, at Paramount, is so solidly set in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series that nothing, not even Cecil B. De Mille, could shake him loose.

AND you can blame all this on Gene Autry. Or, as I said, if you live in the sticks, you can thank him.

But why? How? What did Gene have? What has he got now?

Well, I'll tell you—if you must know. The boy's got sex appeal. He's the first cowboy star that ever had it in a sizable dose. Ninety per cent of his terrific flood of mail comes from the sweet pretty things. Old women want to mother him. Young ones want to marry him. Girls want him to be their sweetheart. You should read his mail. Or maybe you shouldn't. Some of it's pretty warm.

And the paradox is this: he's about as much of a ladies' man as Hitler. He's shy, he blushes, he tightens up inside a mile of a skirt. His director has to coax him into a final fade-out peck with his leading lady. He's safely married and thoroughly domesticated. He goes to bed early. Doesn't smoke, doesn't drink. Even on the screen he's about as sinister as a bottle of milk, and just as fresh and clean. That's one reason Gene got off to a head start.

If you remember, about four years back a hot wind of sex and sophistication swept over Hollywood—and the chill gust of a resentful public answered it. There was the clean-up campaign, the Will Hays "clamp downs," the Purity League. There were also a lot of people who were neither sophisticated, nor clever, nor smart, nor risqué, and didn't want to be. They were country people. In them Gene plainly struck a responsive chord.

But he could sing, too, and play. And so, for the first time in the long, rough-and-tumble record of Western pictures, Gene brought something entertaining for women as well as men. And women, as everyone knows, rule the world. Women and the autocrats they serve—kids.

That's what Gene Autry means to the millions in the South and the West and the small towns in every section of this country, Canada, South America, England and the Orient. But what about Hollywood?

To Hollywood, producing Hollywood, Gene and his quiet staggering success is both a lesson and a promise. The lesson is never again to forget the down-to-earth people upon whom the movies have always depended. The promise is the unlimited rewards to come from pictures prepared to please them.

GENE AUTRY'S pictures cost around $50,000, which is very small potatoes as moving-picture budgets go. They gross between $200,000 and $250,000 as regularly as clockwork. But most strictly stick screen fare is cheaper than that. Feature-length movies, costing as low as $12,000, go out to get what they can where they can. Exhibitors play them because they're desperate for something to give the kids on Friday and Saturday, because the small-town family trade must have plain movies for plain people at a plain price. But they hurt in the long run.

Straight Westerns and their stars will probably never return to the glorious days when Tom Mix drew $17,500 a week at Fox. They have to be dressed up expensively into pictures like "The Plainsman" to stand that. Gene Autry gets $7500 a picture, but only a few months ago he drew $250 a week. Smaller, independent studios make Westerns because most big majors with a weighty overhead can't afford to. At least, that was the general idea, until Darryl Zanuck made his bid for Gene.

But more eyes are wide open now and Mr. Zanuck does not loom any more demented than a fox. A Gene Autry can sell many stars far more famous than himself in more territories than you ever imagined. He can swell the returns from their pictures and build their names, too, in that now very respectable orphans' home of the movies—the once lowly sticks.

ON the social side, however, I am afraid Gene Autry will never slice much ice or press the tempo of Hollywood up or down a beat. For his twenty-eight years and Gallic ancestry, he is about as lively and spectacular as an oyster. He and his quiet, Missouri-bred wife, married long before fame snatched him by the shirttail, live in a modest house in the San Fernando Valley, and he's just bought a few more acres over near Burbank for his horses. The Autrys never go out stepping; in fact, Gene doesn't own even an ordinary business suit or a pair of lace oxfords. He had one pair some time ago but he says he lost them and his wife has to believe him.

They wanted Gene to show up as a guest star when Rudy Vallee opened at the Cocoanut Grove the other night but someone said "tuxedo," and Gene fled. He's never had one on in his life. He travels around in a subdued show cowboy garb, nothing to compare with the resplendent sartorial sunbursts of Tom Mix in his salad days. His idea of a good time is to load his white-stockinged black mount, "Champ," in a specially built trailer and go out on the road for personal appearances. Folks like him and he likes folks. Incidentally, he breaks house records wherever he goes, and he pads his picture income past the $100,000 a year bracket thereby. Radio is after him this fall, and he has just turned down $5000 a week for a circus jaunt. But up until this year he didn't even keep a record of his checks.

HE talks with a sparing drawl, but his quiet Dutch-blue eyes show that still water runs deep. He's always amiable and nice to get along with, but he knows what he has and what to do about it. People don't impress him. His wife lured him to the Troc, cowboy rig and all, just once—a few days ago. Walter Winchell spotted him, and Gene will always remember Winchell's crack, "You've got a swell press agent—whoever he is,"—because he doesn't even have a press agent!

Gene left before twelve o'clock that night. But latest reports have it that he's coming back for more. He's been seen a lot recently at the night spots, in full regalia, and—annoyed that more of the celebrities don't recognize him! See what Cal York says about this on page 71.

There's a striking something about him that recalls Will Rogers, another cowboy who did all right in Hollywood. It couldn't have come from the casual contact back in Claremore; it's just that Gene and Will were the same breed of man underneath. Gene Autry has what Will Rogers had—the common touch. And like Will, he can't forget his home town.

The proudest moment of his life took place a short time ago. That was when Tioga talked about changing its name to Autry Springs, Texas!

LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

★ THE LAST GANGSTER—M-G-M

EDWARD G. ROBINSON returns to the gangster rôles that made him a star in this dramatic and often pathetic film. It's splendid cinema, a trifle heavy for squeamish audiences but magnificently, brutally effective.

As a big shot, Robinson returns from Europe with his foreign bride to find rivals muscling in. He kills three of them but fails to beat the law. In prison he spends ten years, bitter in the knowledge that his wife has married another man, and that his son does not know him. Back in civilian life he also finds that former pals want only his buried fortune. They torture him to get it, finally kidnap his son.

Rose Stradner of Vienna, in her first picture, proves exceptional. Jimmy Stewart has a thankless part and little opportunity. Douglas Scott and Lionel Stander have outstanding acting rôles. This will move you deeply if you are capable of objective pity.

Best performances:

Edward G. Robinson

Rose Stradner

★ TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

THE current fashion for berserk comedy under the masterly direction of Wesley Ruggles here reaches its height. Taken seriously, the piece would be an excellent psychological study of a congenital liar. However, it is played broadly, and hence is enormously amusing but rather antisocial. Because, after all, murder isn't really laughable.

Carole Lombard, married to struggling young lawyer Fred MacMurray, simply can't tell the truth. She goes hunting for a job; her prospective employer makes passes; and she dashes out, leaving hat and purse behind. When she returns to get them she finds the man murdered, and she can't resist confessing to the crime in order that her husband may attain fame defending her. Fred, believing in her, does get her free. She becomes a writer until at last she confesses the real truth to her husband. John Barrymore plays a drunk convincingly and Una Merkel is nice as Carole's friend.

Best performances:

Carole Lombard

Fred MacMurray

Who Said Voiceless?

(Continued from page 24)

fectly true. But what's it got to do with this? That was the result of poor teaching. I took my lessons where I could get them, and for what I could afford to pay, which was two dollars. They had me screaming *Aïda* and all the great dramatic rôles at the age of sixteen. The vocal cords aren't leather, you know, at any time, and at sixteen they're pretty fragile. Later they toughen up and can stand more strain. So can the pocketbook," she smiled.

Her fan mail—both film and radio—bulges with letters which say in effect: "Your singing helps us. It's not the beauty of the voice alone—not even chiefly that, perhaps—but something in it which gives us courage, and helps us over the rough spots. You seem so happy when you sing. It's as if you were saying to us: life is good, take it and use it well."

"Those letters," said Miss Moore, "mean more to me than anything else my voice has brought me. Maybe that sounds priggish. But I'm not afraid of telling the truth, no matter how it sounds. And that happens to be the truth. I regard my voice impersonally, as a gift from God, as a religion almost. At one time I wanted to be a missionary. Well, I didn't get to China. I got to Hollywood instead. But I use my voice in the spirit of the missionary, to my fellow beings.

"This business of perfect technique means little to me. Understand, I try to be as good an artist as I can. You're not worth your salt unless you do. But it's—well, take writing. A writer has to know how to put his words together, so they're smooth and effortless and easy to read. Yet that's not nearly so important as the thoughts and feelings he wants to convey. It's the same with singing, not a question of two cords that you manipulate at will, but of something that flows from an inward source."

IF you should ask Miss Moore to what influences she attributes that quality in her voice—emotional, spiritual, or a combination of both—in which listeners find their greatest joy, she would tell you: faith and love. For Grace Moore is not one of your modern repressionists, fearful of the sound of great words, reluctant to acknowledge the existence of hearts and souls in an age that has seen them go out of fashion. As she pours her being into song, so she pours it into the creed she holds—joyously, confidently, and without reservations.

The mountain folk of Eastern Tennessee, where she was born, are steeped in the religion of the Bible. As a child, she took the Holy Rollers for granted, and watched, awe-stricken, as the white-robed negroes, shouting their prayers and songs, were dipped in the river for baptism. Often she went to the church of the colored people, drawn by their mournfully beautiful voices and her instinctive recognition that the music they made was good. The minister would lead the congregation in prayer, the worshippers would join him, their voices low at first, then rising and swelling till at last the prayer was a song, an exultant hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

So, in the child's imagination, prayer and song became one. When you sang, you were praising God. The singer of today has never learned to dissociate those two ideas. She is still praising God when she sings.

"That's why I devoted myself to religious music at first, out of the deep gratitude I felt for my voice. Without splashing my feeling into people's faces, I remain a religious person. And I don't mean a milk-and-watery half-believer in some vague power that maybe is and maybe isn't. I'm an old-fashioned, Hard-Shell Baptist. I believe in the God of my fathers. I believe in practically everything, including Jonah and the whale.

"Prayer is still one of the greatest things in my life. Prayer is heard, prayer is answered. I know it. All the skeptics in the world could stand on platforms and prove by scientific laws and the rule of thumb that there is no God, and if there were, He couldn't be bothered listening to our prayers. It's got nothing to do with laws and rules. I'd laugh in their faces, and go right on knowing what I know.

"And here's another thing I believe—that my voice was given me as a kind of balance wheel. I think every one of us is endowed with special gifts to compensate our human weaknesses. Only we have to recognize those gifts, and know how to use them.

"If I hadn't been a singer, I'd have been a very unhappy person. I'm one that likes to kick over the traces, give way to some crazy, heedless impulse I'd regret all the rest of my life. There have been times, disturbed periods in my life, when I've been on the verge of taking some step that would have been fatal. My mind would be made up, and then—there was a concert date to keep, or a difficult rôle at the Met to prepare for, or a picture to make. 'I'll do it when this is over,' I'd tell myself. But when it was over, I no longer wanted to do it.

"Without my voice, I'd have had a—well, call it a zigzaggy life. 'Ah, yes,' people may say, 'and a lot more fun to kick your bonnet over the windmill and run free.' It wouldn't have been fun. Ask those who've tried it.

"Be a vagabond for six months, and you'll see how you beg to get back into harness. Nothing's any fun in this world that hasn't got balance. All play and no work is as bad as the other way round. All freedom and no duty makes a life that's not worth living. You've got to have purpose; you've got to be going somewhere; you can't just drift. My voice has kept me on the track when I might have been derailed. Do you wonder that my thanks come pouring out in every song?"

FAITH on the one hand, and on the other, love. You've read so many stories in which the young singer has been told: "Find love. Until you do, you will not find your best voice." Like a storybook heroine in so many other ways, Miss Moore's romance was like the storybook's, too.

Six years ago she embarked for Europe. Her singing teacher saw her off. His eyes were troubled. As the visitors' gong sounded, he took her hand and said, "This is the turning point of your career. If you can learn to let yourself go, you have twenty brilliant years ahead of you. If not, your career will be short and, alas, not brilliant. Something must happen to you, my dear."

She patted his hand. "Don't worry. Because if it must happen, it will happen. I'm a fatalist, you know."

Three days later it happened. She rose at this point in her story, her eyes glowing, her voice vibrant with the joy of a remembered miracle.

"I saw Mr. Parera, and I knew in two minutes, there was the man I'd been waiting for all my life. Don't ask me how. Again, those are things that don't go by rules and laws, as none of the deepest things does. We stood looking at each other and, swift and certain as lightning, I knew in my heart: there's the man I'm going to marry. At the same time he was saying to himself: there's the girl who will be my wife.

"You see, I was ready for him. I'd imagined I was in love before. I'd gone through these great emotional upheavals, only to find they didn't have any foundation and crumbled to dust right under my hand. But they had their purpose, too. Having known the false, I could recognize the true thing when it came along. As I look back on it now, all of what went before seems to have been a preparation for my present way of life. I'd been unhappy, so I knew how to appreciate happiness. I'd been disappointed, I'd seen what I thought was gold turn to clay, so imagine for yourself what it was like to find a love that grew sweeter and deeper with each day you lived together."

NEXT time her teacher saw her, he smiled and said: "I worry no more. The future is yours."

I asked her: "How about those other times when you thought you were in love? After all, you honestly thought so. Didn't that make any difference in your voice?"

And suddenly the prima donna was all gamin. Her nose crinkled, her lips curled, her hand flapped in a boy's gesture of disgust. "Nah!" she said. It was the same kind of transformation as when she sang "Minnie, the Moocher" in her last picture.

"You see, those stirred only the surface. And because I'd never known anything better, I thought that was all of love. But my voice was wiser than I. My voice refused to be touched by what didn't reach the heart. It would have made things easier if I could have consulted my voice," she smiled ruefully. "Something like Alice, you know. 'Is this love, Voice?' 'No, Grace, not yet.'

"But when it did come, we both knew it, my voice and I. And for the first time I began to understand the heroines I was singing. Instead of doing what I was told to do from the outside, I drew my knowledge from within. All of life had a more intense meaning. I could understand *Manon's joie de vivre* because of the happiness bubbling in myself. I could understand *Butterfly's* despair because, having found love, it was like a sword in the heart even to imagine losing it. They weren't operatic figures to me any longer. They were living women who had loved men as I loved my husband. Of course, it was bound to show in the voice."

It is since her marriage to the distinguished-looking Spaniard with the gentle eyes that she has won her greatest triumphs both here and abroad—queen of song in Hollywood, radio's No. 1 lark, command performances for royalty, honors heaped upon her wherever she goes. Experts say that her voice has not yet reached its fullest maturity, that the next ten years will see her lyric soprano flowering to a richer beauty.

But if anyone tells you that Grace Moore is losing her voice, don't be upset. See her next picture, listen to her next radio series, and judge for yourself between the baseless rumor and the evidence of your own ears. As a child, she found faith. As a woman, she found love. Blending the fruit of these gifts with the gift of her voice, the future is hers.



CHRISTMAS morning and for years to come—here is one gift that the whole family will enjoy—a genuine Remington Noiseless Portable. Every writing task—Mother's correspondence, Dad's records and reports, the youngsters' lessons—all more quickly, neatly and agreeably done on this beautiful machine. It's delightfully easy to use and so quiet that it disturbs no one.

And it is so easy to own a Noiseless Portable under the famous Remington Rand 10c a day purchase plan.

In the complete Remington Portable line are six other models with prices starting at $39.50. See them at your Remington Dealers. Have him tell you about the convenient 10c a day plan. Arrange to have your Remington for Christmas. Or, if you prefer, just mail the coupon to

Remington Rand Inc.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Portable Typewriters

SEE YOUR DEALER, OR

SEND COUPON · *NOW*

Remington Rand Inc., Department 150-1
Buffalo, N. Y.

Without obligation, send me the Remington Portable Typewriter catalog and your 10c a day plan for Christmas purchase.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



Bad days
Reduce the pain
Save your nerves
Salicon TABLETS

At all druggists or send for free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., 92 Jamaica Plain, Mass.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your grouchy, gloomy feelings. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

"I Won't Marry Stokowski," Says Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 16)

Garbo out of her shell of aloofness. He brought to the surface a latent, bubbling personality. He was a "pal" to the Norse beauty.

ODDLY enough, it was just outside the secluded Cukor estate (which he had made available to Garbo for exercise during his sojourn in New York) where the limousine now stopped.

A face peered from the rear window. It was Garbo.

I sprang from my machine, approached her car. While I knew it before (I had worked at the studio and on one of her pictures) this fresh sight of her once again affirmed my belief that Garbo was no legendary figure, but a real person—a warmhearted, amiable, breath-taking woman, a mystery woman to the world, perhaps, but to her coterie of friends, a keen-witted woman with a fine sense of living.

I wasted no more time.

"Hello, Miss Garbo," I said, carefully assuming a nonchalance I was far from feeling. "Do you remember me?"

She gave me a long quizzical look. Her silken tawny hair was in charming disarray. It framed, with a honeyed halo, her pale angular face, completely free from cosmetics. She was dressed very informally — beautifully tailored gray slacks, a simple blue blouse, low-heeled sport shoes. In her hand, just doffed, was a large floppy straw hat.

"Yes," she answered me slowly. "I do remember you."

I went on hurriedly. "I'm with the *Los Angeles Examiner*," and began a series of questions which she cut short with: "How did you find me? Did you follow me from my house?"

I nodded.

Over her famous features spread a warm glowing smile. "How sad," she said. "How sad!" The smile still played about her lips.

Then she made the famous remark that I have quoted before. "No, no—I will not marry Mr. Stokowski."

Her eyes sparkled as she said it. You could see that she was no little irked by the reports that she would marry him. I believed her. She is wholly sincere in all she says. She is at all times direct. She would not tell a deliberate falsehood.

"These rumors are absurd," she went on. "I won't deny that Mr. Stokowski and I are very good friends. But as for marriage to him—no. That is out of the question."

SO Garbo spoke, shattering all traditions, for, for the first time, she had spoken about herself and for the world to know—Garbo about whom so little is actually known.

Then she turned to go. The open gate was closing on her and still I had not found out what I had come to find out —why Greta Garbo would not marry Leopold Stokowski.

She must have read my mind, for "the world's most elusive woman" spoke once more and in so doing she, herself, provided what is perhaps the most potent reason for our believing that she will not wed the musical genius—and her answer is the key that will unlock a Pandora's box of secrets of her romances heretofore buttressed from the world by the wall of mystery which surrounds her:

"Every time a new picture of mine is about to open, they all say that I am going to marry *someone*," she said. There was a tinge of amusement in the low, throaty, enchanting voice as she concluded, with definite emphasis, "That ought to be clear."

Skating Through Life

(Continued from page 63)

will have to pay me more money, gentlemen," she told them.

The spokesman laughed suddenly. "You are a remarkable young woman," he said. "Name your figure."

HER four exhibitions in Madison Square Garden brought her a small fortune and the acclaim of New York, but not immediately what she wanted most: an offer from Hollywood. Oh, a man from Paramount looked her up and offered her a test, but when she went to take it they didn't ask her to skate. Instead she was made to enter a room, pick up a book, sit down, read a little, look sorrowful. Such pap was foreign to her nature, to the enormous vitality that burned in her. The studio representative remarked that on celluloid her nose was too small, her face too round, and Of-course-you-appreciate and We-are-so-sorry and Maybe-later. However, there was to be a skating sequence in the picture and if she wanted to be photographed in action, at a distance, for a reasonable sum.

"No," she told him, "I want to begin as a star, in my own picture,"—and showed him out. Within the week she knew she had been right: Paramount's casting director wired her to come to Hollywood. He would meet her and they would discuss terms.

She telegraphed the time of her arrival but when she stepped off the plane at Burbank there was nobody—*nobody*, for the first time in her life—to meet her.

She waited three days and then phoned the studio, asking for the casting director.

"He's out of town, Miss Henie," a weary voice told her. "Perhaps he did have an appointment with you, but he was called away suddenly. Yes. Yes, I know. I'm sorry, but—"

Sonja replaced the receiver slowly, slowy put on her hat, walked with slow steps out into the bright Hollywood streets, thinking: I've been too confident. This is a hard city, this movie place. They are self-sufficient here, they don't care for anything or anyone. I had better go back to New York and begin a tour of exhibitions.

As she stood on a street corner, waiting for a signal to change, she was suddenly aware that two girls were talking excitedly near her. She listened, apathetically. "Who's that in the Duesenberg?" the girl with the bandanna was asking, pointing at a sleek car that stood at the intersection.

"Somebody awfully important," her companion said, "in *that* little buggy."

Sonja, without special interest, peered into the tonneau and saw a man she had met in New York, a man she knew to be penniless, sitting elegantly dressed in the deep cushions. What a bluff, she thought vaguely. He must have rented that car, or borrowed it. Then her mind did a quick somersault; it may be bluff, remarked a small portion of her brain, but it's also showmanship.

While the signal changed twice, while people pushed indignantly past her and stared, Sonja stood motionless, looking at the spot where the Duesenberg had been. Then she turned and almost ran back to her hotel.

THEN began the frantic weeks, the long full days of ceaseless activity and planning. She rented a huge mansion, painted it white, and stocked it with servants. She bought a spectacular, super-streamlined white car and rode through the streets of Hollywood; she had the best shops do her hair and face, so that at every moment of the day she looked exquisite; she wore the most expensive and daring Paris clothes.

She rented the only skating rink in Southern California for an exhibition.

The advance sale of tickets was unsatisfactory, because few on the West Coast knew or cared who she was—so she gave a private showing for the press and thus filled the Los Angeles papers with her name and picture. On the night, now famous, of her show the streets for blocks near the rink were filled with the medium-priced cars of the paying audience and the limousines of the movie great, to whom she had sent complimentary tickets. In special boxes sat the seven most powerful men of the picture industry, for whom this exhibition was being staged—for whose benefit she had established herself as the White Woman of Hollywood.

After that night two things happened in quick succession. The first was her interview with Darryl Zanuck, presiding genius of Twentieth Century-Fox; "I will make a picture with you as the star," he offered, "and pay you $15,000 —more if it's a hit."

"Every other studio in town is after me," she said. "I can make that much money in one night, skating."

"Fifty thousand."

"I've decided on my price," said Sonja, looking as bored as possible. "I want $300,000 a picture—I'm worth it."

There was an electric silence. Then Zanuck relaxed again and leaned across his desk. "Now look," he said softly, "I know how good you are and how much you're worth to me. You're worth this much: a million dollars for five pictures a year, for two years. You'll begin at $75,000 and work up."

"Yes," she told him simply.

The other important thing came a few months later, when "One In A Million" was previewed. Now Sonja Henie knew that the greatest world audience it is possible to reach was applauding her at last.

THE events that followed so swiftly in a swift year after that may be told in a series of captions and Winchellisms and headlines: ". . . and the Henie-Power combine looks like eventual amalgamation. . . ." "'Thin Ice,' in which she costarred with Tyrone Power, completed, Miss Henie will leave on a skating tour of the United States . . ." "Detroit Hotel Strike Causes Power and Henie To Walk Seventeen Flights of Stairs For Breakfast . . ." "Sonja and Tyrone at the Derby—at Prima's—at the Hawaiian Paradise. . ."

And finally, "Sonja Henie's Father Dead."

She said to Tyrone the night her father left her, "Something fine is gone. And something else, too—you may not understand what I mean, but this thing between us was—too soon. I wasn't ready, after all."

She looked vaguely past him. "I'll be going back to Norway when this picture is finished, to take father's ashes home. While I'm gone you needn't feel any lack of freedom. You understand: you must do as you like then."

She expected, all the way across America, and on the Atlantic, to find tears for Tyrone; and instead she found them only for Wilhelm. The minor tide of one feeling was lost in the flood of another, greater emotion. She felt herself without consolation of any kind.

Until, as the boat moved slowly towards the wharf at Oslo, there came to her above the diminishing beat of the motors a familiar sound, a reverberant murmur which to her was the recognizable compensation for all things.

She looked towards the dock and saw the black sea of massed people, waiting there for Sonja Henie. She touched her hair, fixed a smile on her face, and stood ready at the rail.

As the boat stood suddenly still, and the gangplank crashed down, the rising crescendo of applause engulfed her completely, drowning out thought.

DO YOU KNOW

—what big Hollywood star bottles lemon juice as a business?

—the name of the prominent woman actress who makes chow mein "on the side"?

—that Shirley—the minx—can drive as shrewd a deal as anyone—and on her own?

DIAMOND PIN MONEY by Gilbert Seldes

gives away the business dealings of the stars and explains the reason for them. You'll be amazed and amused at what he tells—

In February PHOTOPLAY

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 9)

So much so that I bumped into Billie Burke on the lot and she said she never would have known me . . . "Why, I thought you were one of those pretty little stock girls on the lot," she said . . . leaving me to make of that what I would. . . .

THEN Mr. Willinger took up where they left off . . . he worked nobly but squinted at me in tired discouragement . . . we ended by taking laughing shots . . . because I figured that I probably couldn't even cry in a darling way. . . .

You saw the results on page 9 and much as I dislike the thought there's a lesson in it . . . for all kidding aside—it does show what almost any girl must learn to face out here . . . there is nowhere where people can criticize you so objectively and sincerely as in Hollywood and for the girls who really mean to stay in pictures, if they can take it and can act on that criticism, they have learned the initial step toward greatness. . . .

But if I had thought that I had suffered before Mr. Willinger's camera it was a nothing to being photographed with Mr. Gable . . . though suffering with Mr. Gable is not actually the worst of all human agony. . . .

Clark had asked for that Vincentini portrait of himself as Rhett Butler that we ran in our October issue and though I was more than delighted to have him have it I had to see that PHOTOPLAY got something out of it too . . . so I asked that we get a shot of him receiving the drawing and they decided to count me in. . . .

Now as it so happens I hadn't seen Clark for six months . . . and as terrible as I knew the Gable uumph to be I had nonetheless forgotten just how immediately it acted upon you . . . that is I had overlooked it until they got the camera focused and Clark by the way of deviling me turned on that look that he sometimes gives to his heroines in a love scene . . . it didn't mean a thing to him . . . that was all too apparent from the way his eyes were twinkling . . . it was just trying to see what that look could do . . . but after being just a hard-working editor all month long . . . to glance up and see that mocking look lavished upon you, even though you knew it was all by way of laughing at you . . . well, the next time one of Clark's leading ladies tells me that in her scenes with Mr. G. she is merely thinking about her income tax . . . I'll know what to call her. . . .

For there is another truth there . . . personality is the main motive anywhere in the world . . . and here was the most possessed, charming and sane man in the motion-picture star firmament having his own joke and being so grand about it that even though you knew you were being mercilessly teased you were grateful for it. . . .

Before I got away from there I got him to promise to give us a very special story that you will be seeing in an early PHOTOPLAY . . . the real story of himself as it has never been told before . . . Clark says he will tell it just to you readers and he is a gentleman who keeps his word . . . so watch for it. . . .

Perhaps between the lines of all this you see how hard an editor's life in Hollywood really is. . . .

As brutal as getting a diamond bracelet on Christmas morning, that's what it is. . . .

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 64)

they see one, or whether they're trying to make a screen weakling out of him, but I do think they are ruining an up-and-coming career, and killing the respect of the public for their judgment in selecting the right players for the right rôles.

If some of these narrow-minded players who say Bob is a sissy, or that he can't act were given ten times the chance Taylor has been given, what would they do with it? If they are so wonderful that they can criticize the efforts of another, why aren't they in Hollywood with their names flashing all over the country. Or is it just because they haven't yet been discovered?

Remember "Crime Doesn't Pay" and "Magnificent Obsession" and "His Brother's Wife" and "Camille?" All wonderful portrayals, and no one can challenge that! But what about "Private Number" and "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "Personal Property?" Were the producers giving Taylor a break? He has showed the public what he could do, and it is the producer's fault that he doesn't get the acting rôles that will show his talent.

FRANCES E. CLUTE,
Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE

GABLE IS AS GABLE DOES

Being in the business world of Hollywood and meeting the stars every day, I can give you this impression of Clark Gable, not as fiction, but as a true fact from everyday life.

He called at our place of business one morning dressed in sport clothes. Very businesslike, this Gable. He wandered about the store missing nothing, with our employees giving him little attention. (He prefers that.) A little girl seated in a toy automobile glanced about, and suddenly seeing Mr. Gable, called her father's attention to him. She wanted his autograph.

The father spoke to Mr. Gable, and, smiling graciously, Clark walked over to the car and gave the requested signature. In the course of the conversation I heard him call the little girl "sweetheart" and other endearing names. The little girl was so happy she could hardly keep still.

If you and I were at the peak of our popularity as is Mr. Gable, would we be so unaffected? Would we take time out to give one little girl a big thrill, even though we thought no one was observing? I wonder? When you see Mr. Gable again on the screen, remember this little life drama, and know him better for the man he surely is.

MISS E. JOY FISHER,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

DON'T "BABY" LUISE

I'm sorry for poor little wild-haired Luise Rainer, forever having babies on the screen. I suppose it wasn't enough to torture her all through "The Good Earth," so she has to suffer in "Big City," too. Goodness, she's going to be a regular film "lady who lived in a shoe— she had so many children, she didn't know what to do."

She's so tiny and pretty, and her black eyes are big and she has lovely cheekbones. We'd like to see her in a modern comedy—not China or Vienna, no anguished partings, no more wringing of hands and flicking away of tears, and being rushed off to the maternity ward in a "nambulance." Please give screen motherhood to someone else, and let us have Luise light and gay.

MARY BARGER,
Brockton, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

THANK YOU, MR. BENNY!

Jack Benny made a personal appearance in Garner, Iowa, on September 10, but only a dozen of the 1,600 inhabitants were aware of his presence. The other 1,588 residents have been trying ever since to bear their disappointment at not seeing him.

The famous entertainer and his brother-in-law stopped here for an hour to have their car repaired. They were en route to Hollywood from New York. Mr. Benny visited with the proprietors of the garage, who thought him a great person as well as a great personality, and then he walked the entire length of the business district without being recognized. In a local drugstore he went immediately to a newsstand, glanced over the array of periodicals, obviously intent on finding one certain magazine. Yes, you've guessed it. It was the October PHOTOPLAY. And so it happened that Jack Benny personally purchased the first copy of the glamorous new PHOTOPLAY sold in Garner.

CHOLM G. HOUGHTON,
Garner, Iowa.

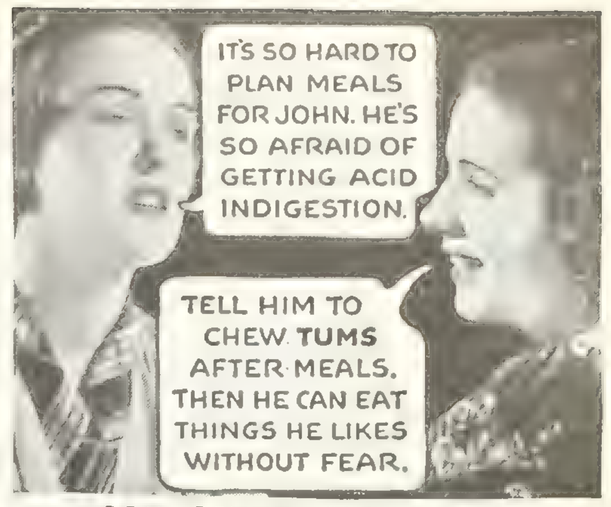
$1.00 PRIZE

FAIR—BUT CLOUDY!

Why, oh, why, can't you grant us one good look at La Dietrich? All stills of her are as misty as a London fog. We can't see her for the haze. I have been watching faithfully for years for just one good look, but I am continually tantalized with the so-called mystery glaze in which the lady is wrapped like a Christmas doll in cellophane. The lady seems to be lovely enough for a clearer view, but I am beginning to wonder—is she, or isn't she?

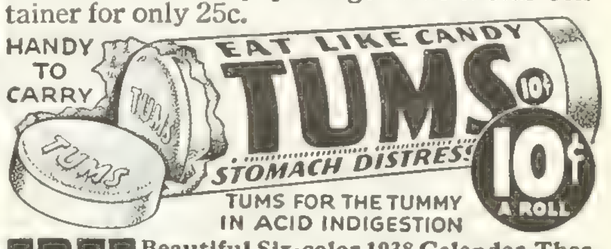
ROBBIE RHEA SPINEY,
Chicago, Ill.

"Marlene's beauty is highly distinctive. There is no other face approximating hers on the screen. I think a sculptor would probably tell you her beauty is about as close to perfection as human beings ever come. Next time you see her on the screen, watch her hands. They are as good-looking as her legs." From an article written by Ernst Lubitsch (director of "Angel," Miss Dietrich's latest picture) which appeared in a recent New York paper.

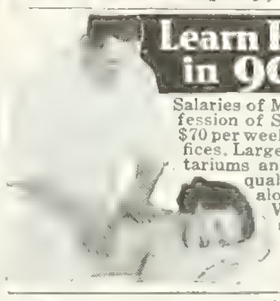


NO NEED TO FEAR ACID INDIGESTION NOW

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



FREE Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of *TUMS* and *NR*. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Company, Dept. 29-A-9. St. Louis, Mo.



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as $40 to $70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, sample lesson sheets and booklet—They're FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
1601 Warren Blvd., Dept 167, Chicago
(Successor to National College of Massage)

Sylvia of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, **No More Alibis.**

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price for this marvelous book is only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store mail your order to

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. P-1, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



MORE MEN NEEDED to call on Business Concerns; Auto, Truck & Bus Owners; Schools, Public Buildings, Factories, Farms. All season seller. Excellent year round profit opportunity.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

We help you close sales with Direct Mail Advertising. 360,000 sold to U. S. Government. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, also Good Housekeeping Institute. Used by 10,000 large Corporations. Write today with details of age, past experience, etc.

The Fyr-Fyter Co. Dept. 3-25, Dayton, Ohio



How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor

(Continued from page 15)

filled her studio dressing room and, after the picture was finished, the entrance hall of her house for three months, to little Miss Gaynor's bewilderment. "But I haven't the faintest idea who's sending them," she told the publicity department honestly, when they asked.

"Some fan, I guess," she added; and she was right.

During the next two weeks she was too busy to think much about red roses, anyway. She was through at 20th Century-Fox and went under contract to David Selznick to make "A Star is Born" in Technicolor, and she knew that it was her last chance—her only chance—to retrieve her failing film fortunes, her weakening box-office value. Here was a magnificent story, made to order for her: she must make of it her rebirth to stardom.

She worked like fury—and when the picture was previewed she knew the greatest personal triumph of her life. Janet Gaynor once again was one of the most important actresses in Hollywood.

This circumstance was, in all probability, one of the minor contributing factors to what happened then. This, and the realization between Sonja Henie and Tyrone that their friendship had run its course.

ON the morning after the opening of the new Gaynor picture Tyrone came out of the studio café and met a friend —a studio worker who also was an intimate of Janet's. "Darling," he said, "did you see 'A Star is Born' last night? My God, don't miss it—she's marvelous. I've never seen such beauty, such—such—"

"In other words you like it," the friend said, smiling. "I'm going tonight."

Tyrone was staring into the distance. "You know," he said finally, "I wonder if she ever found out who sent her all those roses?"

The friend began to laugh. "Why—*you* did, didn't you? Good heavens. I never imagined—"

"How did you know?"

"You just gave yourself away. How did *you* know about the flowers, in the first place, if you didn't send them yourself?"

He smiled sourly. "All right. She's so wonderful—d'you suppose something would explode if I phoned her sometime? I'd like to very much. I mean, do you think she'd mind?"

"I'll ask her at dinner tonight," the friend assured him. "That's the best way to find out—" and went away before Tyrone could protest.

Janet's friend gave Tyrone both the town house and beach cottage numbers. He called Janet the next night, and that was the beginning. He asked her to lunch at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, and since she didn't have an engagement for the next day she accepted; that cracked the shell of reticence, so that over the *Spaghetti Derby* he talked volubly, brilliantly.

She looked at him closely then, saw that in addition to his eyes, the dimly remembered nicety of his mouth and the good hairline were actual, too. His mind, young, but sharpened by precocious experience, was quick with inherent intelligence. He had enthusiams about things; he had vitality. And his eyes worshipped her. . .

It was after he had paid the check and they were preparing to leave that she was suddenly aware of a miracle; a hurt, old and long-present, was gone —replaced by a happier thing. She knew then that she must see Tyrone again. They settled it by having dinner together that night.

AS I tap at this typewriter Janet Gaynor is in New York and Tyrone is with her. She had intended to be gone only a little while but even that was too long for young Mr. Power. He might have been able to wait until she returned if the mail hadn't begun to bring him little gifts from her—if messenger boys hadn't left wires from her under his door day and night—if the telephone hadn't rung so often to say, "One moment, please. New York is calling."

She fell in love with him because she couldn't help herself, but also because she needed him—and this love—more terribly than she had ever needed anything before in her life. In order to understand that, you must know Janet Gaynor and the story of those ten years during which Tyrone Power grew to manhood, during which she lived out her twenties and began the third decade of her life.

It's a story of many loves, of heartbreak and of great happiness, and it begins with a man named Herb Moulton. He was with a Los Angeles newspaper and she was a young actress; her friends will tell you that he adored her too much at the time, and so was unhappy when she discovered—very suddenly—a young and very remarkable fellow named Charles Farrell, with whom she was to make a picture.

Here was real, magnificent love for Janet. Although, at the time, Hollywood considered their romance a publicity gesture, the thing they held for each other was compounded of a stronger faith and a stronger emotion than any that had gone before for either of them.

It was the first tragedy for Janet Gaynor when they quarreled finally, irrevocably; she married Lydell Peck, an Oakland attorney, almost immediately, and of course the inevitable happened. After her divorce from him there was a long blank period—without significance in her memory—during which she felt no emotion about anything, or anyone.

It was broken by one Dr. Veblen, a New York dentist, for a time; and then, later, she saw a little of Gene Raymond and of Al Scott. Al she had known for years, all during the time he had been Colleen Moore's husband, so that didn't count. Gene might have meant more to her but he met Jeanette MacDonald. . .

A little bewildered, Janet faced a turning point in her life. Her career was at stalemate; and the thing she had always feared had happened to her at last: she had decided to fall in love with a man, but he had slipped suddenly away before she had had a chance to tell him so.

Janet's rally was a brave one. She went into "Small Town Girl" determined to make it a good picture, and her success was double, because she found Robert Taylor, too. They went everywhere together: to previews, to night clubs, to dances. And Janet was happy.

She could not believe it, actually, when he discovered Barbara Stanwyck.

ON THAT day when Janet first talked with Tyrone over a table at the Derby, her heart beat freely again—

A few months before she had seen the rebirth of her own professional star. Today she saw, at least potentially, the rebirth of herself as a woman.

Consider these two: this young man in his early twenties, this woman. If you are inclined to cynicism, to laughter at his young impulsiveness, remember that although he is twenty-three in years he is a shrewd and mature man mentally. The length of his life does not matter, so long as he has lived much of it; and Tyrone has wasted no single day or night, ever.

He is in the top flight of a generation of boys who prefer their women to be older, because precociously they have known too many unevolved young girls too well. This is a generation which was born to a new era; which was blasé about liquor by the time Repeal made it legal; which grew old early because it was forced to by things like War and the Jazz Age and Depression. At nineteen, his girls were twenty-two and twenty-three; by the time he was a stock player in New York and Chicago, he fell most in love with women who, relatively, were as experienced as he.

The things he and Janet do together, their conversation, their mutual interests, entirely aside from the more personal fact of their adoration for each other, are on the same mental plane. She likes to dance and he doesn't, very well; so they dance occasionally. He goes to all the rehearsals of her radio broadcasts and criticizes her work detachedly. They go to previews, they drive, they see the shows that come to Southern California.

But, primarily, they like to dine quietly at her house and then spend the evening reading plays together—Ibsen and Shakespeare and Shaw and silly impromptu things like "She Stoops to Conquer" and the ebullient "Private Lives." With characters divided between them, they act and read the various parts with great solemnity; their favorites are romantic comedies, written for the great universal audience.

There are those in Hollywood who are directing pitying glances at this young man who dares lose his heart to a woman who has held so many young hearts in her hand.

His friends will tell you that in New York he asked her to marry him, but that cannot be confirmed as yet.

I think Janet will consider for a long time before she marries again. At present she is busy proving something to herself. If her interest in Tyrone survives the outcome—then, perhaps. . .

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for the clean sheet. Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to plenty of grief representing the muckrakers. Its lusty, gusty fare (*Oct.*)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Warners

Beverly Roberts plays a movie star on the skids in this tiresome pseudo-exposé of the Hollywood publicity racket. Patric Knowles is the rundown nobleman whom she first marries, later deserts for her rejuvenated career. You'll see "Expensive Husbands" at the expense of a good evening. (*Dec.*)

★ 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists

This musical saga of America's Montmartre is good entertainment. Scattered throughout the story of an old New York family's rise and fall when their street becomes overrun with speak-easies, are specialty numbers galore. The fine cast includes Ian Hunter, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo, Marla Shelton and Kenny Baker. (*Dec.*)

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-Radio

Add the rowdy comedy of Jack Oakie to the delightful singing of John Boles and you have entertainment plus. Oakie is a fight promoter who guides his charge from a broken romance into a duel, then on to a fresh love. Margot Grahame and Ida Lupino are the objects of Mr. Boles' affections. A gay and lively farce. (*Dec.*)

★ FIREFLY, THE—M-G-M

Jeanette MacDonald's newest venture into musical comedy without Nelson Eddy is a well-photographed, spectacular piece with a Napoleonic Spanish background involving spy activities. Allan Jones is Miss MacDonald's love this time, and they both contribute some blue-ribbon singing. (*Oct.*)

FIRST LADY—Warners

Replete with the gay situations and dialogue that characterized the stage play, this satire on Washington intrigue should amuse you. Kay Francis, multigowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of politician Preston Foster, and Verree Teasdale takes honors as Kay's adversary over the teacups. (*Nov.*)

FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio

Herewith Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn. Brown fans will adore every reel. (*Dec.*)

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the symptoms of a hit picture. It concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. Headman Onslow Stevens sends men to their death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne finally find the answer to liberty and love. (*Oct.*)

GANGWAY—GB

Definitely Jessie Matthews' best picture to date, this gay crook musical has delicious song and lyrics and Jessie's dancing tied together in a giddy story of a young English girl's mix-ups with gangs, gunmen and Scotland Yard men. One of the latter helps her straighten out her love life. (*Oct.*)

★ GREAT GARRICK, THE—Warners

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, this centers around the personality of England's greatest actor, David Garrick, played by Brian Aherne. The plot involves the efforts of the actors of the Comedie Française to make a fool of David by hiring an inn, manning it with their troupe. Olivia de Havilland, as Garrick's lady love, is completely devastating. (*Dec.*)

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

The situations and gags than enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hide-out by a gang of crooks provide some good comedy. Emma Dunn is Stone's energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Your whole family should enjoy it. (*Oct.*)

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

As a combination of epic, musical and thundering melodrama, this experiment sometimes curdles, but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. They finally discover oil for the lamps of Erie under the cabbages Top-notch. (*Oct.*)

HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

Here comes the *Jones* family again—and in trouble as usual. *Pa Jones* (Jed Prouty) is a candidate for mayor, but almost loses the election when blackguards frame his son in a messy scandal. Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane and the usual *Jones* cast. (*Oct.*)

IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

This consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny. (*Oct.*)

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to drop their previous sufferings and romp through one of the gayest and smartest of the new comedies. Playing stage players in love with each other but temperamentally allergic, they are ably supported by Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and particularly Eric Blore, whose brand of humor grows increasingly contagious. (*Oct.*)

LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't go wrong here. George Sanders (remember him as the handsome villain in "Lloyds of London"?) all but wins the World War by impersonating a captured Prussian officer in Berlin. Dolores Del Rio betrays her Fatherland for hopeless love. Exceptionally fine cast. (*Dec.*)

★ LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

Spouting energy and madness from every pore, the Ritz Brothers literally bludgeon you into laughter in this All-American football musical built around a washed-up coach, Fred Stone, and a rich Indian who saves Stone's reputation for "dear old Lombardy." Joan Davis does a Martha Raye; Gloria Stuart pairs with newcomer Dick Baldwin for romance. (*Dec.*)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner's juvenile whimsey, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high-lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, is Raymond's cookie, and you'll laugh at Billy Gilbert, Helen Broderick and Parkyakarkus. (*Nov.*)

LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

Here is the usual mystery with the usual formula, the first ingredient of which is the reporter sleuth. Though the murderer masks his identity behind an umbrella, of all things, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (*Oct.*)

LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners

A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his bow in this tale of radio. As *Uncle Andy* of the kiddies' hour, he finds himself plunged into a gangster's war. June Travis, as his girl friend, is attractive, Ronald himself is excellent, and the cast is okay too. (*Nov.*)

LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one was fired at and missed. It is built around the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a beautiful woman thief through shot and shell. Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Borrah Minnevitch try very hard. (*Oct.*)

★ MADAME X—M-G-M

No matter how many times you have seen this famous tear-jerker you will weep again at this new version. Gladys George is simply brilliant as the misunderstood wife who becomes a dissolute slattern. John Beal as her son and Warren William as her coldly moral husband are both exceptional. (*Dec.*)

MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio

One of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires virtuoso Basil Rathbone to finish an opera. Marion Claire is Bobby's mother. You'll find the music easy to hum. (*Nov.*)

MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE—Universal

Loaded with the iron weight of faulty story construction, this "who dunnit" tale sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone is the professional murder confessor who involves his son, Tom Brown, in his evil ways. Morbid and uninspired. (*Nov.*)

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

Tuneful and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of ether fame, portraying a strawberry festival songbird who is "discovered," hits the big time, falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Baker promises to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (*Oct.*)

MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

Nino Martini's famous voice counteracts the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is amusing; Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like the music. (*Dec.*)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

Don't see this unless you're in a tolerant mood. It's a minor newspaper hodgepodge in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits "The Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality. (*Nov.*)

NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

There's one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's suspense. Blonde Anna Lee is the English chorine wanted in America as witness to a murder. She manages by a clever ruse to outwit gangsters who seek to detain her, hops a transatlantic plane, makes life miserable for John Loder, Scotland Yard bloodhound. Desmond Tester is perfect as the inquisitive child prodigy. (*Dec.*)

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Eduardo Ciannelli, nor do you care. The cast is good, but the story unbelievable and forced. (*Oct.*)

★ 100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal

Here is practically a perfect picture, combining as it does an ingenuously new and fresh story built around unemployed musicians, Deanna Durbin's entrancing singing, and the superb rendition of some of the world's loveliest classical music by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. See this if you don't see another picture this year. (*Nov.*)

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance lift this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complications revolve around a white child and a colored woman who claims parentage. There are shootings, prison breaks and kidnapings. Claire Trevor is the newspaper wench who fixes everything. (*Oct.*)

★ PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE—Warners

Errol Flynn takes this high-voltage comedy in his stride, portraying the heir to $30,000,000 who has been shut away from the world, educated by his tyrant grandmother (May Robson) to be "the perfect specimen" of his class. Joan Blondell lures him out of his cocoon, teaches him really to live. Dick Foran, Edward E. Horton, Allen Jenkins and Beverly Roberts all contribute. Fast, furious and funny. (*Dec.*)



Youth's ideal—Benny Goodman—swings it plenty hot with his drummer Gene Krupa in Warners' "Hollywood Hotel"

★ PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—Selznick-United Artists

This second screening of Anthony Hope's veteran adventure story will thrill you with its colorful drama, its beautiful settings, the realistic acting of Ronald Colman as King and commoner, and the gracious beauty of Madeleine Carroll as *Princess Flavia*. Raymond Massey is outstanding as the King's Machiavellian brother, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is a deep-dyed villain. Go and renew your youth. (*Nov.*)

SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

Although as cinema, this is good hash, there is an invigorating silly angle to the murder mystery theme. William Gargan is the writer of blood thrillers who gets himself involved in the real McCoy. Orien Heyward is pretty as his wife, but by no means another Duse. (*Nov.*)

SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Republic

Ramon Novarro's screen comeback finds him in the garb of an Arab making his famous brand of love to a corkscrew heiress, played by Lola Lane. Novarro's charm is as effective as ever. See it for the several nice songs you will hear and for a laugh or two. (*Oct.*)

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National

James Cagney's latest picture presents him as a New York hoofer gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw, a charming new singer, is his bride; Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, Gene Lockhart the mulish producer. Well recommended. (*Nov.*)

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

There is almost nothing good that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. Gertrude Michael is the beautiful reformed jewel thief accused of stealing the Rajah's diamond. You simply don't care whether she did or not. (*Nov.*)

★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea based on an incident in maritime history in the 1850's. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper decides who shall survive, is put on trial for his life later because of his decision. Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee and the entire cast are superlative. (*Oct.*)

★ STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

The hullabaloo of a theatrical boardinghouse is the background of this great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living. Ginger Rogers gives an excellent account of herself in a dramatic rôle; Katharine Hepburn does fine work, Andrea Leeds almost steals the show, and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing. Director LaCava deserves orchids for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (*Nov.*)

★ STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists

C. B. Kelland's swell story of a narrow-minded banker (Leslie Howard) who invades Hollywood to save a studio from financial ruin. Joan Blondell is extra special as the former baby star who teaches Howard that all figures do not have mathematical connotations, and Marla Shelton as the glamour gal he compromises does grand work. Warning: don't believe all this picture tells you about Hollywood. (*Dec.*)

★ STELLA DALLAS—United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of mother love. Barbara Stanwyck is splendidly sincere as the flamboyant mill girl who sets her cap for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her love for her daughter (Anne Shirley), reaches the heights of self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (*Oct.*)

★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this now promotes Bette Davis as the gangster widow who falls in love with shilly-shallying Henry Fonda. Their stolen love yields nothing but sacrifice and misery for everybody. The cast is splendid. Take two hankies with you. (*Oct.*)

★ THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox

A happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, starring Sonja Henie, the dazzling little Queen of the Iceways, and handsome, gangling Tyrone Power. There are four magnificent skating sequences and you'll appreciate the humor of Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and Joan Davis. Simply elegant. (*Nov.*)

THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount

A nicely scored and mildly entertaining musical, this permits Betty Grable, a theater usherette, to fall in love with crooner Buddy Rogers, usurp his place as stage attraction number one. Mary Livingstone smart-cracks, Ned Sparks dead-pans, and Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio) add their bit of fun. (*Dec.*)

VARSITY SHOW—Warners

Here is a rollicking three cheers for dear old Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band, Dick Powell, Walter Catlett, Ted Healy and others leaping the goal post for a touchdown. Dick is the successful alumnus who does his bit for Alma Mater by putting the pretty coeds on Broadway. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane go to town. (*Oct.*)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beautiful and moving chronicle of a woman and an empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are excellent in the title rôles. Honest, dignified and entertaining. (*Oct.*)

VOGUES OF 1938—Wanger-United Artists

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screenworthy as in this pageant of beauty, fashions and music basted together with the thread of a plot involving Warner Baxter, a dressmaker, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Joan Bennett, a decorative deb. A major screen achievement. (*Oct.*)

★ WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE—20th Century-Fox

With a simplicity and lack of melodramatics that make an outstandingly convincing portrait of hospital life, Director Walter Lang has created a superb picture. Warner Baxter is the surgeon, Virginia Bruce his assistant, Loretta Young his wife. All of them do splendidly. You'll love it. (*Nov.*)

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by gambling at the race track. Peggy Bates and Ann Sheridan are the women. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage. You can do better reading a racing sheet. (*Oct.*)

WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE—M-G-M

A provocative story theme—an exposé of the religious cult racket—and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried picture entertaining. George's philandering wife, Claire Dodd, plays hob with his life, and Josephine Hutchinson plays hearts with him at the finale. (*Nov.*)

★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

You *can* have everything in the way of entertainment here. This gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love content, Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) for sex, the Ritz Brothers for fun, and a sure-fire plot about an ambitious young thing trying to crack Broadway to hold them all together. What more do you want? It's a pushover. (*Oct.*)

A cough drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that

BEECH-NUT
COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL

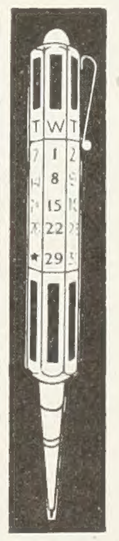
will soothe tired membranes, relieve "throat tickle" caused by colds and taste as pleasant as any candy.



1938 GOVERNMENT JOBS
Start $1260 to $2100 year
MEN—WOMEN. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and full particulars telling how to get them. RUSH.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. L171 Rochester, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
Two year complete practical course . . . based on nineteen years' experience of internationally famous Pasadena Playhouse...trains you for career on stage, screen or radio. We constantly produce on three stages with openings attended by talent scouts from nearby Hollywood. Many big names in pictures today acknowledge their success to Pasadena Playhouse training. These include . . . Robert Young, Douglass Montgomery, Onslow Stevens, Victor Jory, Gloria Stuart, Anne Shirley and others. If you wish to prepare sincerely for a career in the theatre or pictures, write for pictorial catalog. Address General Manager.
GILMOR BROWN *Director* CHAS. PRICKETT *Gen. Mgr.*
PASADENA PLAYHOUSE
32 S. EL MOLINO AVENUE · PASADENA · CALIFORNIA

Beauty Secrets Revealed
Sylvia of Hollywood has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In **No More Alibis** you will find **all** of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets. Only $1.00 postpaid.
Macfadden Book Co., Inc.
Dept. P1 205 E. 42nd St. New York, N. Y



Look! IT'S NEW mysto-pencil
TRADE MARK
A Lifetime CALENDAR that writes . . . .
Instantly opened or closed with press of thumb—and presto—it writes . . .
AN EXCELLENT GIFT FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON
- Set it the first of each month and MYSTO-PENCIL will tell you the correct day and date.
- Gold or chrome with clip for man or with ring for woman.

ENCLOSE $1.00 AND STATE COLOR AND KIND WANTED
$1.00 Postpaid
MYSTO-PENCIL SALES CO.
891-893 Golden Gate Avenue San Francisco, Calif.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 48)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE—
Paramount

JOHN HOWARD, as *Bulldog Drummond*, Scotland Yard detective who always gets his man, this time finds himself in a mysterious chase with international crooks who have stolen a box of high explosives. A thick fog deepens the eerie chase but detective John Barrymore's light banter succeeds in lifting most of the gloom. Louise Campbell again plays the sweetheart of *Drummond*, and Reginald Denny is his friend.

A GIRL WITH IDEAS—Universal

SUCH things as this couldn't happen in any newspaper office under the sun, but the antics of Walter Pidgeon, Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor, newspaper trio, provide many laughs; so who cares? Wendy wins the paper away from Pidgeon by way of libel suit and the friendly rivalry between the two provides a framework on which is draped a lot of first-rate nonsense. George Barbier as Wendy's father is really riotous.

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—
20th Century-Fox

THE smoothness of Warner Oland's work as *Charlie Chan*, the laughable blunders of his son, Keye Luke, and the tiptop comedy of Harold Huber contribute toward making this one of the very best *Chan* stories. This time *Chan* is called into service by Sydney Blackmer and Edward Raquello, rival financiers, whose feuding results in theft and murder. Virginia Field and Kay Linaker are the fair maids in the mystery.

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

ONCE more the *Jones* family descends upon us with all their homey trials and tribulations. This time Jed Prouty and Spring Byington, pa and ma *Jones*, take in a wayward boy who is promptly suspected of robbing the *Jones'* drugstore. Amid all the chase and hullabaloo that follows, Russell Gleason finally marries Shirley Deane, oldest *Jones* girl. This is a little like sugar-candy hearts with mottoes on them.

WITHOUT WARNING—Warners

THIS thrilling, chilling murder mystery is laid on an island army post. When Eddie Craven attempts to smuggle his wife, Marie Wilson, onto the island, he discovers the body of a murdered man. Boris Karloff is promptly suspected but it falls to Marie Wilson, in her best dumb-Dora manner, to solve the crime.

OVER THE GOAL—Warners

HERE is an antiquated yarn built around a college hero, William Hopper, who agrees to give up football to please his sweetheart, June Travis. When the team finally faces a crisis, Hopper is called upon to decide between June and his alma mater. Johnnie Davis, with his scat singing, livens things up a bit, and Hopper's sterling performance brightens the overworked idea.

MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—
Columbia.

WITH a quip on his lips and determination in his heart, Richard Arlen, artist photographer, leaps into a murder mystery in order to shield Fay Wray, beautiful suspect.

Naturally the two quarrel and fuss throughout most of the story, only to fall headlong in love before it's over. The Murder? Oh yes, it's solved in a unique manner by a very cooperative gangster.

THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Paramount.

BASED on the pathetically thin story of a pair of hoofers trying to marry off the dumb Dora of their act, this musical hotchpot begins nowhere and ends in exactly the same spot. The Yacht Club boys clown in song, Judy Canova and Ben Blue offer several frantic dance numbers, Betty Grable and Leif Erikson fall in love, Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs hoof, and Dorothy Lamour sings a torch song.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler. Music and lyrics by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Ali Baba*, Eddie Cantor; *Yusuf*, Tony Martin; *Sultan*, Roland Young; *Princess Miriam*, June Lang; *Sultana*, Louise Hovick; *Ishak*, John Carradine; *Dinah*, Virginia Field; *Boland*, Alan Dinehart; *Prince Musah*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Raymond Scott Quintet*, Themselves; *Omar the Rug Maker*, Maurice Cass; *Tramps*, Warren Hymer and Stanley Fields; *Captain*, Paul Hurst; *Radio Announcer*, Sam Hayes; *Selim*, Douglas Wood; *Assistant Director*, Sidney Fields; *Doctor*, Charles Lane; *Specialty Act*, the Pearl Twins.

"BARRIER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rex Beach. Screen play by Bernard Schubert, Harrison Jacobs and Mordaunt Shairp. Directed by Leslie Selander. The Cast: *Poleon Doret*, Leo Carrillo; *Necia*, Jean Parker; *Lieut. Burrell*, James Ellison; *John Gale*, Robert Barrat; *Stark*, Otto Kruger; *No Creek Lee*, Andy Clyde; *Runnion*, Addison Richards; *Alluna*, Sara Haden; *Sergeant Thomas*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Molly*, Sally Martin; *Johnny*, Fernando Alvarado; *Sergeant Tobin*, Alan Davis.

"BORROWING TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by Robert Chapin and Karen De Wolf. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Bonnie Jones*, Shirley Deane; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Herbert Thompson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Kenneth Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Tommy McGuire*, Marvin Stephens; *Uncle George*, Andrew Tombes; *Judge Walters*, Howard Hickman; *Chief Kelly*, Cy Kendall; *Charlie*, Joseph Downing; *Lester McGuire*, George Walcott; *Joe*, Dick Wessel; *Sergeant Callahan*, Wade Boteler.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Edward T. Lowe based on the story by H. C. (Sapper) McNiele. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Colonel Nielson*, John Barrymore; *Phyllis Clavering*, Louise Campbell; *Capt. Hugh "Bulldog" Drummond*, John Howard; *Tenny*, E. E. Clive; *Algy Longworth*, Reginald Denny; *Draven Nogais*, Frank Puglia; *Gwen Longworth*, Nydia Westman; *Hardcastle*, Robert Gleckler; *Mr. Smith*, Lucien Littlefield; *Nielson's Secretary*, John Sutton; *Samio Kanda*, Miti Morita; *Cabin Boy*, Bennie Bartlett.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Screen play by Charles Belden and Jerry Cady. Based on the character created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Lee Chan*, Keye Luke; *Evelyn Grey*, Virginia Field; *Victor Karnoff*, Sidney Blackmer; *Jules Joubert*, Harold Huber; *Joan Karnoff*, Kay Linaker; *Gordon Chase*, Robert Kent; *Paul Savarin*, Edward Raquello; *Al Rogers*, George Lynn; *Taxi Driver*, Louis Mercier; *Pepite*, George Davis; *Ludwig*, John Bleifer; *Renault*, Georges Renevent.

"CONQUEST"—M-G-M.—Based on a book by Waclaw Gasiorowski and a dramatization by Helen Jerome. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman. Directed by Clarence Brown. The Cast: *Marie Walewska*, Greta Garbo; *Napoleon*, Charles Boyer; *Talleyrand*, Reginald Owen; *Captain D'Ornano*, Alan Marshall; *Count Walewski*, Henry Stephenson; *Paul Lachinski*, Leif Erickson; *Laetitia Bonaparte*, Dame May Whitty; *Prince Poniatowski*, C. Henry Gordon; *Countess Pelagia*, Maria Oupenskaya; *Stephan*, Claude Gillingwater; *Marshal Duroc*, George Houston; *Senator Malachowski*, George Zucco; *Rustan*, Noble Johnson; *Constant*, George Givot; *Alexandre*, Scotty Beckett; *Senator Wybitcki*, Henry Kolker; *Cossack Captain*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Anna*, Bodil Rosing; *Countess Potocki*, Oscar Apfel; *Princess Mirska*, Betty Blythe; *Grenadier*, George Davis; *Persian Ambassador*, Dr. Ferid; *Persian Interpreter*, Pasha Khan; *Turkish Ambassador*, Carlos De Valdez; *Slaps*, Roland Varno; *Captain Laroux*, Robert Warwick; *Prince Metternich*, Ien Wulf; *Maria Louisa*, Jean Fenwick; *Bianca*, Rosina Galli; *Lejeune*, Ralf Harolde; *Dying Soldier*, Vladimir Sokoloff.

"DANGER—LOVE AT WORK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by James Edward Grant and Ben Markson. Based on a story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Otto L. Preminger. The Cast: *Toni Pemberton*, Ann Sothern; *Henry MacMorrow*, Jack Haley; *Mrs. Alice Pemberton*, Mary Boland; *Howard Rogers*, Edward Everett Horton; *Herbert Pemberton*, John Carradine; *Uncle Alan*, Walter Catlett; *Junior Pemberton*, Bennie Bartlett; *Uncle Goliath*, Maurice Cass; *Allan Duncan*, Alan Dinehart; *Albert Pemberton*, Etienne Girardot; *Wilbur*, E. E. Clive; *Aunt Patty*, Margaret McWade; *Aunt Pitty*, Margaret Seddon; *Chemist*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Pemberton's Maid*, Hilda Vaughn; *Henry's Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Attendant*, George Chandler; *Hick*, Spencer Charters; *Chauffeur*, Hal K. Dawson; *Thug*, Stanley Fields; *Police Officer*, Paul Hurst; *Salesman*, Claude Allister; *Parsons*, Jonathan Hale; *Gilroy*, Charles Lane.

"DOCTOR SYN"—GB.—Based on the novel by Russell Thorndyke. Directed by Roy Neill. The Cast: *Dr. Syn*, George Arliss; *Imogene*, Margaret Lockwood; *Denis*, John Loder; *Captain Collyer*, Roy Emerton; *Jerry Jerk*, Graham Moffatt; *Rash*, Frederick Burtwell; *Mipps*, George Merritt; *Squire Cobtree*, Athole Stewart; *Dr. Pepper*, Wilson Coleman; *Bosun*, Wally Patch; *Mulatto*, Meinhart Maur.

"45 FATHERS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Based on a story by Mary Bickel. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *Judith Frazier*, Jane Withers; *Roger Farragut*, Thomas Beck; *Elizabeth Carter* Louise Henry; *Joe McCoy and Flo McCoy*, The Hartmans; *Bunny Carothers*, Richard Carle; *Mrs. Carter*, Nella Walker; *Judge*, Andrew Tombes; *Vincent*, Leon Ames; *Professor Ziska*, Sammy Cohen; *Professor Bellini*, George Givot; *Sarah*, Ruth Warren; *Beulah*, Hattie McDaniel; *Hastings*, Romaine Callendar.

"GIRL WITH IDEAS, A"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Rankin, screen play by Bruce Manning and Robert T. Shannon. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: *Mary Morton*, Wendy Barrie; *"Mickey" McGuire*, Walter Pidgeon; *Frank Barnes*, Kent Taylor; *Isabelle Foster*, Dorothea Kent; *John F. Morton*, George Barbier; *Pete Dailey*, Ted Osborn; *William Duncan*, Henry Hunter; *Rodding Carter*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Toni*, George Humbert; *Al*, Horace MacMahon; *Eddie*, Ed Gargan; *Hanlon*, Norman Willis.

"HEIDI"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Johanna Spyri. Screen play by Walter Ferris and Julien Josephson. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Heidi*, Shirley Temple; *Adolph Kramer*, Jean Hersholt; *Andrews*, Arthur Treacher; *Blind Anna*, Helen Westley; *Elsa*, Pauline Moore; *Pastor Schultz*, Thomas Beck; *Fraulein Rottenmeier*, Mary Nash; *Sesemann*, Sidney Blackmer; *Dete*, Mady Christians; *Police Captain*, Sig Rumann; *Klara Sesemann*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Peter*, Delmar Watson; *Inn Keeper*, Egon Brecher; *Baker*, Christian Rub; *Organ Grinder*, George Humbert.

"HURRICANE, THE"—SAM GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Marama*, Dorothy Lamour; *Terangi*, Jon Hall; *Mme. De Laage*, Mary Astor; *Father Paul*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dr. Kersaint*, Thomas Mitchell; *DeLagge*, Raymond Massey; *Warden*, John Carradine; *Captain Nagle*, Jerome Cowan; *Chief Mehevi*, Al Kikume; *Tita*, Kuulei DeClercq; *Mako*, Layne Tom, Jr.; *Hilia*, Mamo Clark; *Arai*, Movita Castenada; *Reri*, Reri; *Tavi*, Francis Kaai; *Mata*, Pauline Steele; *Mama Rua*, Flora Hayes; *Marunga*, Mary Shaw; *Judge*, Spencer Charters; *Captain of the Guards*, Roger Drake; *Girl on Ship*, Inez Courtney.

"LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the novel "Heather of the High Hand" by Arthur Stringer. Screenplay by Brown Holmes and R. T. Shannon. Directed by Milton Carruth. The Cast: *Owen Merrill*, Kent Taylor; *Heather McHale*, Irene Hervey; *Doug McKenzie*, William Ludigan; *McTavish*, Willie Best; *Steve Crowder*, Chick Chandler; *Janssen*, Joe Sawyer; *Maloney*, Paul Hurst; *Commissioner Allen*, Ernest Cossart; *Sir Daniel Andrews*, Gerald Oliver Smith.

"LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Brackett, Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum. Original story by Marion Parsonnet. Suggested by a story of Helen Grace Carlisle. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Cast: *Bob Graham*, Robert Montgomery; *Julie Stoddard*, Rosalind Russell; *Oscar*, Robert Benchley; *Lily Chalmers*, Helen Vinson; *Jerry Crump*, Mickey Rooney; *Mr. Bawlitude*, Monty Woolley; *Mr. Palmiston*, E. E. Clive; *Pedro Filipe*, Charles Judels; *Mrs. Crump*, Maude Eburne; *Justice of the Peace*, Harlan Briggs; *Post*, June Clayworth. *Fraum*, Al Shean.

"LIVING ON LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a novel by John Wells. Screen play by Franklin Coen. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Mary Wilson*, Whitney Bourne; *Gary Martin*, James Dunn; *Edith Crumwell*, Joan Woodbury; *Eli West*, Solly Ward; *Pete*, Tom Kennedy; *Oglethorpe*, Franklin Pangborn; *Ghonoff Brothers*, Terrell and Faucett; *Lizbeth*, Etta McDaniels; *Madame LaValley*, Evelyn Carrington; *Jessup*, Chester Clute; *Truck Driver*, Harry Bowen; *Alex*, Otto Hoffman.

"LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Original story by Willis Cooper and Norman Foster. Based on the character "Mr. Moto" created by J. P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Mr. Moto*, Peter Lorre; *Victoria Mason*, Rochelle Hudson; *Marty Weston*, Robert Kent; *Rajah Ali*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Chick Davis*, Chick Chandler; *Bokor*, George Regas; *Zimmerman*, Fredrik Vogeding.

"MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Monte Brice, Henry Myers and A. Dorian Otvos. Music by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: *Bert*, Bert Lahr; *Jimmy*, Jimmy Savo; *Billy*, Billy House; *Aunt Hortense*, Alice Brady; *Mischa*, Mischa Auer; *Sally*, Joy Hodges; *Mrs. Updike*, Louise Fazenda; *Tony*, John King; *Clarice*, Barbara Read; *Hector*, Howard Cantonwine.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"—M-G-M.—Screen play by George Bruce. From the book by George Bruce. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Roger Ash*, Robert Young; *"Truck" Cross*, James Stewart; *Captain "Skinny" Dawes*, Lionel Barrymore; *Patricia Gates*, Florence Rice; *Mrs. Gates*, Billie Burke; *Richard Gates, Jr.*, Tom Brown; *Richard Gates, Sr.*, Samuel L. Hinds; *Tommy Milton*, Paul Kelly; *Graves*, Barnett Parker; *Weeks*, Frank Albertson; *Lieut. Milburn*, Minor Watson; *Academy Superintendent*, Robert Middlemass; *Kelly*, Phillip Terry; *Commander Carter*, Charles Waldron; *Coach of Southern Institute*, Pat Flaherty; *Lieut. of Marines*, Stanley Morner; *Heckler*, Matt McHugh.

"OVER THE GOAL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by William Jacobs and Anthony Coldeway. Original story by William Jacobs. Directed by Noel Smith. The Cast: *Lucille Martin*, June Travis; *Tiny Walaron*, Johnnie Davis; *Benton*, Gordon Oliver; *Duke Davis*, Willard Parker; *Abner*, Raymond Hatton; *Dr. Marshall*, Douglas Wood; *Hannah*, Hattie McDaniels; *Peters*, Eddie Chandler; *Pinky*, Jack Chapin; *King*, John Craven; *Ken Thomas*, William Hopper; *Bee*, Mabel Todd; *Jim Shelly*, William Harrigan; *Dr. Martin*, Eric Stanley; *Stanley Short*, Herbert Rawlinson; *William*, Eddie Anderson; *Clay*, Fred McKaye; *Teddy*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Larkin*, Robert Hoover.

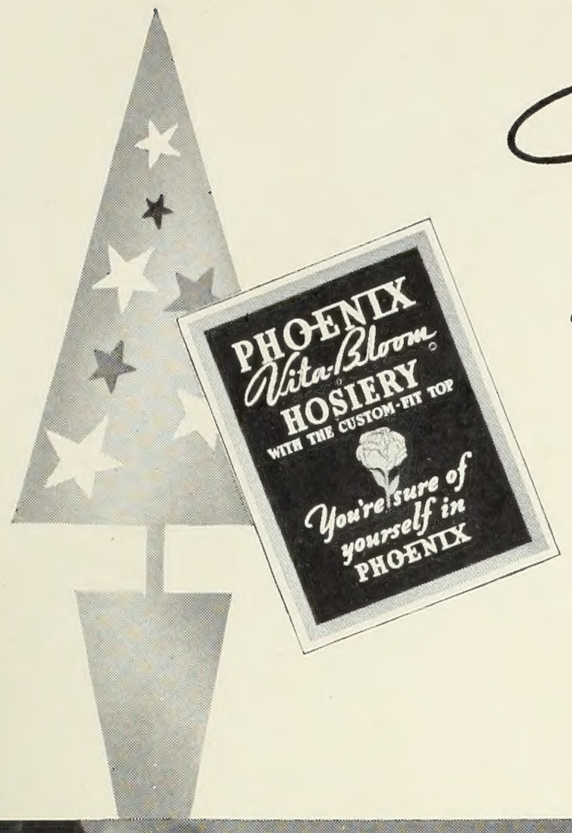
"PORTIA ON TRIAL"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Faith Baldwin. Screen play by Samuel Ornitz, adaptation and additional dialogue by E. E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The Cast: *Dan Foster*, Walter Abel; *Portia Merriman*, Frieda Inescort; *Earle Condon*, Neil Hamilton; *Elizabeth Manners*, Heather Angel; *Jane Wilkins*, Ruth Donnelly; *Evelyn*, Barbara Pepper; *John Condon*, Clarence Kolb; *Richard Condon*, Anthony Marsh; *Judge*, Paul Stanton; *Efe*, George, Cooper; *Hank*, John Kelly; *Governor*, Hobart Bosworth; *Father Casicz*, Ian Maclaren; *Barker*, Chick Chandler; *Inspector*, Bob Murphy; *Mrs. Gannow*, Ines Palange; *Joe Gannow*, Leo Gorcey; *Dr. Thorndike*, Huntly Gordon; *Mrs. Manners*, Marion Ballou; *Jack Madden*, Hooper Atchley; *First Committeeman*, Nat Carr; *Switchboard Operator*, Lucie Kaye.

"SECOND HONEYMOON"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Darrell Ware. Based on the Red Book Magazine story by Philip Wylie. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: *Raoul McLiesh*, Tyrone Power; *Vicky*, Loretta Young; *Leo MacTavish*, Stuart Erwin; *Marcia*, Claire Trevor; *Joy*, Marjorie Weaver; *Bob Benton*, Lyle Talbot; *Herbie*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Dennis Huggins*, Paul Hurst; *Paula*, Jayne Regan; *Andy*, Hal K. Dawson; *Elsie*, Mary Treen.

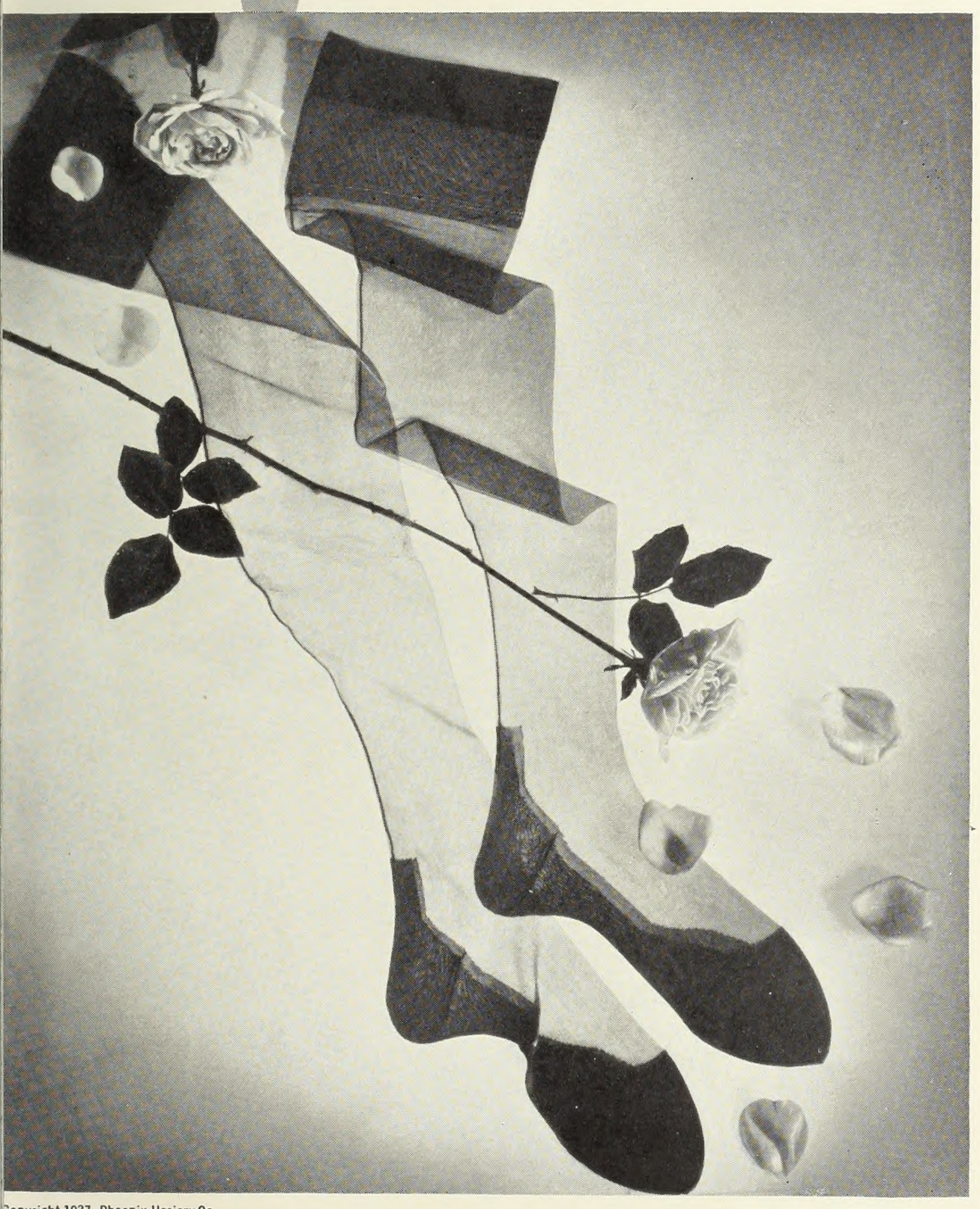
"SHE LOVED A FIREMAN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Carlton Sand and Morton Grant. Directed by Johnny Farrow. The Cast: *Red Tyler*, Dick Foran; *Margie Shannon*, Ann Sheridan; *Smokey Shannon*, Robert Armstrong; *Skillet*, Eddie Acuff; *Betty*, Veda Ann Borg; *Mrs. Michaels*, May Beatty; *Callahan*, Eddie Chandler; *Patton*, Lane Chandler; *Lieut. Grimes*, Ted Oliver; *Duggan*, Pat Flaherty.

"WITHOUT WARNING"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Crane Wilbur. From the play by Ralph Spencer Zink. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast: *Jevries*, Boris Karloff; *Sally*, Marie Wilson; *Ednie Pratt*, Eddie Craven; *Corporal Sanger*, Eddie Acuff; *Lieut. Matthews*, Regis Toomey; *Colonel Hackett*, Henry Kolker; *Colonel Rogers*, Cy Kendall; *Dr. Brooks*, Charles Trowbridge; *Private of the Guard*, Frank Faylen; *Private Ferris*, William Haade; *Reilly*, Harland Tucker; *Aline Dolman*, Phyllis Barry; *Private Innes*, John Ridgely; *Sergeant Peterson*, Jack Mower; *Private Abbott*, Anderson Lawlor; *Private Murphy*, John Harron.

W. F. HALL PRINTING CO.



This little label will mean a BIG *Christmas for Her!*



... and she will remember you longer

PHOENIX
*Vita-Bloom**
HOSIERY

What a difference this label makes . . . the label of VITA-BLOOM. And—when she discovers this difference for herself—the unusual beauty . . . the unusual wearing qualities of this amazing new hosiery . . . she'll remember you and your gift a long, long time. Remember to look for this label . . . you'll find it only on Phoenix Hosiery . . . because only Phoenix has VITA-BLOOM.

Copyright 1937, Phoenix Hosiery Co.

The Answer to Giving "Something New"

VITA-BLOOM is entirely new in hosiery—patented and exclusive with Phoenix. Thousands of women are going to have their first "VITA-BLOOM Christmas". . . and they'll remember it gratefully as the Christmas that gave them a new conception of hosiery beauty and wear.

**This patented process exclusive with Phoenix*



"MATCH" HER PERSONALITY

. . . in Phoenix Personality Colors! If she's the vivacious type, give her "Pert"—a light true brown; if she's piquant, "Snap"—a deep, rich golden beige; and if she's prim, "Candid"—a smart taupe with a lovely rose undercast. These are only three of a wide range of Phoenix colors . . . every one new, exciting and different . . . to personalize your gift.

YOU'RE SURE OF YOURSELF IN PHOENIX



Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.